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THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

MAY 1966 PDC 35¢

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All I ask from you is this. Let me send you — at my risk — one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside a few moments each day from the following weekend. Glance through just one chapter. **And get ready for one of the most thrilling weekends of accomplishment in your entire life!**

The Very First Hour After You Pick Up This Book, You Will Perform A Feat Of Mind Power That Will Astound Your Friends!

What you are going to do in that very first hour you receive the book, is this. Turn to page 144. Read three short pages — no more! And then, put down the book. Review in your own mind the one simple secret I've shown you — **how to feed facts into your mind so that they stay there — permanently — as long as you wish!**

Then put this simple trick to work for you — that very same hour!

Call in your family or friends. Ask them to make a list of any TWELVE facts, names or objects they wish, as fast as they wish. Have them write down the list so they won't forget it! **But, as they give you each fact, YOU are going to perform a simple mental trick on that fact, that will burn it into your mind, IN PERFECT ORDER, as long as you wish!**

And then — INSTANTLY AND AUTOMATICALLY—you are going to repeat that list, backwards and forwards, in perfect order, exactly as if you were reading that list in your friend's hand! And you are going to have one of the most exciting moments of your life, as you watch the expression on those people's faces as you reel off those facts as though they were flashing on a screen on the inside of your memory!

Thrilling? Yes! **But also one of the most profitable secrets you will ever learn.** For that list of twelve facts can just as easily be an appointment schedule — with each appointment flashing automatically into your mind at just the right time and place that you need it! Or a shopping list — or the outline of a speech — or a sales presentation — or the highlights of an important article — or a list of things that have to be done in perfect order!

Any one of them — they flash into your mind automatically, as though you pressed a button! **And this astonishing mental gift — which will serve you every day for the rest of your life — is yours from the very first hour that you pick up this book!**

And yet it's only the beginning!

Which Areas Of Your Mind Do You Want To Strengthen In A Single Weekend? Concentration, Will-Power, Self-Confidence, Habit-Breaking!

Yes! From this moment on, in less than one thrilling hour a day, you begin testing the wonder-working techniques of Automatic Organization on every untrained corner of your mind! You begin breaking through mental barriers—mental limitations that have been blocking you for years!

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Then turn to page 136 . . . play three fascinating games . . . and then startle your friends, time and time again, by your ability to spot revealing details — put together hidden pieces of evidence — **that they never even dreamed were there at all!**

DO YOU WANT TO SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO REPLACE BAD HABITS WITH HABITS YOU CAN BE PROUD OF?

Then get ready for the revelation of your life on page 103 . . . that replaces agony with fun . . . **that actually lets your bad habits break themselves without your hardly touching your will power.**

YES! AND DO YOU WANT TO GENERATE ENTHUSIASM . . . FRIENDLINESS . . . PERSONALITY AT AN INSTANT COMMAND?

Then read every word starting on page 165! Learn how to overcome shyness and fear, automatically . . . make anyone like you . . . dissolve opposition with as little as a single word . . . earn both trust and respect from everyone you meet — **and keep them — for good!**

Read It For Ten Days — Entirely At Our Risk!

And this still is just the beginning! What Harry Lorayne has described to you on this page is just a small sampling of the information packed into his amazing new book, SECRETS OF MIND POWER — now available only through this article!

Here at last is a practical, fascinating, easy-to-read book on improving the powers of your mind **that really works!** Its author, Harry Lorayne, has been called by experts "the man with the most phenomenal memory in the world!" He has already shown over 250,000 men and women, all over America, how they can **achieve startling improvements in their memories overnight, with just a few minutes work!**

But this fabulous Push-Button Memory Technique is only one small part of Harry Lorayne's great new book! Here — in addition to Memory — are complete "Push-Button Sections" on Observation, Concentration, Enthusiasm, Will-Power, Idea-Creating, Rapid-Learning, Time-Saving,

Clear-Thinking, Personality, Friend-Making, Public-Speaking, Worry-Control, Conquest of Fear, and many more!

Yes! Here are dozens of simple techniques that enable you to overcome crippling emotions, and keep your thoughts headed straight for each goal! Showing you how to think clearly and effectively in any situation — make decisions without agonizing delays — learn vital facts and figures at a glance — work at full mental power, all day long, for weeks and even months on end!

Here are tested, and proven "Thought-Stimulators," that streamline your mind — develop your creative imagination — increase your daily output — help you make time for everything you have to do!

Here are "Confidence-Generators," that let you laugh off worries and fears — make your own good luck — keep other people from taking advantage of you — turn bad breaks into opportunities — yes, even sharpen your sense of humor and improve your ability to speak well, whether in private conversation or before a crowd of hundreds!

It Must Work For You — Or You Don't Pay A Penny!

The price of this fascinating, one-volume Mind-Power Encyclopedia is $4.98 — far less than similar books that do not do its job as well!

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THE EDITOR SPEAKS

THE OLD SCOUT

A Frederic Remington Picture, Century Magazine, July 1891

Truth or fiction? Hollywood or history? Those are two of the questions prospective buyers must ask themselves when they see Western magazines on the newsstands. Who can blame them? Hollywood and TV have distorted everything that ever happened in the Old West.

Wyatt Earp has been pictured as a handsome, sure-shooting hero who, if he lived today, would doubtless be one of J. Edgar Hoover's top G-Men. Jesse James has been shown as a modern Robin Hood cheating the rich to give to the poor. Indians have been the traditional villains killing pioneers and burning wagon trains for the sheer meanness of it.

And we mustn't forget that, commercially, this distortion has paid off in a big way.

Why has this happened? Simply because a large segment of the American public likes blood-'n-thunder, shoot-'em-up entertainment. Motion pictures have been popular because they "moved." The Old West provided a tremendous background for action. The scenery was there. So were the elements for a fast moving story; the good guy, the bad guy, the chase and the shootout. Audiences loved it when the U.S. Cavalry rode in at the last moment with bugle blowing and flags waving to save the circled wagon train. Hollywood made the most of it. TV filled its midget screens with the same thing.

But let's get back to magazines.

We all know there are a lot of publications on the newsstands labeled "true." We also know that this ain't always necessarily so. Sometimes a magazine claiming to contain true stories is questioned, and with good reason.

We publish two magazines, *The West* and *Golden West*. We carry the line "True Stories of the Old West" beneath the title on the cover of both magazines. We put that line where everybody can see it for a very good reason.

We intend to publish true stories.

We know that isn't always easy to do. The West came into existence long before Mr. Eastman made his first dollar camera. Photography was still in the crawling stage at the time of our Civil War. Newspapers were few and far between. They were usually undermanned. There weren't enough reporters to dash out and cover stories on the spot. Eastern writers who traveled west to cover the new frontier often built their stories up so the publishers back home would be sure to buy them.

Yes, there were men like Frederic Remington, Theodore Roosevelt, George Bird Grinnell and Charlie Russell. But there were also men like Ned Buntline.

Accurate reporting is quite an art. They tell a story about an experiment given in a college classroom to show how a story changes with re-telling. You put ten people in a room. One man whispers a story to a second. That second man whispers the same story to the third, and so on until the tenth man hears it. *By that time it has changed so much that the first man hardly recognizes it.*

Well, that happens in history, too.

What's our point?

It's just that the publisher of *The West* and *Golden West* is in the business of printing *true Westerns* as far as that is humanly possible.

Where do we get our material?

The pony express is long gone, but the U.S. mails are pretty good. Our writers are Westerners. They go straight to the reliable state historical societies, libraries that specialize in Western Americana and college campuses where facts and photos can be obtained. They also interview old-timers who should know what they're talking about.

So when you see *The West* and *Golden West* on the newsstands you can be darn sure the publisher believes the stories in them are true. There will be differences of opinion about controversial characters, but wouldn't it be a dull world if there weren't? ●

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THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST
MAY 1966 VOL. 4 No. 6

Editor . . . . . MILT GRAYSON
Research Director . . . . . JOHN LYNCH
Art Director . . . . . ERIC KARMINSKI, JR.
Art Associate . . . . . FRED WEISS

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Cover painting "The Renegade" by H.W. Hansen
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THE MAIL POUCH

THANKS FOR THE MANY LETTERS. We read them all with great interest and try to plan our issues along the lines you suggest. It appears that our efforts to get a variety of stories between these covers is succeeding.

ENGLISH READER

Dear Sir:

Through the kindness and friendship of a Texas pal I was able to read several issues of your excellent magazine *The West.* What a different picture of the West it gives! We've been weaned on Hollywood's version. Movie cowboys are always clean shaven, handsome and well dressed. The heroes are usually seen riding white horses. The heavy is unshaven, dirty and unkempt. He rides a nondescript animal.

It's refreshing to read the facts, though quite a shock to see that some of those legendary figures are not only very ordinary looking but sometimes quite ugly.

However, what really stands out with a bang is that the first Westerners really roughed it. Both men and women endured untold hardships: mud, no sanitation, dugouts and the elements. But never once was their faith shattered or their belief abandoned that one day the West would be a truly great place in which to live. They gave their yesterdays for today's generation of Americans.

Best wishes,
Charles Mudie
37 Randishbourne Gardens
Catford, London England

LIKES BOTH MAGAZINES

Dear Sirs:

I just couldn't resist writing these few lines regarding three well-put-together stories I've had the pleasure of reading.

I am referring to "Ways of a Roving Cowboy" by Milt Hinkle and "The Prophesy of Dragon Fly's Son" by Joe Koller in the March issue of *The West.* More stories of this type would be appreciated. And may I add that the "Charles H. Tompkins, King of the Cowboys" piece in the March issue of *Golden West* also made mighty good reading. Both of the magazines you publish are tops.

I compliment your writers for their good work and I compliment you for publishing such authentic material. I never fail to latch onto *The West* and *Golden West* as soon as they hit the newsstands.

Sincerely,
Art Morgan
248 South 6th Ave.
Yuma, Arizona

AGREES WITH MR. LENZ

Dear Editor:

Good for you, Mr. G.W. Lenz! Indians are not savages! They are human beings, more so than some white people I have known. They have pain, heartaches, sorrow, love and laughter just as we do.

Anyone who says anything different has absolutely no feeling for the human race. After all, the white men shaped and molded these people as sure as if they were made of clay. The fact that disease, mistreatment and starvation did not wipe them out is proof enough that the Indian will remain here to remind the whites that they intend to live in this country (which was theirs) in spite of how they are treated.

Today our boys are fighting for our right to be a free people. Should we, then, call anybody a savage?

We are collectors of Indian artifacts and like to study Indian history. I would like to hear from other collectors interested in the same thing.

Your magazines containing true stories of the Old West are always present in our home. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Mrs. M. Walker
R. R. #2
Paxton, Illinois

WELCOME INFORMATION

Dear Editor:

In your magazine *The West* dated February, 1966, you show a picture of Henry Brown and the three men who tried to hold up the bank at Medicine Lodge in April 1883 or 1884.

The names of the four men are Wheeler, the tall man on the right who was a United States Marshal. The man standing next to Wheeler is Billy Smith, a cowboy. The man with the white handkerchief is Henry Brown. He was a sheriff from Caldwell, Kansas. The man on Brown's right is Wesley. He was Brown's deputy.

They rode into Medicine Lodge on a

(Continued on page 71)

ALL STORY CONTRIBUTIONS should be addressed to Maverick Publications, Inc., 33 South Grove Street, Freeport, N.Y. 11520

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Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: **What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?**

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: **What do you mean by a "command of good English"?**

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: **Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?**

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: **Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?**

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: **Is this something new?**

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: **How do I know it works?**

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: **Who are some of these people?**

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question: **How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?**

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: **How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?**

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 30 E. Adams St., Chicago, Illinois 60603.

No salesman will call

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UNITED STATES MARSHAL

There were times when they were the only law; and the part they played in the building of the West is legendary

by George E. Virgines

Courtesy Mrs. Zoe Tilghman

Frontier Marshal Bill Tilghman.

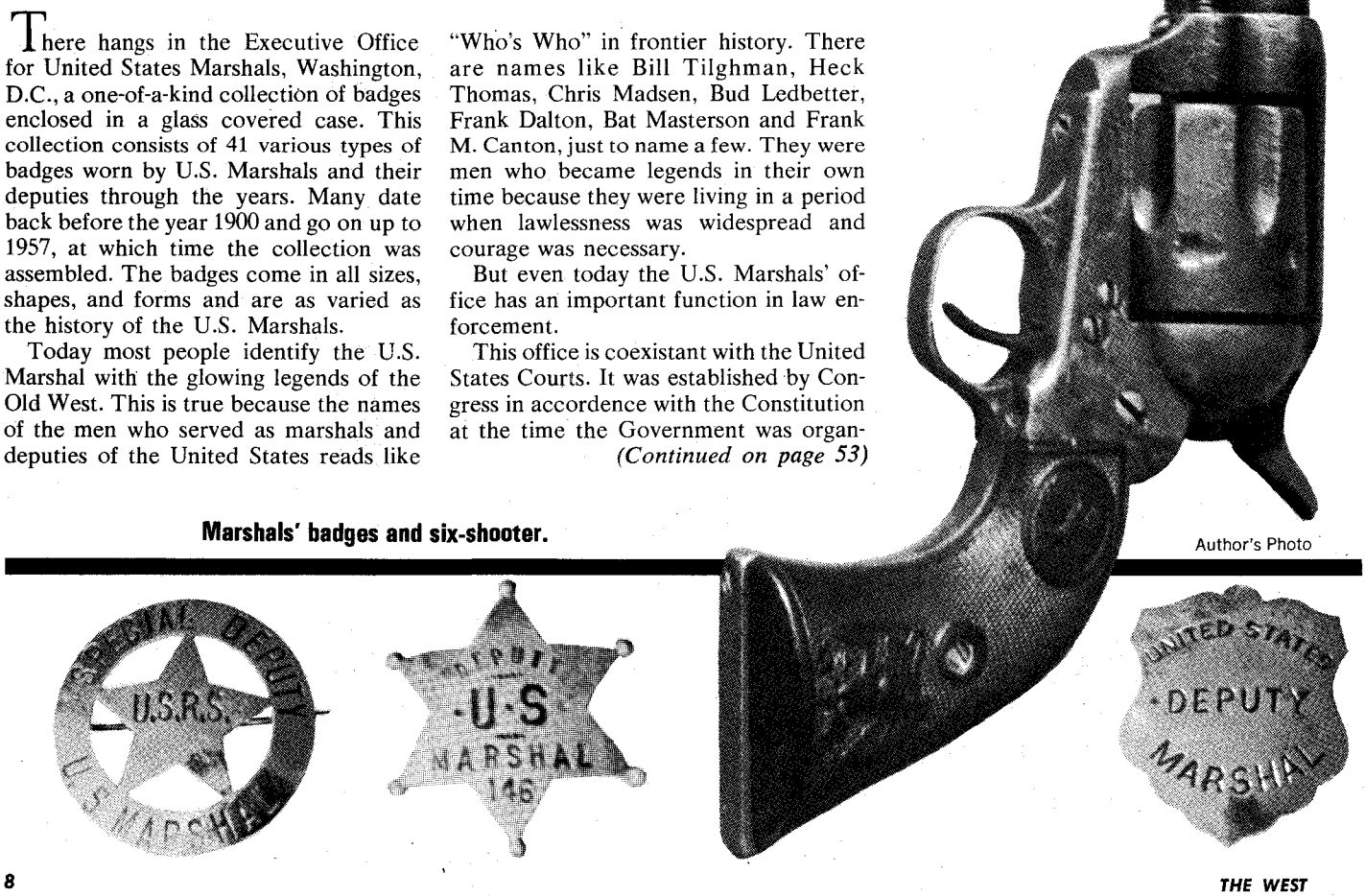
There hangs in the Executive Office for United States Marshals, Washington, D.C., a one-of-a-kind collection of badges enclosed in a glass covered case. This collection consists of 41 various types of badges worn by U.S. Marshals and their deputies through the years. Many date back before the year 1900 and go on up to 1957, at which time the collection was assembled. The badges come in all sizes, shapes, and forms and are as varied as the history of the U.S. Marshals.

Today most people identify the U.S. Marshal with the glowing legends of the Old West. This is true because the names of the men who served as marshals and deputies of the United States reads like "Who's Who" in frontier history. There are names like Bill Tilghman, Heck Thomas, Chris Madsen, Bud Ledbetter, Frank Dalton, Bat Masterson and Frank M. Canton, just to name a few. They were men who became legends in their own time because they were living in a period when lawlessness was widespread and courage was necessary.

But even today the U.S. Marshals' office has an important function in law enforcement.

This office is coexistant with the United States Courts. It was established by Congress in accordence with the Constitution at the time the Government was organ-

(Continued on page 53)



Marshals' badges and six-shooter.

Author's Photo

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FACTORIES ARE TURNING OUT MILLIONS OF APPLIANCES DAILY . . . WHO WILL REPAIR THEM?

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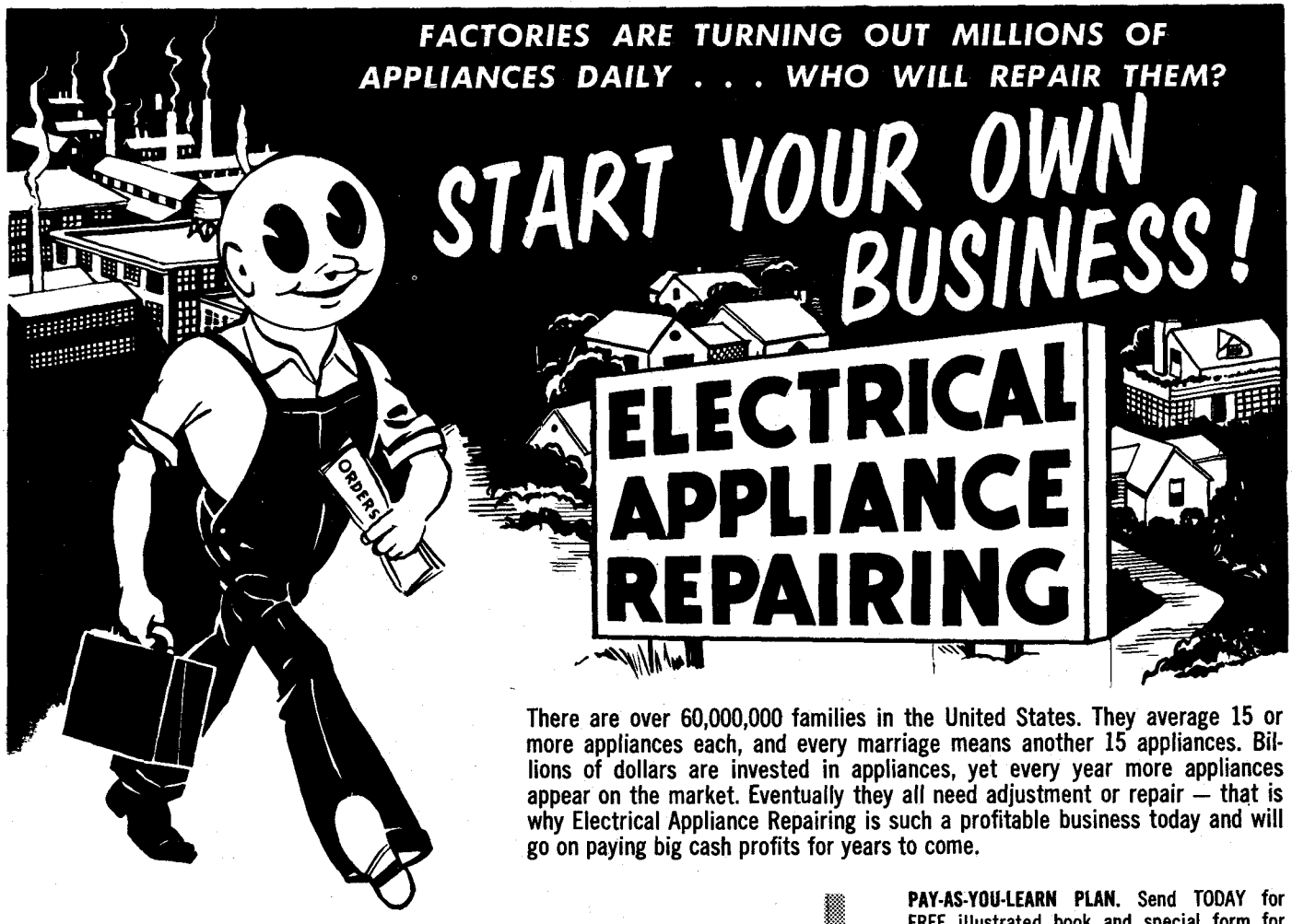
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE REPAIRING



There are over 60,000,000 families in the United States. They average 15 or more appliances each, and every marriage means another 15 appliances. Billions of dollars are invested in appliances, yet every year more appliances appear on the market. Eventually they all need adjustment or repair — that is why Electrical Appliance Repairing is such a profitable business today and will go on paying big cash profits for years to come.

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Since 1935 Christy Trades School has been teaching mechanically-inclined men the profitable Electrical Appliance Repair business. You learn by working with your hands — testing and repairing. We send you kits to assemble and keep, including the valuable Christy Electronic Trouble Tracer. We show you how to find trouble in refrigerators, automatic washers, irons and everything electrical, how to fix it quickly. We tell you what to charge, how to solicit business, where to get spare parts wholesale. We also teach you how to build power tools from spare parts, and how to do welding, house wiring, and other profitable businesses.

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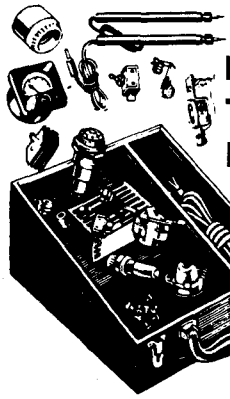

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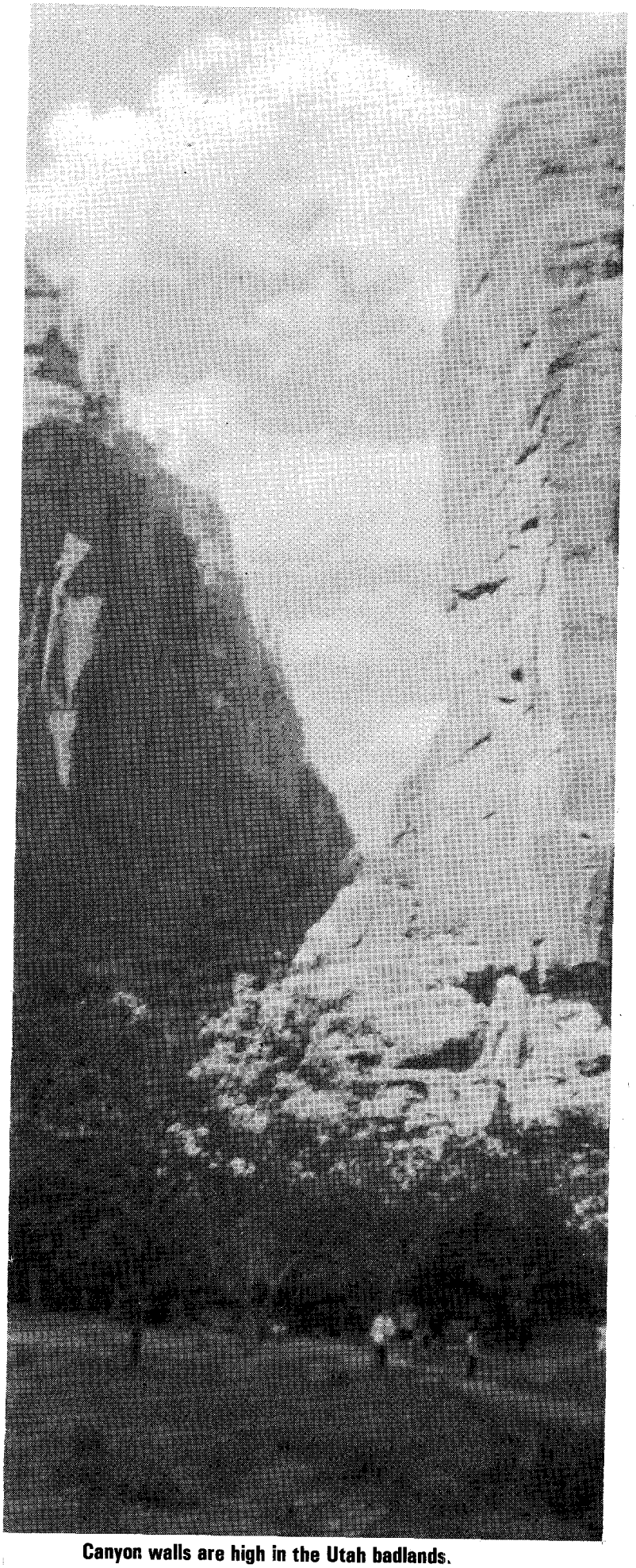

Canyon walls are high in the Utah badlands.

"I MET

The fast-growing lion cub loved mother because she fed him, and when she got sick he lay on her bed snarling and wouldn't let the doctor come near her

by Velma Dorrity Cloward

Kanosh, a small town in central-western Utah, was settled in the late 1860's, and my grand-parents were among the first settlers. They built their home on the stream of water at the mouth of a beautiful canyon bordered on the east and south by the high Rockies and west and north by the rolling desert.

The first winter Grandfather Hunter and many others built dugouts—dirt cellars—logged above ground with birch poles from the canyon or the white poles of the quaking aspin. These trees were plentiful at that time.

The roofs were laid over with poles and twigs which were covered over with about a foot of clay. The slab door was swang on leather hinges and fastened with a bar and a latchstring of leather. This thong was left out in the day and taken in through the hole at night so the bar could not be lifted from its slot. This was a warm home and usually dry, but sometimes it leaked and mud puddles formed on the dirt floor.

Grandmother Hunter's first son was born in this dugout. It was spring and heavy rains came and the roof leaked and so an umbrella was propped over her bed to protect her and the baby from the mud.

It was here one night when she was alone and grandfather gone to take the grain to Fillmore to be ground into flour that an Indian pushed his hand through a small hole in the chinking and tried to lift the latch.

She struck his hand and he moved it but he saw the air transome above the door and shoved his head through it. Grandmother picked up a large brass kettle and slapped it over his head and it stuck and held him prisoner for several hours until grandfather arrived. He was turned over to his chief who punished him, as the Indians there were friendly with the whites.

Chief Kanosh was a kindly man and so the town then known as Corn Creek was later called Kanosh. The friendship of Chief Kanosh for the Mormon people in Corn Creek gave them a peace and security that some other villages did not have. The worse trouble that the Utes caused in Millard County was the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

This happened west of the town on the desert. These people in a wagon train headed for California had been causing the Mormon people a lot of trouble. The Mormons had suffered so much that they were afraid of anything that threatened their homes and lives.

When the trouble began the bishop had sent Grandfather Hunter on a horse to Salt Lake City to see what they should do. But before he could make the long trip and return a white man, John Lee from Fillmore, went with a bunch of Indians and overtook the train. He said later he thought only to scare the people but the Indians got out of hand. Every man, woman and

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BUTCH CASSIDY"

Old house in Kanosh, Utah, where the author's mother was born.

Author's Photos

child was killed. John Lee was executed for the crime.

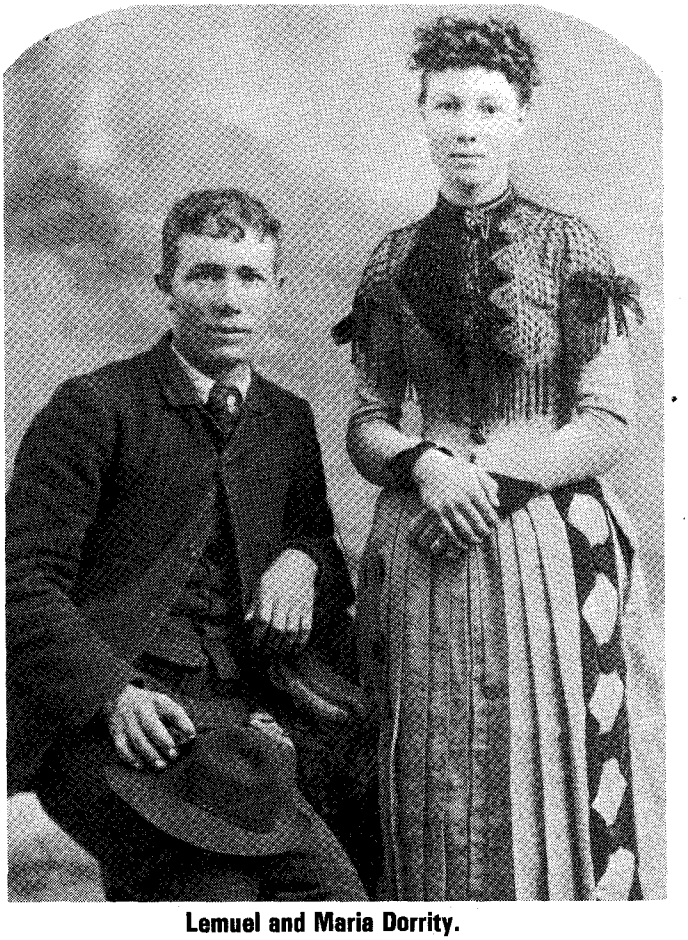
I remember as a child seeing the picture of the execution which his son Orson had. It showed Lee standing at the foot of his casket with his eyes blindfolded, facing a firing squad.

Orson was a small child when his father died, but he grew to be the biggest man I have ever known. Six foot, eleven inches and 280 lbs. I knew him well, as his mother, Martha, after Lee's death had become my great-grandmother, Dennis Dorrity's plural wife.

Because of the awful disgrace his father had brought on the communities, people shunned Orson. When I got to know him well he was getting old, a lonely, unmarried man who herded sheep most of his life. An outcast who had formed the habit of talking to himself, but a kindly old man. His feet were so large that he had to have his shoes special made, or go barefooted. When he died of pneumonia about 1913 they had to make his casket. None could be bought that would hold him.

In time Chief Kanosh married a girl that had been raised by the whites and became a member of the community bearing his name. When he died they buried him in Grandfather Dorrity's grave plot, in the little cemetery south of Kanosh. A few years ago the town of Kanosh put a large white monument there in his honor. A monument to a great Indian. Highway 91 through Utah skirts this cemetery. Tourists are welcome to stop and look at the resting place of a real Great American.

It was in the seventies that the awful epidemic struck. Many people buried their entire families with diphtheria. Great-granddad Dorrity had a huge ranch in the top of the Rockies, Three Creek Valley. When the sickness hit he took his family to the ranch to protect them from it, but it was too late. Within a week five of his children were struck with it. Then one morning three caskets were loaded into a wagon. A girl eighteen, a girl sixteen, and a boy twelve were dead and traveled down the long canyon to Kanosh to be *(Continued on page 55)*



Lemuel and Maria Dorrity.

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HENRY STARR AND THE ROUGH ONES

Was Milt just lucky or did he avoid trouble because of some advance knowledge his friend Zack Miller had?

Henry Starr, bank robber.

by Milt Hinkle

I was at the 101 Ranch to ship some of our stock east to the big carnival that was to open in Georgia early in March, 1921. I was standing in front of the 101 Ranch store near Bliss, Oklahoma, talking to Zack T. Miller. This was on February 2. Zack was telling me that he and his brothers were going back on the road some day with the 101 Show, when a car drove up and the driver said, "Come here, Milt!"

When I approached the car I saw it was Henry Starr. He said, "I want you to make a trip with me, I'm going by Fort Worth to see Pony." His brother, Pony Starr, and Rufus Roland were in Fort Worth.

"We'll pick them up and go over in Arkansas. I'll pay you well for the trip."

I said, "O.K. My wife is in Kansas City with my mother." So I went back to tell Zack I would be back and ship one load of our stock soon.

Zack said, "Milt, I have a job for you to do, so don't you go any place with that fellow. You are headed for trouble. You know you just missed getting into trouble a few years ago, so take my advice, don't go."

I told Henry Starr I had forgotten, but I had promised Zack I would go up in Kansas with him the next day and couldn't go with him. I thanked him for the offer, and he drove off in the cold. I later learned he did go by Fort Worth, picked up another fellow and Rufus Roland. Henry and his boys arrived in the little city of Harrison, Arkansas, in Boone County on the 15th day of February. They stayed in town a few days casing the People's Bank.

It was snowing a little on that day of February 18, 1921, at about 10 a.m. when Henry Starr and Rufus Roland and another man walked into the bank leaving one man in the car. They had cut the telephone wires in all directions out of town.

Inside, the cashier, Cleve Coffman, was at the front window. Marvin Wagley was at the back window. Two women clerks, Miss Edith Thistlewait and Naomi Moore, were working inside the cage. W.J. Myers was sitting at a table in the rear of the bank. Ruth Wilson was making a deposit when the bandits said, "Hands up!" Everybody did as they were told. The three bandits were armed with .45 caliber pistols.

Starr ordered Coffman to open the safe. Then Starr started scooping up the money with his right hand, holding his .45 in his left.

Bug Eagle came in the bank and did not readily comply with the bandits' orders. So they took their eyes off the rest for a second which gave Myers time to step into the vault. He took down the old .38 rifle. Myers aimed at Starr's body just above the hips. The bullet hit Henry in the kidneys. Starr saw his condition was critical and he called out to the other boys to get out, saying, "I'm done for!"

Starr lingered for four days then lapsed into a coma and died. His wife, his former wife, son and mother were all at his bedside. Starr said he had no feeling against Myers. He told his son not to gamble and to go straight. His last conscious words were whispered to his aged mother, "Mother, I am satisfied to die. I have made my peace with God."

This was the end of my friend Henry Starr, but extending back from the time of his death, over a period of 30 years, lay the career of the last of the notorious Western bank robbers, with the exception of Al Jennings, who was to die on December 16, 1963.

April 1, 1921 at Harrison, Rufus Roland said that he was one of Henry Starr's companions when the latter was killed while attempting to rob the People's Bank. He pled guilty to attempted robbery and was sentenced to serve three years in the Arkansas Penitentiary.

Well, I was always lucky—or was it the advance knowledge of my pal Zack T. Miller?

Henry Starr was a cousin to the husband of the notorious woman bandit Belle Starr, whom I met at Fort Smith, Arkansas, back in the nineties. It was the same year that I met Annie Shaffer, the first women I ever saw ride a bucking horse. Years later she married W.W. Dillingham.

That day in February after Henry Starr left the 101 Ranch for Fort Worth and the end of his career in Arkansas, Zack told me that one time his dad was coming home from Kansas City and was due back on a certain night. Zack rode into Ponca City

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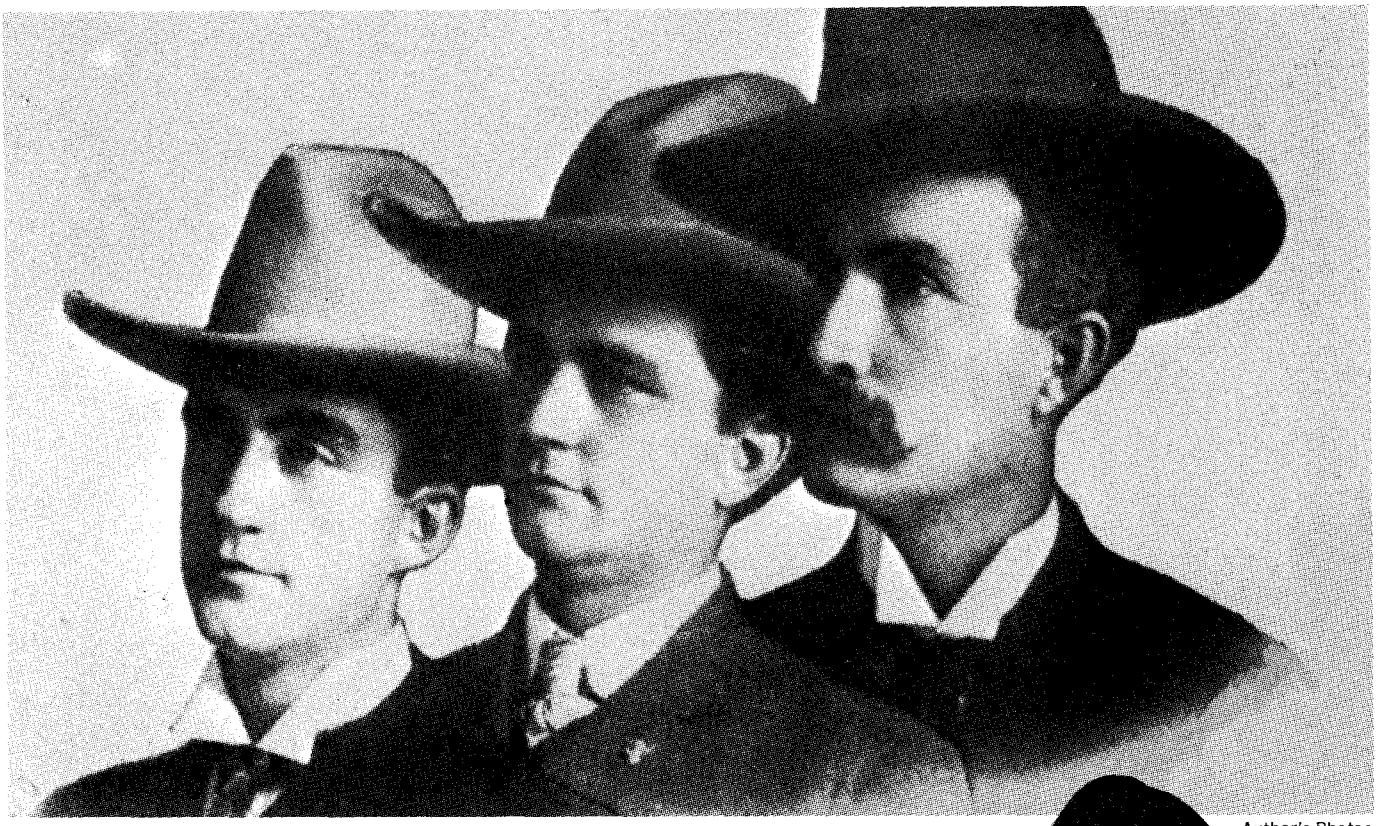

The famous Miller brothers (l. to r.) George, Zack and Joe.

Author's Photos

leading a saddle horse for his dad to ride back to the ranch on. It was just a little after dark when he rode up to the hitch rack, stepped down off his horse, and was tying the two horses when someone from behind stuck a gun in his back, and said, "Hands up!"

Zack thought it was a joke. He turned right quick. The man with the gun pulled the hammer back cocking it and said, "Get them up, quick, or I'll drill you!" Zack at that time had never met Henry Starr but had seen pictures of him and recognized him. It was then he obeyed the gunman.

Starr made Zack go inside the station and lined him up with the telegrapher, depot agent, and others. Starr intended to rob the train which was due, but someone had noticed the outlaw gang and must have gotten word to the trainmen when the train stopped about a half a mile from the depot to come in on the switch.

The train stopped, blew for a highball, backed up about half a mile and took a good start on the main track, getting up speed as it passed the depot on high. Starr knew something had gone wrong and as the train went by he raised his Winchester and shot at the engineer, but the bullet hit the engine gauge.

At this time some soldiers rode up to the depot, dismounted, and leaving two troopers to hold the horses, the rest ran to the front of the depot. Starr and his boys went out the back door, held up the two soldiers with the horses, took their guns and horses and rode off in the dark.

At daylight they rode up to old man Hose Kaiser's ranch in the Osage country, wanting fresh horses. Starr left a hundred dollar bill with the old man, who took a shot at the outlaw as he rode away. The shot went wild. This made Starr a little mad and he took aim at Hose Kaiser's legs, shooting the old man in the knee.

Not long after this Starr robbed the Katy train at Pryor, Oklahoma, making his getaway. He stopped by old Hose Kaiser's house to see how he was making out with his knee. The old fellow was scared bad, but would have Starr eat supper with him. He told Starr he was about to lose his stock and home.

Starr said, "Yes, I know that damn bank at Arkansas City wants to take your place." Henry told him to walk to the fence where his horse was and he would give him the $15,000 to pay them off, and after he had paid the bank off, he and his gang would rob the bank and get the money back.

The old man did not want to take the money. Henry said, "You are an old man and it's too late now for you to make any money. Do as I say." Kaiser took the money and paid off the bank. Hose Kaiser told Zack all about it.

I knew Henry Starr very well. I know that Henry had lots of good friends who would swear that he did not have a bad

Milt, the South American Kid.

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Poster advertising the 101 Ranch Real Wild West Show.

hair on his head. Yes, he was quite a man. I was happy to learn that Starr made peace with his Maker. May God forgive him, and all others who did wrong, and who have asked His forgiveness.

In 1921, my wife Mildred and I joined the Ziedman and Pollie Shows, a real big carnival. I hired Ray Pete Adams, Albert Parrish and John Creathers. Pete became one of the best announcers in the rodeo world.

The seasons of 1921-22-23-24 had our Wild West Show on the H.W. Campbell's United Shows, the C.E. Barfield, Great Metropolitan Show, Frank West's Greater Shows, and the Morris and Castle Show.

This was a different life. A hard life with long, trying hours. We worked with the carnivals on a percentage. We got first money, then it was split 50-50. I would leave our show these years in charge of Mildred and my people, and I would jump and make the rodeo circuit.

During the old boom days I had the Wild West, the Athletic Show and the "49'er Camp" on the Campbell United Shows. I had about 20 girls working the "49 camp." The men would pay 15 cents for each dance with the girls. The girls got five cents, Hort Campbell five cents. I paid the small band and ticket sellers. I had a bar inside which always got plenty of business. It was a hard show to handle as there were lots of fights and trouble. It took a good man to overcome this. Shorty Ricker was my bouncer. Sometimes I had to help him, but when he called for help you knew hell had broken loose, for he was a mighty man.

I boxed and wrestled in our athletic show, rode broncs and bulldogged in the Wild West Show. I had my hands full. It was a full life of daring; for some reason I liked it.

The show with the gambling stands of all kinds was making money hand over fist.

While playing Seminole, Oklahoma, Hort Campbell came to me and said, "Milt, the office wagon is so full of money, and these people here are tough. I'm uneasy about the money, for I just saw two guys who I know are bad looking the office wagon over. You let your boys run your shows. You get your rifle and pistol, go sit in the office wagon and protect it. I'll make up any money you lose on your shows while in the office."

So for the rest of the week I guarded the office. Things went well because my shows took in plenty of money. We had one of the greatest shell artists in the world working the midway. Using an English walnut and a little pea, he had a hundred dollar limit to make it look good to the suckers. This one joint would take in as high as $2,000 in one night.

While playing Breckenridge, Texas, I took down with a bad case of typhoid fever. I could not go on with the show so left it in charge of Nowata Slim. Mildred remained with me and cared for me night and day. The doctor came one morning on his daily trip. He put the little thermometer in my mouth, took it out and looked at it two or three times, shook it, put cold water on it, then back in my mouth. Then he took it out, looked at it, walked to the window, looked at it again and told Mildred to come out in the hall. I could see through the doorway because I was not delirious. I was a strong man with plenty of will power.

Mildred came back in the room trying to look unconcerned. She walked to the closet, got her jacket, and started out saying she'd be right back. I said, "Sweetheart, you are on your way to phone my mother, so no use of you going. I am going to get well. The good Lord has not called me yet, I am going to win this battle, as I have all others with His help."

She got down on her knees and thanked God. "Your fever is 107 and people don't live when that high," she whispered. From that second on I gained strength. The fever burned out the lining of my stomach. I made a quick recovery and went back to our show. Nowata Slim had left. Another man had taken over and he liked his liquor, so our show was torn up in bad shape. I wanted to give a good show. Still weak, I started bulldogging and rid-

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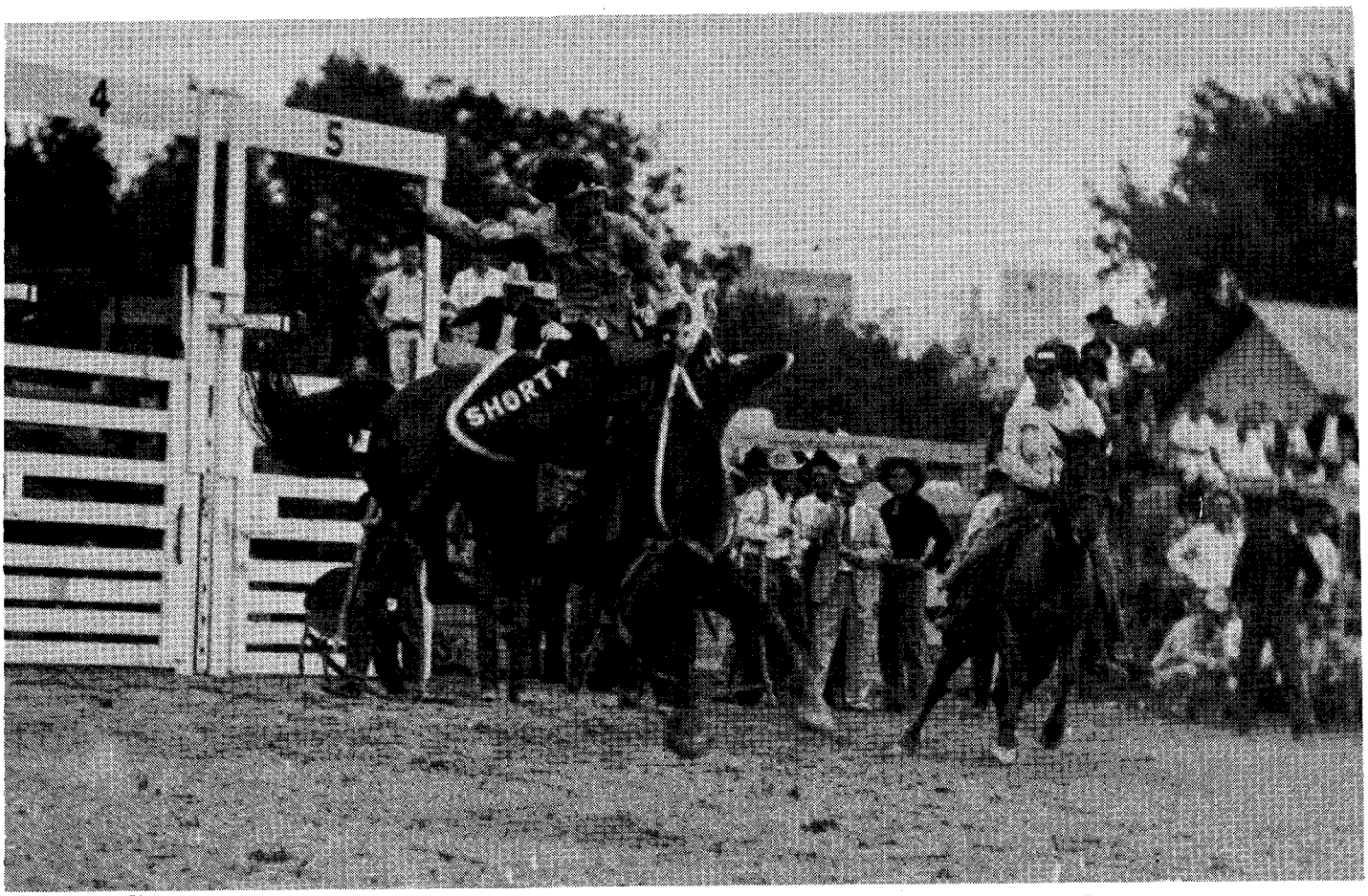

Author's Photos

Pauline Nesbitt riding "Humpty Dumpty" in the 11th Annual Rodeo at Del Rio, Texas.

ing. While riding a bucking mare called "Crazy Jane," she fell and I broke my left leg between the knee and ankle.

It was put in a plaster of Paris cast, and, with my crutches, I managed to get around. Yes, it was a hard game, the Wild West Shows. So back East I went to the Ziedman and Pollie Shows and while playing at a maiden fair at Zanesville, Ohio, I ran into more trouble.

It was Monday night. We had our horses on the bally platform to get the people to come close as there were no loud-speakers in those days. Two young, good-looking girls walked up. Carl Beasley and George Wallace got off their horses and talked to the girls while I was making the spiel. I liked for the boys to take girls in to see the show. I would not have any trouble getting the buckers ridden because the boys always wanted to show off. They walked the girls inside and gave them good seats. We had a real show that night.

The next night I was making the bally when I noticed the same two girls back again, and I saw two big fellows following them but not keeping out of sight. Beasley got off his horse, took the girls by the arms, started to take them in the show. One of the big fellows (they were coal miners) lowered a Kelly on Beasley's jaw and down went Beasley. At this, Wallace was by Beasley's side and the other fellow got Wallace down and out. Old me, always in trouble, didn't like to have my boys worked over.

I put my Sunday punch on the largest one and down he went and out. When he dropped, his eyes were set glassy. I had hit him on the left jaw and it looked like his neck was broken. The other fellow charged me like a wild bull with an open knife. I was afraid of knives so I let him have a good one and down he went. The last one I hit was coming to, but the first one was limp and out. A man looked at him and said, "His neck's broken!"

I knew I had to make a move and I did. I pulled my pants down over my boot tops, took a cap from a working boy, and left through the cook house tent. In the center of the race track were some big brush piles. I crawled under one and hid.

I heard the ambulance come and haul the man away. This made me think what a fool I had been. I prayed while under that brush pile. I had a dog named Bum. He had followed me to the brush pile and wouldn't leave. One of the stable boys thought Bum had a rabbit and came to the brush pile. I told him to take the dog and tie him up and see that he did not get loose.

He told me the man had never regained consciousness. I told him to tell my wife where I was and as soon as Mr. Pollie had things fixed with a bond, I would come out. Next day, Mildred sent Ed Wilcox to tell me everything was O.K., that the fellow had only a broken jaw. Was I happy!

The carnival paid the hospital bill, gave the man's folks passes to the show and I was back in business once more. People are funny. Everyone wanted to see the man who had put away the two

(Continued on page 62)

Milt Hinkle's wife, Mildred.

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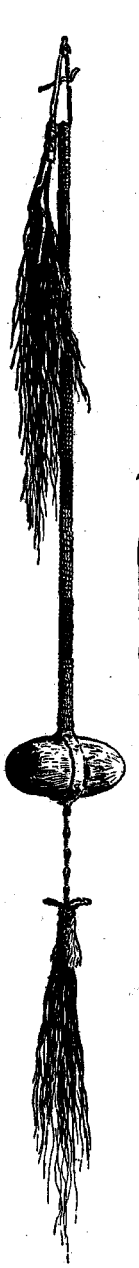
MY INDIAN PLUNDER

His plunder consisted of beautiful beaded garments and artful implements — and he was ruthless about acquiring his collection for posterity

Blackfoot Hunting Arrow, Saved from Buffalo Hunt.



Cheyenne Coup-stick.

Male Costume.

Female Costume.

Blood Indian's Quirt or Whip.

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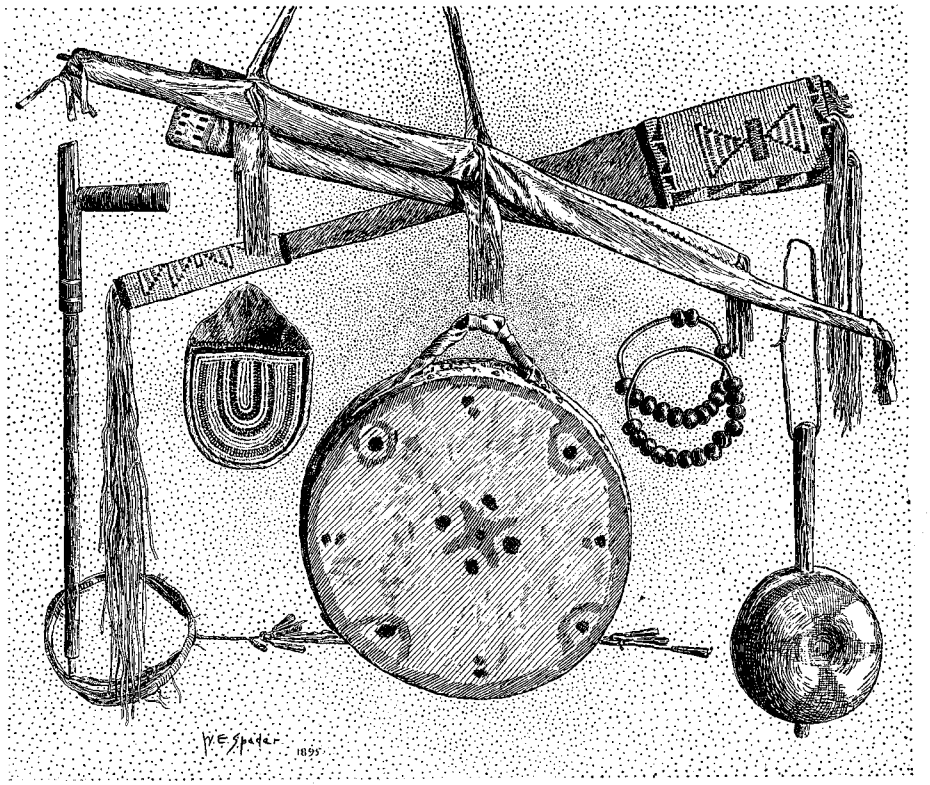
by Julian Ralph

Bow and Quiver of an Apache Brave.

Rifle-case of a Plains Cree, N. W. Territory, Canada. Property of a chief.



Pipe. Ankle Ornament. Case for Ear-rings. Medicine Drum, Plains Cree, N. W. Territory, Canada. Ear-rings. Apache Medicine Man's Rattle.

APACHE AND CREE IMPLEMENTS

Our Canadian Pacific Railway train had pulled up at a little tank-station on the plains and several white women had gone out to inspect three or four of their red sisters who had come to shiver in the presence of the daily train—in preference to shivering in their tepees in the company of the bare prairie.

Could there be a stronger contrast than the two sorts of women presented?

The squaws—barrel-shaped, as squaws get when well along in years—were seated, tailor-fashion, on the dirty boards, done up in smudgy blankets so as to present the outlines of so many meal-bags, each topped with a round, mahogany-colored face where the shirr-strings ought to be.

They were stolid, motionless, staring, like clumsily carved images done up in woollen packages. My traveling companions were shapely, stylish, tidy, active, bright, full of interest and exclamation and movement. They looked at the poor, natural, red wives, and they listened to me, who can no more resist the inclination to make the acquaintance of an Indian than I can restrain any other of my weaknesses.

"What Injun you? — what tribe? Blackfoot?" I asked.

"Cree," said one of the squaws, after giving the matter due thought.

"Where reservation?"

"Got tepee—there," with a wave of one thumb at the motionless desert of grass.

"Here money—no give to man—you keep."

Each squaw — or squee-ow, as I have always heard them say the word—reached out and took into her blanket a ten-cent piece, awkwardly as a monkey takes a nut into its cage. And one or two grunted a sound that cannot be spelled, except by persons who have never heard it and who write it in boys' story-papers. But one said: "Good man; heap good. You got woman?" "Yes." Then she said: "Got plenty woman," and laughed; at which surprising proof of a tutored intellect all the squaws grunted, unspellably again. Then a young white woman spoke:

"Why!" she said, "they are like any other women. They are very like some Europeans!"

"More like Japanese," said one with a truer eye.

"What a pity," exclaimed number three—a charming Eastern college production—"that they should have to be the companions of their fighting, savage, bloodthirsty Indian men!"

That was delicious. I wished that the squaws could comprehend it. I would have liked to have it heard by my distinguished friend Old Sun's wife, of the Blackfeet—she who carries eagle-feathers in her hair—black-tipped white war-eagle feathers—to commemorate her share of a bloody victory of her nation. "I always feel so sorry for the squaws," added Miss Alumna.

"I have always felt the other way," said I. "I have commiserated the bucks. Where I have been among the Indians, these gentle-looking creatures were the principal devils of each tribe. It is these placid dames who rush upon the field after the battle and mutilate the dead and wounded with the remorseless and diabolical ingenuity that makes us shudder when we read of it."

Then the young white women made the same unspellable sound that the red ones had been making, and rushed away just as I was about to sink myself lower than the squaws in their estimation by explaining how, in all the forceful movements of humanity, it has been the women who have shown the full intensity and fervor of each cause. I am glad that I left the words unspoken.

"Not a single bead upon any of them," I said to myself. It was a sad discovery. Put it in other words: "Could we not even leave them their beads?"

The squaws wore plain calico dresses, and on their feet were undecorated mere bags of leather, instead of the beautifully worked beaded moccasins all of them wore so few years ago.

Happily for my frame of mind there came along—just as the engineer was climbing back into his cab—a young Cree girl, wearing an extraordinary pair of barbaric ear-rings. Each was a rude loop of brass wire, thicker than a crochet-needle, and each was strung full of big, round, brass beads.

Among all the Indians there it was the only bit of finery, the only ornament, the only tiny link that connected them with their past. It was all they had. I got it. I put a quarter in the Cree girl's hand, and almost tore the rings out of her ears—for the whistle had blown and the wheels were turning. I have often wondered since whether she cared to part with them.

At another station a squaw risked a little pouch of bead-worked buckskin by wearing it dangling from her belt. The ear-rings are in that pouch now, and both hang on the wall before me. They are parts of my Indian plunder—the most gorgeous, highly decorative, eloquent, inspiring ornaments that a man can collect from any people in any corner of the earth, be he as rich as Croesus or as indefatigable as Stanley. "Could have collected," I should say, for my last two journeys across the continent proved to me that the original sources of these trophies are dry—dry as the bones of the buffalo, dry as the scalps in the curio-shops, dry as the eyes of the Indian agents who manage the reservations where Government has changed a proud and splendid race of men into a ragged, hungry horde of mendicants and paupers.

It was startling to see that Indians are now offering common cow-horns, pale and mottled in color, in place of the jet-black

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Sioux Stone Tomahawk or Club used in dances and displays. Copied from a weapon in use before the white man came.

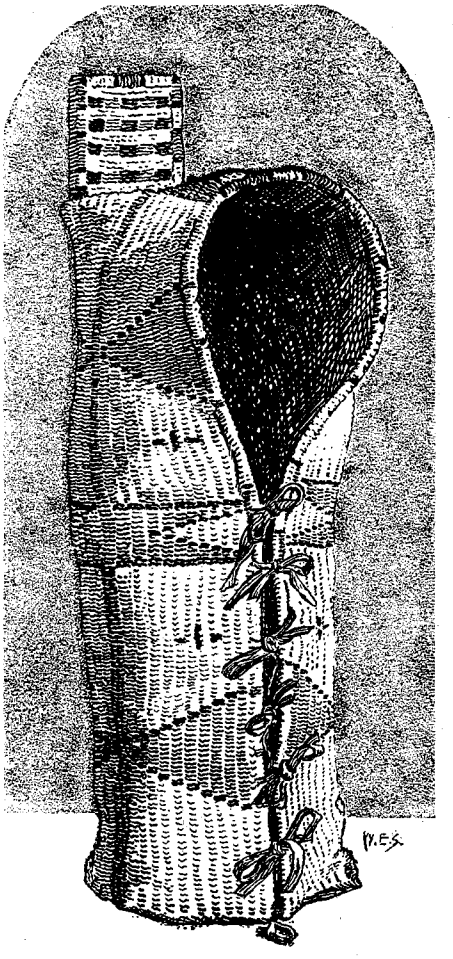
Copper Pipe Tomahawk, round, sold by a Winnebago. One of the first forms that the early traders sold to the Indians.

Blood Indian Blanket-Shoulder Ornament.

Saddle-bags of a Southern Ute.

Sioux Chief's Bone Necklace, from Standing Rock Agency.

SIOUX AND UTE IMPLEMENTS..



Pappoose Case.

bison horns, and that the tourists are buying them. Yet cow-horns are as genuine trophies of the plains as the latter-day Indian work that is now offered at the hotel news-stands and curio-stores of the West. Part of it is the same stuff that has for fifty years been sold as Indian beadwork in Montreal and Saratoga—cotton-backed with cardboard and worked with translucent beads in floral designs.

Only a few years ago, when I was making my small collection, I could not anywhere find a shield, a true war-eagle headdress, or a spear. Now they are to be had by the car-load in Denver, St. Paul, and other Western cities. But, only think! the feathers are those of the turkey—the coward bird that the best Indians would not eat, lest its meat should carry the craven qualities of the bird into their natures. The spears are machine-made, the shields are wrinkled sheets of calf-skin daubed over with scene-painters' colors.

There are plenty of scalps to-day, though I did not come across one, except in private collections, between 1889 and 1894. The new crop is of scalp-locks, "torn while the victims were still quivering, by the painted red fiends," of the dime novels, with pairs of scissors from horses' tails. The ends of the coarse hairs have been laid in mucilage upon pieces of chamois-skin the size of a half-dollar.

The principal trader in Indian goods in this country now offers a stock in which there is a large proportion of goods made for the market, but a more surprising fact about his wares is that the garments, weapons, and ornaments, which are obviously genuine, are very inferior to the same articles that used to be gotten from the red men.

There are real second-hand buckskin dresses without a bead upon them, ornamented on the yoke with red flannel, where the squaws used to sew pounds of gay beads. Tacks take the place of beads on the whip-handles, and the once magnificent stocks of the *coup*-sticks or war-clubs are now as bare as the chins of the braves who sold them.

This trader explained that the Indians have not the means to buy beads as of old, and that the Government is trying to discourage the use of beads, as tending to keep alive the savage instincts and romanticism, which is opposed to the potato-planting inclination. He says that nearly all the really fine examples of Indian work that he gets now come in private collections.

"They are the treasures of army officers and rich gentlemen," he said, "whose wives sell them when the husbands die." My eyes become damp as I think of those words and look, at the same

(Continued on page 48)

Leggings.

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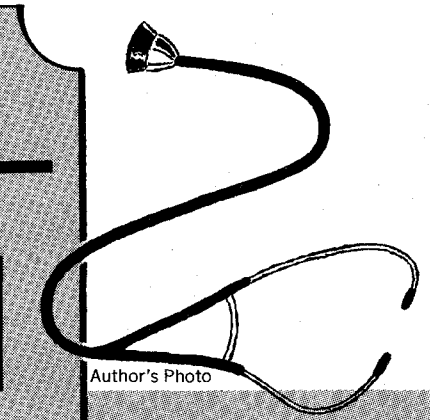
Dr. B.A. Owens-Adair— A Woman Who Dared



Author's Photo

Bethenia knew what she wanted.

Far ahead of her time, she overcame tremendous obstacles to become Oregon's first woman physician

by Arlene J. Fitzgerald

Let's tar and feather her! Let's run her out of town!"

The year was 1869. The angry shouts rang out on the streets of Roseburg, Oregon, against the dark haired, brown eyed, plumpish little woman who emerged from the old shed where she had dared not only to gaze upon a naked, male corpse, but had actually wielded the scalpel to perform an autopsy upon the dead man's body.

The town's women were scandalized; the men and boys who had crowded into the old shed to witness the outrage were thoroughly disgusted.

Dr. Bethenia A. Owens-Adair was an outstanding example of feminine hardihood and determination, rising above overwhelming odds to become Oregon's first woman physician.

Born February 7, 1840, in Van Buren County, Missouri, Bethenia Owens traveled west with her parents and the first immigrant wagons of 1843. Upon their arrival in Oregon, the Owens family settled on the Clatsop Plains near the mouth of the Columbia River, and it was there that Bethenia grew into young womanhood.

She was a highly nervous child, and small for her years, but these physical handicaps were offset from the start by the wonderful recuperative powers and hardy endurance that were to serve her well in later years.

In 1853 Bethenia's father, John Owens, who had arrived in Oregon with only fifty cents in his pocket, and who had prospered on a Clatsop Plains farm, accumulating over twenty thousand dollars in ten years, decided to move his family to Roseburg and invest in additional property.

Shortly after the family settled in the Roseburg area, Bethenia became acquainted with Mr. Legrand Hill, who came from a prominent family in the Rogue River Valley, and a romance sprang up between them. Bethenia, who was only 13 years of age, spent the winter filling a hope chest, and the two were married on May 4th, 1854.

"My husband was five feet, eleven inches tall," Bethenia wrote in her memoirs, "and I could stand under his outstretched arm. I grew slowly, not acquiring my full height of five feet, four inches, until I was twenty-five years of age."

Preceding their marriage Mr. Hill, as Bethenia always respectfully called her husband, had bought a 320-acre farm near her parent's home. He erected a makeshift cabin that had no floor and no chimney. It was to this dwelling that he took his young bride.

Bethenia's dowry consisted of a good riding mare; two cows and heifer; a wagon and harness and a feather bed with blankets and quilts. Since her husband had only a horse, saddle and a gun, and "less than twenty dollars cash in his pocket" Bethenia's contribution to the household comprised the greater part of the couples' worldly goods.

Shortly after her arrival at her new home she discovered that Mr. Hill had neglected to chink the cracks in the cabin walls and that the place was overrun with lizards and snakes that abounded in the area. Nor were there furnishings of any sort to provide the comforts of home.

Bethenia, who proved to be as ambitious as her new husband was lazy, immediately set about stuffing the cracks in the cabin walls with a mixture of ferns and mud. She also assisted Mr. Hill in the making of crude furniture: a "pioneer" bed, that consisted of three poles, built into a corner of the cabin and strung with rawhide, and a bench and table of roughly hewn timbers.

Due to her tender age, Bethenia Owens Hill had great expectations for her future as Mr. Hill's wife. But Mr. Hill did not feel that it was necessary for him to work, although he could have found a job as a carpenter at any time. Therefore the two depended upon wild game for their table.

Not content to spend the rest of her days in the crowded, dirt-floored cabin, Bethenia began to make plans for a larger, more imposing house, and helped her husband cut logs for a new, 16 x 20 foot dwelling. When the logs were ready, a house raising was held by members of

(Continued on page 44)

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This is ROLLING CLOUD

Born in the waning hours of his people's fading glory, this colorful Indian has learned to live in the white man's world

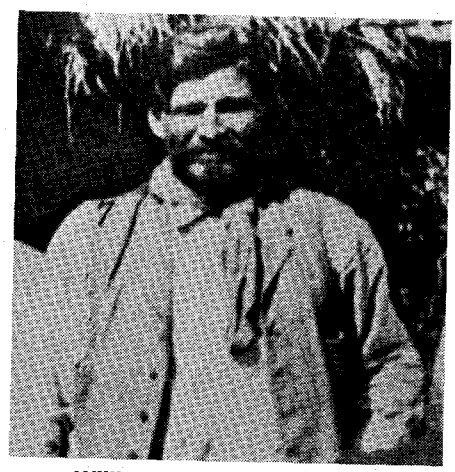
by Zella Pearsol

As the sun's first fingers reached up to brighten the morning sky that day in 1893, a baby boy was born to a Muscogee Indian couple, Le-ah and Luste No-Ko-se (Black Bear). Black Bear, the baby's father, had been given the name of Bruner by the Government. So, little Rolling Cloud, which was the Indian name his parents gave to him, was born Charles Bruner, and his parents were, according to the white man's law, Leah and William Bruner.

Rolling Cloud was destined by the "Great Mystery" to study the medicines of nature; to be able to administer to the sick, the unhappy and troubled members of his tribe.

The town in which this Indian baby was born was known then as Tu-lo-fu-cee, or Little Town, in the Indian Territory. Today it is Holdenville, Oklahoma.

When Rolling Cloud was but three months old his mother died of smallpox. Black Bear, his father, could not take care of the small baby, so his grandmother on his mother's side of the family took him in and raised him and loved him till she died.



William Bruner - Black Bear.

When Rolling Cloud was a very small boy she would take him into the woods and the open prairies and show him the herbs and roots which would cure the sicknesses that so often plagued their tribe. It was her heart's desire that this small boy, whom she loved so much, would one day become a Medicine Man. To this end she coached him carefully.

By night, as he grew older, she would talk of his ancestors as he lay on a rug before the open fireplace.

She told him that back in 1540, a Spaniard by the name of DeSoto and his men, traveling north and west from the sea, had discovered tribes of Indians living in Southern Alabama, North Florida and Georgia. From then on till they were driven from their homes, they were tormented by the white man, because the paleface looked upon the Indians' fertile farms, where they grew tobacco, cotton, cane, and all kinds of vegetables, and became greedy to possess the land. When the war with the British was on, the soldiers called his ancestors the Indians who lived by the creeks, and so they became known as the Creek Indians; and to this day are known by this name to the white men. Although they have had to answer to the name Creek, they are still Muscogee to themselves.

Young Rolling Cloud pondered much on the tribulations of his ancestors, remembering that his beloved grandmother had said she was just eight years old when the soldiers knocked on her parents' door and said they would have to leave their land; that new land had been allotted to all Indians in a place called Indian Land, or Indian Territory, which was west of the Mississippi. There they could live in peace for all time, free from the interference and greed of the white man. Promises—which were not kept!

The parents of Rolling Cloud's grandmother were literally herded, with hundreds of other Indians, toward the Mississippi River, out toward the unknown; torn from their homes of hundreds of years; giving up everything they held dear. They were allowed to pack their wagons with what household possessions they could crowd into them; to tie a crate of chickens on the back; and to herd as many cattle as they could handle on the drive to the far land where they were being forced to go.

They were stopped when they reached the wide river, and the escorting soldiers told them to make camp. They would be there for several days, getting ready for the crossing. The Indian men were told

Author's Photos

Rolling Cloud's mother, Le-ah, (l.) and grandmother, Sun-Girl

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Rolling Cloud keeps the legends, rituals, songs and dances of his tribe alive.

to cut down trees and fasten the logs to each side of their wagons so they would float across the river. The weary, confused red men followed the orders of the soldiers, and on the third day they started the crossing. It was a tragic thing. Hundreds of Indian women, children and men were drowned, and over half of the stock was lost.

Rolling Cloud listened to these stories, and bitterness grew deep within his heart toward the white men who had hurt his grandmother and her people. He was proud of his folks; devoutely proud of his grandmother, *Sun-Kali*—Sun-Girl, as she was called. Sun-Girl's folks were of the Muscogee tribe, one of the five civilized tribes of Southern Indians; Indians who were settled and peaceful farmers, and only wanted to live out their lives in their homeland. The five tribes were the Seminoles, Chikasaws, Choctaws, the Cherokees and the Muscogees, called Creek.

The Muscogee Indians looked upon their land as sacred. They all worked together in happiness, feeling that no one or nothing could bother them. Grandmother told little Rolling Cloud how his ancestors had really tried to fight the white man's slow and insidious moving in on them, and inexorably taking the land from them. The Indians would become angry for a time, and would try to fight back only to be assured that the white man's promises would be kept and they would find a wonderful world all their own in that far-away place across the wide Mississippi.

When Rolling Cloud was six years old his grandmother told him that it was the time for him to begin the rituals which would make him a Medicine Man. She sent him into the hills, told him to remain there four days and nights and to return on the evening of the fourth day after he had had a "vision" about the work he was to do and about the medicines he would use. She warned him that before he could start his work, he must face the East and

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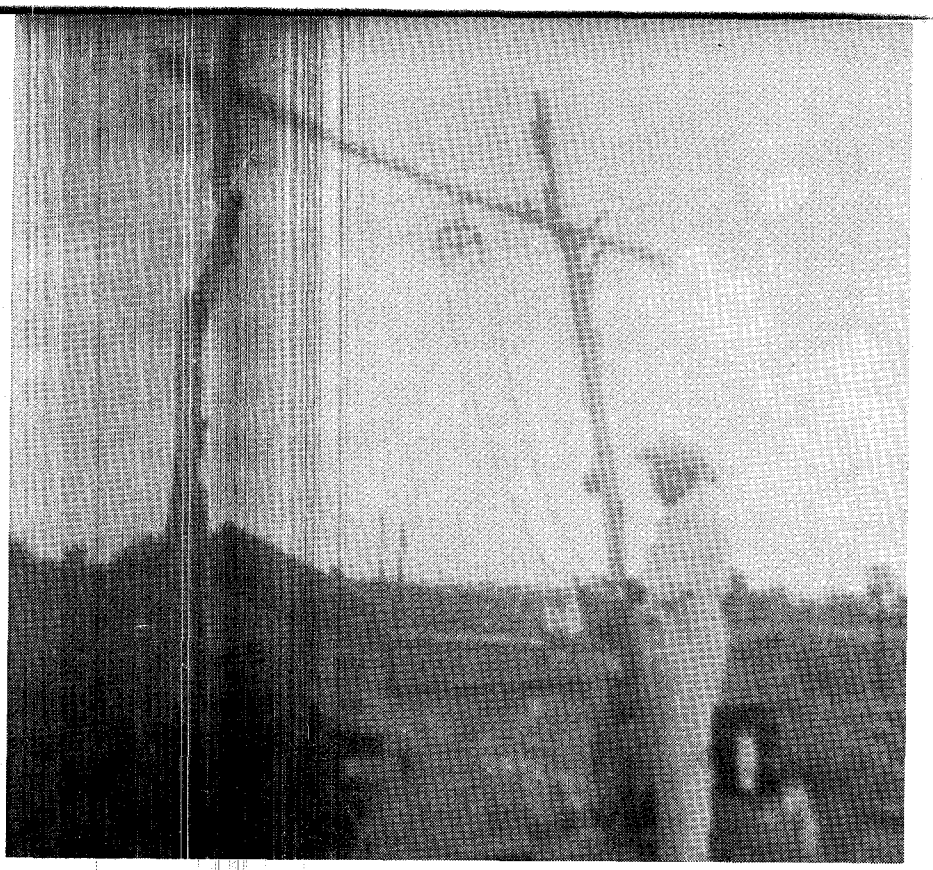
Chief Isparhecher.



Rolling Cloud at the well his grandmother used.

pray and forgive the enemies of the tribe; to remove all bitterness from his heart, even toward white men.

Sun-Girl tried to be convincing to little Rolling Cloud when she said: "The white men felt that it was better for us to live all together as Indians, away out here; to be a nation of Indians, rather than to be scattered all through the South."

But the Indian boy was not yet old enough to find her words comforting. He would have to pray hard to erase the bitterness he felt.

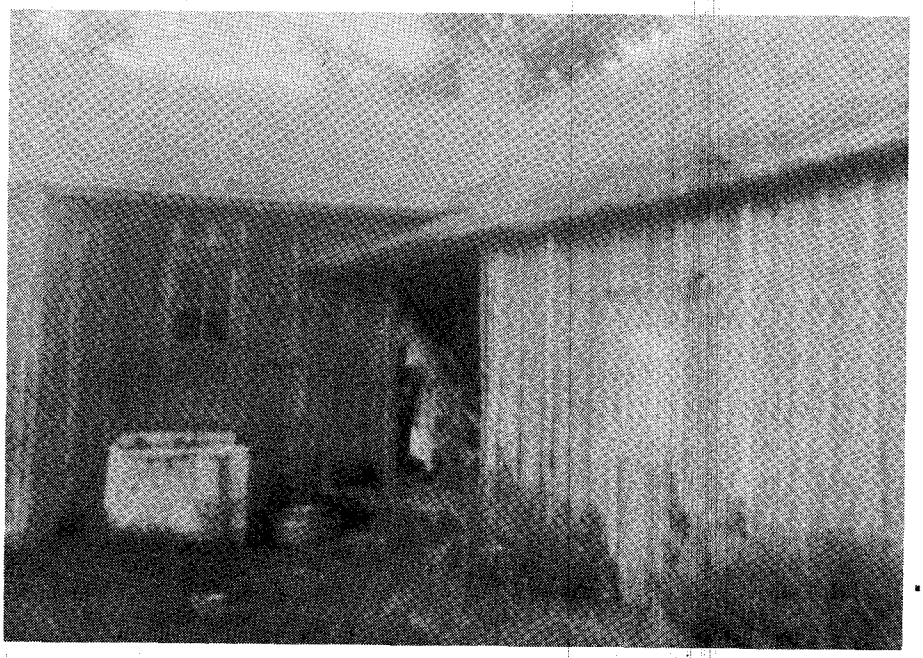
So Rolling Cloud went into the hills without food or water; for these he must find to survive. He quaked inside as that first darkness of night came upon him; but knew that he most prove himself to his grandmother and to his tribe. He made himself a lean-to from tree branches and leaves, securing it to a tree trunk and padded the floor of this windbreak with leaves and the tall grass which grew nearby, and prepared to wait out his four days there. He carried a knife and a "protection club" which was made by attaching a leather bound rock to a two and a half inch wide section of dogwood limb. He had learned how to make these protection clubs a few months earlier. He was told to soak a piece of raw leather until it was soggy, then wrap it around the stone; and how to attach it to the handle. When the leather dried, it clung skin tight to the stone, making it appear as though it were a solid leather weapon. He also carried a bow and arrow.

Before sun-up each morning he said his prayers as he had been taught, facing upward to the sky, then to the East, the South, West and North; praying to the *Pv-ca-se* "One who owns us," or the Great Mystery, to keep him safe, make him brave, so he could grow strong and one day become a great Medicine Man of his tribe. Finally the boy let his eyes look downward to Mother Earth in prayerful thanks, also praying that his Great Mystery would let him be pleasing to Sun-Girl, his grandmother.

He foraged for food, finding the beans of the Saint John's bread tree, which hung in long pods from the tree limbs. These beans alone would sustain life, the little Indian boy knew. He also found *Se-lu-we*, the black haw berry, ripe and sweet. He chewed the gum from the trees to soothe his stomach, and went down to the small stream which flowed nearby for his water.

The evening of the fourth day, though he had found the bread tree beans and a few berries, he was weak from hunger,

Author's Photos



Grandmother Sun-Girl's house.

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and hardly able to make the long walk back to his home. Rolling Cloud had managed to live the four days and nights and he believed that his prayers for strength and knowledge were surely heard by "He-sa-ki-ta-mese," One-Who-Takes-Breath.

His grandmother and uncle came out to meet him. When they returned to their home with the little boy, the uncle said: "So, it is now time for the next step for you. You must drink a bowl of "sofke" (a liquid made from corn) before you can take food."

The boy turned and faced the East, gulped the drink, trying hard not to show his uncle how unpleasant it tasted to him; how he wanted to heave it all up. But his hunger, gnawing at his empty stomach, told him that he must empty the bowl of sofke.

Then his grandmother let him eat, but warned him to chew the delicious roast venison slowly, and to eat little. "For this night you eat the flesh of our brother, the deer," she told him in their language. "This will add strength to your body. Your feet will be swift, your eyes and ears alert, your heart strong."

After he had rested and eaten, and before the sun went down behind the hills for the night, Rolling Cloud's uncle told him: "We go now down to the creek bottom for the blood letting, which is also part of your growing up into a man who helps the sick and counsels the strong members of our tribe.

Rolling Cloud knew about the blood letting for, like all curious children, he and his friends had often slipped into the reeds and tall grasses that grew along the river banks and witnessed the blood letting ritual. He knew there would be pain, and he knew he must not show weakness.

The youth followed his uncle down to the creek, and as they faced the East, his uncle dipped the jawbone of a garfish into a pot of the medicine he had brought, and scratched the boy four times across the forehead. Four stripes were made on the upper and lower arms and four scratches on the upper and lower legs. The young Indian felt the warm blood flow slowly from the wounds.

Finally his uncle staunched the blood from the wounds with the medicine from the pot, then handed Rolling Cloud a cup made from a buffalo horn, and told him to dip it in the medicine and drink four times. Rolling Cloud obeyed, but retched at the taste of the medicine.

When the blood had stopped flowing, his uncle told the boy: "We rest now, but by the dawn's first light we will go and gather herbs and call them by name. You shall learn twelve different kinds."

Rolling Cloud didn't tell his uncle, but he'd had a vision or dream while he was alone in the hills those four days and nights, and had been told about the roots and herbs, their names and uses. He was warned not to tell their names to any one, for they were held sacred to his tribe and called the Grand Medicines of the Muscogee Nation.

So, Rolling Cloud learned the many things his grandmother taught him, the grinding of the roots to make powders, the drying of herbs; how to use only the leaves of certain plants. She told him which ones he could put into the good meat to make the food extra tender and delicious; which ones to take in the spring of the year to cleanse his inner body.

This Indian lad almost worshipped Sun-Girl, his grandmother. But the darkest day of his whole life would come soon, during the Christmas season, 1901.

Grandmother was getting ready for the Christmas feast. The hunters had brought wild turkeys and young deer, which she would roast. She prepared large pans of turnips, sweet potatoes, and made deep pans of wild grape dumplings, the delicious dessert that was the favorite of Rolling Cloud.

Suddenly Sun Girl turned to the Indian boy and said: "I'm very tired, *Ce-bv-no-ce* (Little Boy), and will lay down to rest a while." She took the covering from her shoulders and bared her back to Rolling Cloud. "Get some burned ashes in your right hand and rub them in my back."

When the boy had rubbed the warm ashes over his grandmother's back, and she had been made comfortable, he fell asleep by the fireplace. Sun-Girl sighed heavily, and her spirit went on into the Happy Hunting Ground to meet the Great Mystery.

Something awakened the boy suddenly. He had been dreaming that his grandmother was calling to him. He went quickly to her bed and tried to awaken her. *"Pus-se* (Grandma) how do you feel?" he asked, trying to arouse her. He knew then that *Hesa-ke-ta-mesa,* One-Who-Takes-Breath, had come for her.

The boy ran to his uncle's cabin and told him that he could not awaken his grandmother. When his uncle, *Tu-se-kv-Hul-we* (High Warrior) reached the bedside of Sun-Girl he found her dead.

How young Rolling Cloud got through the burial ritual of Sun-Girl he never knew. It was as though a part of him went along with her. After she was buried, the boy was not allowed to dwell upon her death. High Warrior told him that he was guardian now and would look after him.

Rolling Cloud knew that High Warrior, called Robert Stewart by the white man, had been looking after his grandmother's affairs for years. When Sun-Girl had begun adding to her cattle herd, and needed more grazing land, she sent Stewart, who was the Clan Uncle, and her brother, out to lease land near what is now Lawton, Oklahoma, from the Commanche and Arapahoes. He had full authority to transact any business, whether with the Indians or the white men, as he was the representative of the Creek Indians in that area.

(Continued on page 63)

Rolling Cloud on his horse.

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The Temperamental (OR HOW NOT TO WIN FRIENDS

The young men plunged into the icy waters, there to stay until benumbed, and then to thrash one another with stout-thonged whips...

by E. J. Glave

The great land-mass of Alaska, roughly 2,000 miles in length and 1700 miles in width, purchased in 1867 by the United States Government from Russia for $7,200,000 offers to the traveler a vast, almost unknown area. Within its limits nature presents contrasting scenes; its northern and western ice-fields harbor the polar bear and the walrus, and the tiny humming-bird nests in its southern forests. Its surf-beaten coast-line has long ago been charted, and its navigable waters have been explored; but the great interior, unapproached by waterways, is almost unknown.

CHILKAT PILLAR RECORDING LEGEND OF RAVEN FAMILY.

A journey which I made in central Alaska in 1890, as a member of an exploring expedition, assured me beyond doubt that defective transport was the sole reason for the undeveloped and unexplored state of the land. The Indian carrier was the only means of transportation; he controlled the situation, and commanded most exorbitant pay. Moreover, his arrogance, inconsistency, cunning, and general unreliability are ever on the alert to thwart the white man.

No matter how important your mission your Indian carriers, though they have duly contracted to accompany you, will delay your departure till it suits their convenience, and any exhibition of impatience on your part will only remind them of your utter dependence upon them; and then intrigue for increase of pay will at once begin.

When *en route* they will prolong the journey by camping on the trail for two or three weeks, tempted by good hunting or fishing. In a land where the open season is so short, and the ways are so long, such delay is a tremendous drawback. Often the Indians will carry their loads some part of the way agreed upon, then demand an extravagant increase of pay or a goodly share of the white man's stores, and, failing to get either, will fling down their packs and return to their village, leaving their white employer helplessly stranded.

The expense of Indian labor, therefore, with its attendant inconvenience and uncertainty, renders a long overland journey impossible. An Indian cannot be hired at less than two dollars a day, which, however, is a mere trifle compared to the obligation of feeding him. Your carriers will start with loads weighing from 80 to 90 pounds, and will eat about three pounds dead-weight each day per man, so that the end of the month a point will have been reached in the interior, and all your stores consumed by the men carrying them, and for this unusual privilege the traveler has still to pay sixty dollars a month for each man's services.

When traveling on his own account, the Indian lives sparingly on dried salmon, but when employed by a white man his appetite at once assumes boaconstrictor proportions. Game is so scarce that it cannot be relied on to afford much relief to the constant drain on your provisions.

Occasionally an opportunity will present itself by which you can bag a bear or a mountain-goat, a very pleasant addition to your larder, and an acceptable change from the monotonous bean-and-bacon fare; but you cannot depend on the rifle for food; without a plentiful supply of provisions, misery and hunger will drive you unceremoniously from your working-ground.

The only way to test the resources and possibilities of Alaska is by making thorough research through every part of the land, and conducting your investigations entirely independent of native report either favorable or discouraging.

I determined to revisit Alaska in the spring of 1891, and to endeavor to make a journey to the far interior with pack-horses. From what he had already seen of the land, John Dalton, who accompanied me on the previous journey, was equally convinced with myself of the feasibility of such an undertaking.

As I was about to make what I thought to be rather an important experiment, I ventured to ask some slight assistance from the geographical departments of the United States and Canadian governments, such as the loan of a few instruments, which otherwise would lie idle in some Government office, in return for which privilege I promised a rough map of an enormous area of unknown land; but my suggestions failed to obtain a favorable hearing.

Failing to awaken interest in my experiment through different channels, I decided to go at my own expense. Dal-

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Explorer In Alaska

AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE)

MAP OF THE PIONEER PACKHORSE EXPEDITION IN ALASKA.

THE APPROACH TO A CANYON.

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ton had agreed to aid me; in fact, without the promise of his valuable services I should have hesitated to make the attempt.

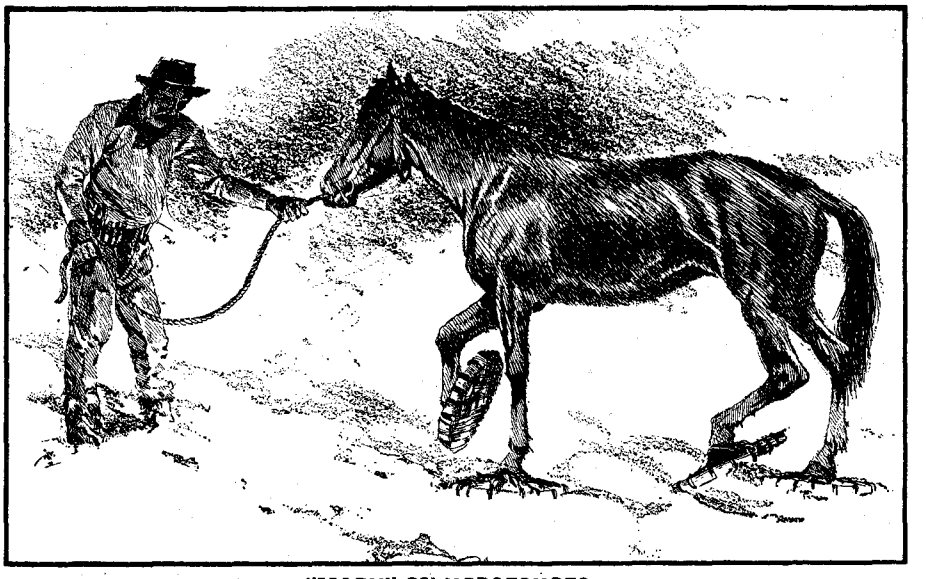
An interesting part of this vast unexplored interior lies between the Yukon River and Mt. St. Elias on the southeast coast of Alaska. Gold has been discovered everywhere on the outskirts, warranting the supposition that the same precious metal exists in the interior. All the streams heading from this quarter show specimens of mineral along their shores, a fact which created in our minds the reasonable hope that we might strike the supply at its source.

In Alaskan expeditions it is essential that the party of whites be as small as possible. Each additional man adds to the need of transport, and besides, a large body of whites is liable to arouse the suspicions of the natives and to create trouble. So Dalton and I decided to make the venture alone.

He was a most desirable partner, having excellent judgment, cool and deliberate in time of danger, and *possessed of great tact* in dealing with Indians. He thoroughly understood horses, was as good as any Indian in a cottonwood dugout or skin canoe, and as a camp cook I never met his equal.

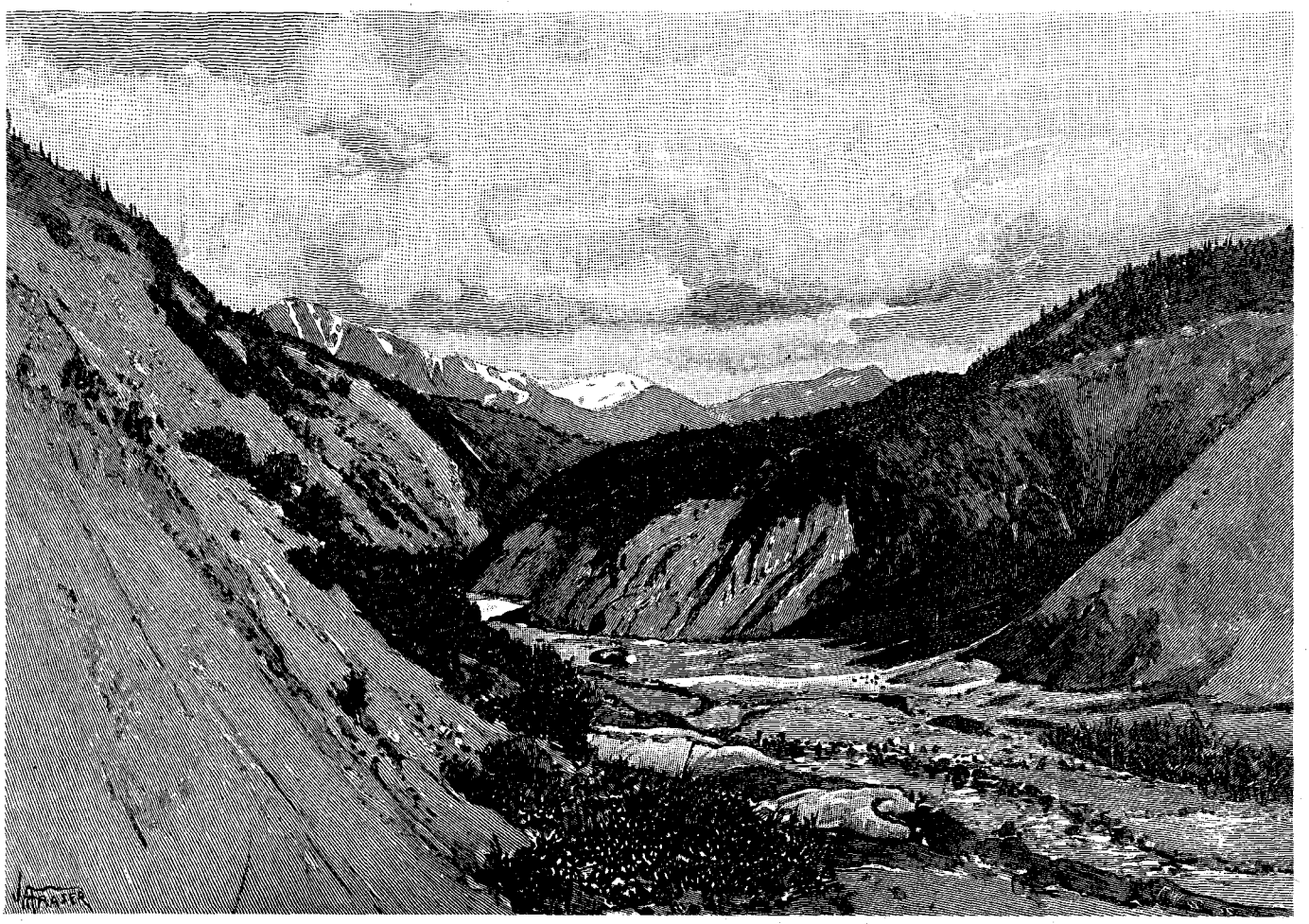
We equipped ourselves at Seattle with four short, chunky horses weighing about nine hundred pounds each, supplied ourselves with the requisite pack-saddles and harness, stores and ammunition, then embarked on board a coast steamer and sailed north from Puget Sound through the thousand miles of inland seas to Alaska.

We disembarked at Pyramid Harbor, near the mouth of the Chilkat River, which is by far the most convenient point from which to start for the interior. No horses had ever been taken into the country, and old miners, traders, and prospectors openly pitied our ignorance in imagining the possibility of taking pack-animals over the coast-range. The Indians ridiculed the idea of such an ex-



"MARY" ON HORSESHOES.

A PICTURESQUE RAVINE.



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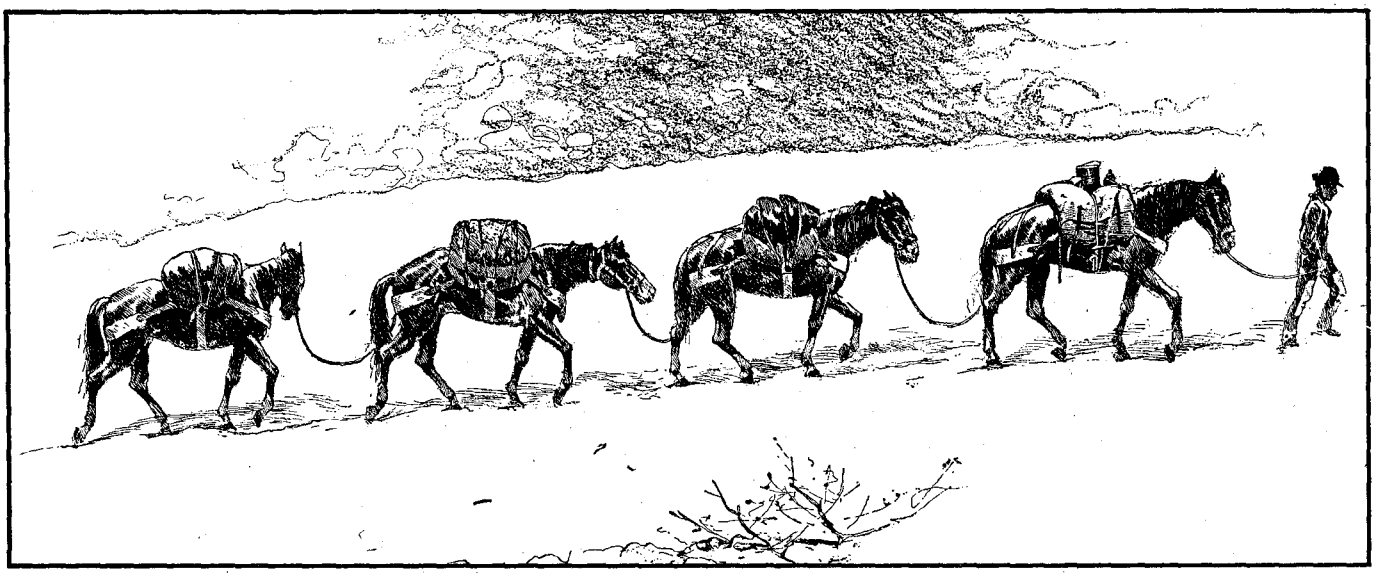


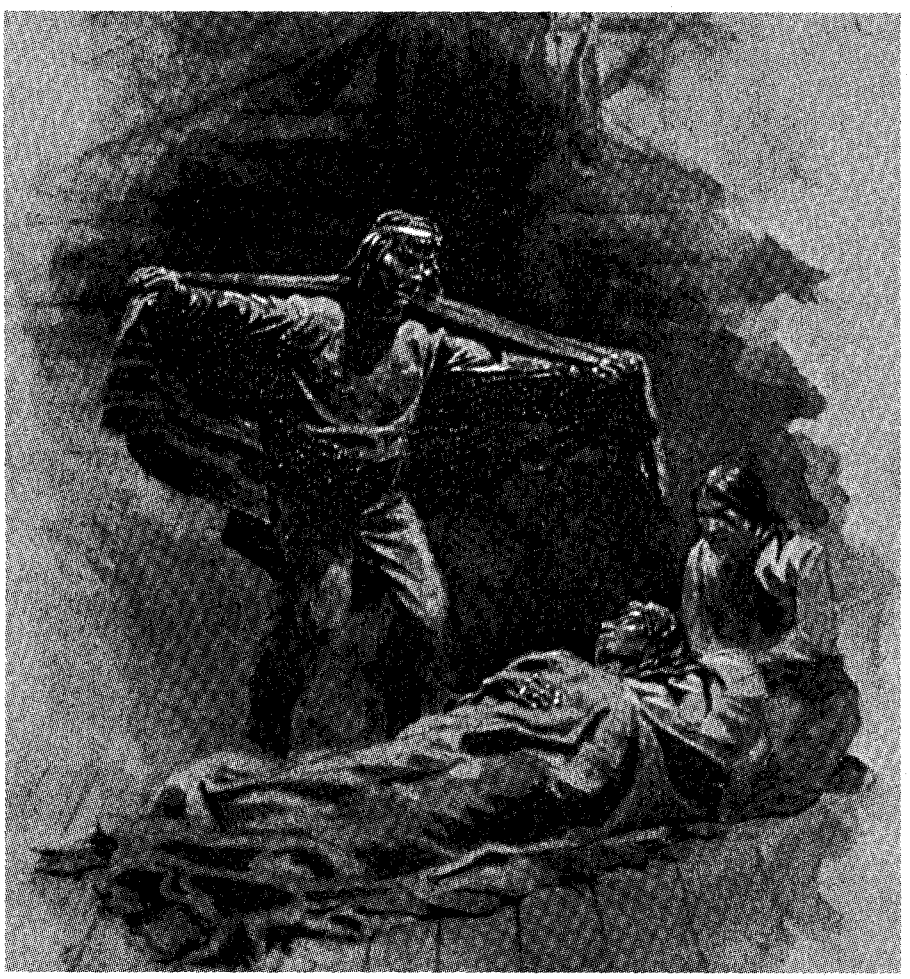
CROSSING A HARDENED SNOWFIELD.

periment; they told us of the deep, swift streams flowing across our path, the rocky paths so steep that the Indian hunter could climb in safety only by creeping on his hands and knees.

Finding that their discouraging reports failed to influence us, the Chilkat Indians, foreseeing that our venture, if successful, would greatly injure their interests by establishing a dangerous competition against their present monopoly, held meetings on the subject, and rumor reached us that our further advance would be resisted.

However, when we were ready, we saddled up, buckled on our pistol-belts, and proceeded on our journey without any attempt at hindrance save by verbal demonstration of the dire fate pending.

THE SONG OF THE CROW.



Upon our arrival at the coast-range we were compelled to suffer delay owing to the backwardness of the season. The mountains were still deeply buried in snow; on the higher slopes the topmost tufts on the tall spruce and hemlock just peered through their wintry mantling. During the daytime the thermometer rose to 54 degrees above freezing-point, but each night the mercury dropped a few degrees below. The rapidly increasing heat of the sun, heralding the approach of summer, was ousting winter from its frigid sway and furnishing the land with a gentler climate.

A short distance from the coast the snow lay deep, even in the valley lands. We found a fine patch of grass, however, around the village of Klokwan, twenty-five miles up the Chilkat River, which would maintain our horses in good condition till the season opened sufficiently to permit a further advance.

At this Indian settlement there are about twenty houses constructed of heavy planking, roofed with rudely hewn boards, each having an immense aperture for the escape of smoke. On all sides these dwellings are loop-holed for muskets. Many a stubborn fight has been decided around this village, the planking being pitted with slugshot. Most of these huts are occupied by three or four families; some of greater dimensions, however, will shelter sixty Indians.

The Chilkat nation is divided into sections, each named after some living thing. There are the Ravens, Wolves, Eagles, Snails, Bears, etc., and the houses of the principal men are ornamented with large, grotesquely carved tablets, which signify by their particular design the legend or history of the respective family. These people have no written language. In former days every event of consequence was duly chronicled by some design, suggestive of the occurrence, chiseled upon

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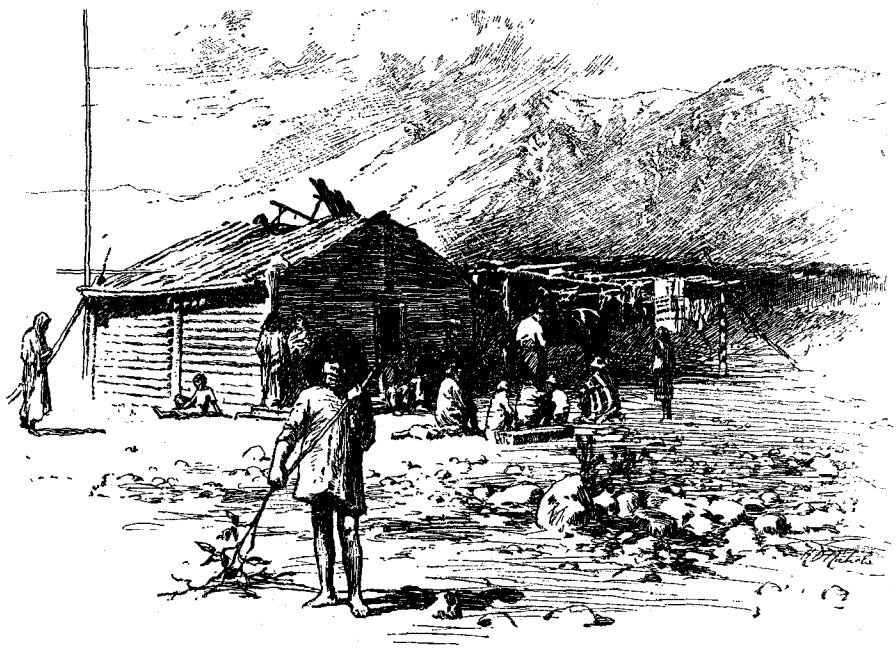
a wooden pillar, such designs being placed in succession till an immense log was entirely taken up with a strange medley of exaggerated figures.

Most of these carvings are very old, and their legends and historical references have been distorted by constant repetition. Only the oldest men attempt to interpret the puzzling designs produced by their ancestors. Formerly powerful chieftains held court here with barbaric pomp, and terrorized the neighboring peoples. They were buccaneers and pirates.

The chief, Klenta Koosh, has a strange collection of old firearms, and outside his house two iron cannons defend the approach with threatening array—all stolen from a Russian ship which stranded on the Alaskan shore in former days. Slavery was then in general practice; prisoners became the serfs of their captors, and, as in central Africa to-day, constituted the principal source of wealth.



THE CHIEF'S HUT AND A GROUP OF GOONENNAR NATIVES.

The old-time Chilkat, dressed in skins and furs obtained from the inland tribes, had his garments picturesquely fringed, and tasseled, and beaded, and woven in with stained swan-quills. He wore bracelets of copper, and carried copper spears, knives, and arrows. He was a warrior, and lived but to perish in battle.

In those days no ceremony was complete unless attended by human sacrifice; execution of slaves was of frequent occurrence, for superstitious belief deemed disaster and illness the doing of angry spirits, only to be appeased by the shedding of human blood. Tribal wars and hand-to-hand fights followed from the slightest disagreement.

It was the custom then for all the young men in the village to plunge each morning, winter and summer, into the chilly stream, stay in the icy waters till benumbed with cold, and then to thrash one another with stout-thonged whips till circulation and animation were thoroughly restored. This novel apprenticeship is said to have had the effect of creating unusual stamina, producing the ability to withstand cold and hunger, and deadening feeling.

The Indians say that a warrior thus trained, though mortally wounded, would face his foe and cut and stab while life remained. In such duels they protected their heads with wooden helmets, shaped in design according to their nation; they also wore buckskin shirts and bound their arms with strips of leather.

TOWING HORSES ACROSS THE CHILKAT RIVER.

Gormandizing competitions used to be a popular form of entertainment; an immense trough, called Klook-Ook-Tsik, 14 feet long, 14 inches in width, and 15 in depth, was filled with meats, bear and mountain-goat, fish, berries, and oil. Then families vied with one another as to who could eat the most, and many serious fights have resulted from the jealousy of the losers.

The present generation of Chilkat Indians is fast relinquishing tribal customs and ceremonies, and is taking but little interest in the history of its ancestors. Dances are no longer held in which family head-dresses and costumes are worn. The great wooden banqueting-trough is now embedded in moss and in grass that grows between the floor-boards in the house where once old "Kay Tsoo" assembled his followers by drum-beat, despatched them on the trail for war or trade, declared the guilty and the innocent, and condemned to death as he willed. At the present day there are a few men in the villages known as "ankow," or chief, but they have only feeble power.

In character these Indians are a strange composition — unemotional, morose, unsympathetic, superstitious, indifferent to death, without the slightest idea of gratitude, and having an astonishing respect for the property of others.

When on a trading-journey, or out hunting, they will leave their belongings hanging on bushes all along the trail; and snow-shoes, sometimes a musket, blankets, a leg of smoked bear, a dried salmon, are frequently noticed along an Indian path. No one thinks of touching any of these things, and they have not the power of the police to enforce honesty by intimidation.

(Continued on page 64)

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THE AVENGING ANGEL OF LAPLAND

It was a time for war and men joined the army of their convictions, but the riff-raff stayed behind to rape, raid and ravish

by H. A. and M. A. Messick

Author's Photo

Clayton Mooney and Olivia Williams.

It was early spring in 1925 when Clayton Mooney, my mother's 77-year-old half-brother, came from Purcell, Oklahoma, for a visit. For days before his arrival Mama cautioned the children a razor strapping would be given if they mentioned certain things to him.

The first night, as he dozed in front of the fireplace, I tried to reconcile this small, white-bearded figure nearly lost in the oversized rocking chair with the avenging angel of Lapland. I was a grown man. I hoped Mama's warnings didn't apply to me.

"Uncle Clayton," I blurted out, "Did you kill fifty men after the war?"

The old man's closed eyelids never fluttered. "Come nearer to being twenty-five," he replied softly. "I wouldn't be a mite sorry iffen it were fifty. Sorry, lowdown trash of the earth! Bushbuzzards, we called 'em. They left our younguns to starve. They killed old men and boys and manhandled our women folk. Why, I've knowed of 'em spitting tobacco juice on young girls' feet, jest to see 'em dance. They weren't soldiers and they weren't men. They didn't deserve to live on God's good earth. I knowed every man I killed and why I killed him."

The following is Clayton Mooney's own account of his role as the avenging angel of Lapland.

Borders are fragile, whether county, state or national. From 1861 to 1865 only a will-of-the-wisp line between Arkansas and Missouri separated the United States of America from the United States of the Confederacy. This narrow strip of mountainous country became known locally as Lapland. Here the North lapped down on the South, and the Gray lapped up on the Blue. Men on both sides of the line joined the army of their personal convictions while the riff-raff, the ne'er-do-wells, stayed behind to rape, ravish and raid the countryside, earning the disparaging name of bushbuzzards.

Clayton Mooney was 14 when the war started. Jesse Mooney, his father, was 45. Together they offered their services to the Confederacy. Jesse, former sheriff of Marion County, Arkansas, lawyer, well-known cotton buyer, steamboat owner and operator of Mooney's store as well as the landing and ferry on White River, became a Major in General Sterling "Pap" Price's army. Clayton was a scout with the honorary title of captain. They fought at Wilson's Creek near Springfield, Missouri, and at the Battle of Elkhorn Tavern, Pea Ridge, Arkansas, where Jesse was wounded in the hip, an injury that would cause his death 20 years later.

After his partial recovery Jesse was appointed Provost Marshal of Yellville, Arkansas, the unofficial capital of Lapland. It was one of the few militarily important places in the area. Located in a narrow cleft in the Crooked Creek and Buffalo River Mountain range, the surrounding hills are literally honeycombed with bat caves containing substances that helped produce crude gunpowder. Major Mooney's job was to pick up the deserters, keep the peace and protect the civilians in a 300-mile square. He had 60 men.

Clayton became his father's eyes and ears. He took to the hills. Sometimes he practiced the deadly art of penetrating enemy territory in a "borrowed" blue uniform.

But it wasn't the army of the North he learned to hate and fear. At Wilson's Creek he saw his comrades piled one on top of the other. The ground was slippery and crimson with their blood. But that was war. Men must fight and die for their convictions if they are to be called men. But the bushbuzzards weren't real men. They had become in- *(Continued on page 57)*

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Walter Proctor, Zeke's grandson, wearing his forebear's ancient gun and belt.

Zeke Proctor— OUTLAW OR LAWMAN?

The author presents new information concerning one of the West's most controversial characters

by Olevia E. Myers

Go into the beautiful Cherokee country around Tahlequah, capital of the Cherokee Nation, and ask the first old-timer you see whether Zeke Proctor was an outlaw or a lawman and you'll be told Zeke was a killer, a man who was as dangerous as a shedding rattlesnake. Ask the next old-timer you see the same question and you'll hear that Zeke was a persecuted man, a good Injun who could not understand the ways of the white man and tried only to defend himself and his family.

The little town of Proctor, in what is now Oklahoma, is the birthplace of Ezekial, shortened to Zeke, and was named in his honor. It is about equally divided as to opinions on Zeke. The next little village is Christie, named for Ned Christie, said by historians to be one of the worst of the Cherokee outlaws. He was killed near his home town and it took an army of men with a Gatling gun to bring him down. Christie is where the little schoolhouse that served as a courthouse in this Going Snake District of Indian Territory, was located. Zeke's trial for the killing of a woman took place there. It was also the scene of the massacre of 12 men, including the judge who sat on the case. Christie, too, is divided on the status of Zeke Proctor.

Divided they may be on whether he was outlaw or lawman, but solidly together they stand on one fact — that Zeke Proctor was a man without fear. In the midst of a gunfight, running from, or hiding from, the U.S. Marshals, policing the Territory under old Judge Parker, or serving a warrant issued by the same hanging judge, everybody agrees that Zeke Proctor was a brave man.

I first heard some of Zeke's story from my father, and uncles. One uncle, Jeff Carter, later became a deputy U.S. Marshal, riding out of Parker's court and working under the direction of the great Bud Ledbetter and Heck Thomas.

From the tales I listened to as a child, told by these men who knew Proctor well, I gleaned most of my information on this man. A diligent search of old-timers in the Zeke Proctor country gave me additional information. Accounts of the Beck-Proctor feud came from the grandchildren of both sides, and even here, among the grandchildren, the accounts vary widely. The records, few indeed, and the *Chronicals of Oklahoma* furnished other information, but for the most part this is the story my grandfather, father and uncles passed on to me. They were there. They should have known.

My grandfather's homestead was where the city of Siloam Springs, Arkansas, now stands. The great John Brown University is located on Grandpa's "back forty." Zeke's home was just over the line in Indian Territory from Grandpa's and he often traded in Siloam Springs. Grandfather, being a blacksmith, kept Zeke's pony shod for him.

So much has been written on this controversial man that I hope this account will in some small way set the records straight.

Here is the story as I heard it before a roaring fire in the old fireplace in Indian Territory where I was born. It has been borne out by recent research.

Zeke was a good Injun when he was sober, but he wasn't sober if he could get enough firewater to get drunk, and it didn't take too much. When drunk he was quarrelsome and always getting into a fracas of some kind. He was a dead shot with the old ivory handled long barreled .45 he carried and he often shot at some fellow's feet to make him dance just for the heck of it. He had a lot of enemies because of this streak of meanness in him, when full of the white man's firewater. Sober, you couldn't find a more peaceful Injun than Zeke.

He caused so much trouble and so much damage in the border saloons that it became difficult for him to get a drink in one of the places because the proprietor knew he'd have to fix up the place after Zeke got through wrecking it. Then when he'd sobered up he'd come in gentle as anything and want to pay for the damage.

There was an old stage stop right on the border between Arkansas and the Territory, run by one of the Crittenden bunch, the same Crittendens who ran a place called the Half-Way House on Fourteen Mile Creek between Wagoner and Tahlequah, where the Crittenden woman

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first gave William Goldsby the name of Cherokee Bill. People say Bill was the worst outlaw and killer to come out of the Nations, as the Indian Territory was called at that time.

Anyway, Zeke liked this stage stop saloon because a broad white line was painted square down the middle of the floor. On one side of this line was Arkansas, on the other Indian Territory, the part that is now Oklahoma. Any border character, including Zeke Proctor, if sought by the local sheriff in Arkansas, could step across this white line and he was safe as a baby in a cradle. No sheriff could arrest a man in Indian Territory, just as our Texas Rangers could not cross our International boundary, the Rio Grande River between the United States and Mexico, and arrest a man there.

This was a gathering place for all the riffraff and men on the lam from throughout the Territory. There were many tales of killings, fights and burials there, that were never reported or investigated.

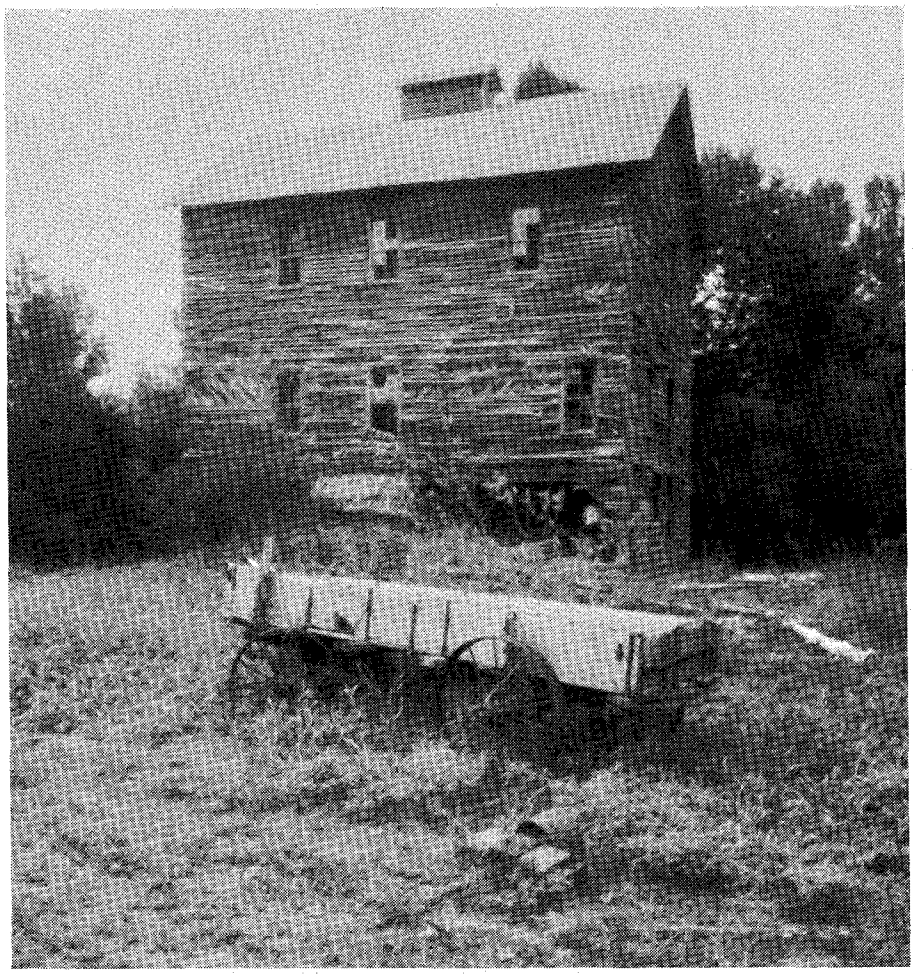
Zeke had a sister who married a good for nothing white man named Kesterson. He lived over near Sallisaw. She had two little babies and Kesterson never did make them a decent living, so Zeke rode over every once in a while to see about them.

It was the last of March and still pretty chilly when Zeke made a visit and found his sister and the two babies literally starving. Kesterson had deserted them and they had been almost without food for days. Zeke just loaded them in the wagon and brought them back to his house, where he kept them after that.

They had been at Zeke's just a short time, and it was early in April when the whole family decided to go over to Uncle Charlie Allen's place on Mosely Prairie to visit for a few days. The Allens were Cherokees and everyone called him Uncle Charlie. Zeke loaded his sister and her two babies and his wife, who was expecting a child soon, into the wagon and they drove over to the Allens.

Anyway, when they got there Uncle Charlie told Zeke that Kesterson was hanging out at the old Beck Mill and was, so the rumor went, sweet on a woman named Hilterbrand, one of the Beck girls, who had married Hilterbrand and was now widowed.

Zeke never said a word to the women folks, but he saddled a pony of Uncle Charlie's and rode over to the Beck Mill. Kesterson was there, working around the mill, and the Widow Hilterbrand was there with him. Kesterson knew Zeke had come for him, and when he rode up Kesterson started to run. Zeke threw down on him and told him what kind of a sneak he was to leave his wife and babies to



Zeke Proctor went looking for Kesterson at Beck's Mill.

Author's Photos

Courthouse where Zeke was to be tried for murder.

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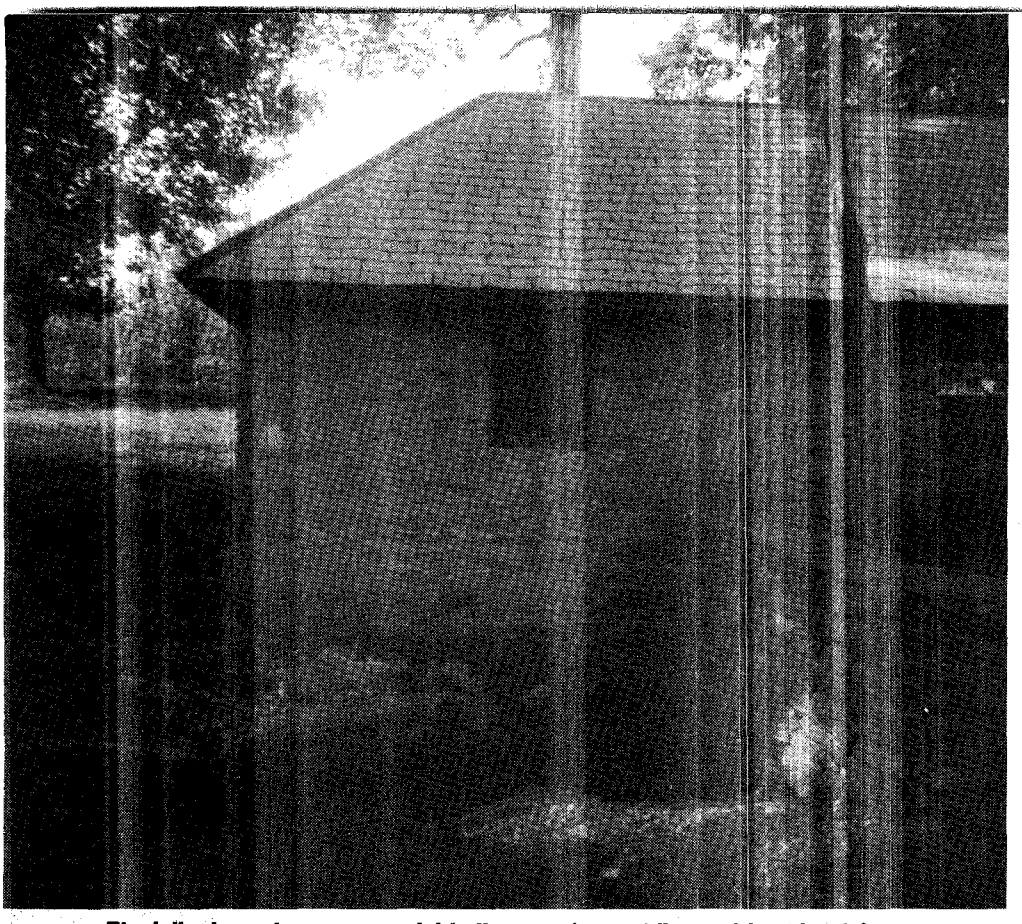

The jail where the controversial Indian was kept while awaiting his trial.

Zeke Proctor's tombstone.

starve. He told Kesterson, "I'm gonna' kill you, Kesterson."

Both men then went for their guns and the Hilterbrand woman tried to stop the killing. Throwing herself in front of Kesterson, she tried to stop the deadly gunfire, but it was too late. Just as she flung herself in front of Kesterson, Zeke's old .45 roared and the widow fell dead. Kesterson shoved the dying woman away from him and ran inside the old mill. Zeke shot twice more at him but the thick old walls of the mill gave protection. Zeke said that the woman falling shocked him so that he lost his good aim at Kesterson, and anyone who knew Zeke's shooting ability knew something had to throw him off because he never missed what he shot at.

Kesterson ran through the old mill, Zeke right after him. He jumped into the mill sluice and stooping low, ran like a scared deer up the old sluice. Zeke couldn't see him there. It was only a few yards to the thick undergrowth of Flint Creek, where the mill got its power, so Kesterson got away.

The Widow Hilterbrand was a full blood Cherokee. Kesterson was a white man. The Indians would try Zeke in their own courts at Saline on Saline Prairie. The white men would have to go to Judge Parker's court at Fort Smith for justice.

While Kesterson rode to Fort Smith to file his charges against Zeke for trying to kill him, Zeke had already been taken into custody by the Indian court on the charge of killing the Indian woman. He claimed it was sheer accident. Many people, and all of the Becks, I imagine, thought Zeke meant to kill them both. He was placed in the old jail at Saline until a trial could be held. Because of growing sentiment and danger of trouble the trial was moved to the Christie Court of Going Snake District.

Zeke went before the bar of justice, the Honorable Judge Alberty presiding. The little courthouse was full to overflowing and dozens of people were outside trying to see through the little windows and the wide open door. Among them was my grandfather. So widely was Zeke known and so divergent were the opinions of him that Grandpa said it looked as if half of Arkansas and all the Cherokee Nation were there to see justice done.

Zeke, being a prisoner at the bar of justice, had no guns and was closely guarded by the Indian deputies, thus the stage was set for wholesale slaughter that hot April day. Kesterson had returned to Beck's Mill, a ride of some 80 miles, with his writ for the arrest of Zeke for attempting to kill him, a white man. Upon arriving, he had found the trial had been moved to the Christie Going Snake District only a few miles away. He hurriedly rounded up a party to go with him to the trial. All agreed, so they later claimed, that they were going to wait there peacefully until the Indian Court had convicted or cleared Zeke. In case he was released the intention of the party was then to arrest Zeke right there at the courthouse. The party included White Sut Beck, an Indian and a relative of the dead woman; Eugene Bracken, of near Muskogee; Major Owens and about a dozen others.

Riding their lathered horses right up to the very door of the little courthouse while people, both Indian and white, scattered before them, they dismounted and, in a group, headed for the wide open door of the building, their .45s swinging from each hip, rifles in the crooks of their arms. An Indian guard met them at the door. Grandpa recalled that he made a motion for them to enter. They were welcome.

A silence fell upon the court for an instant and Judge Alberty tapped with his gavel, saying, "Let us proceed." White Sut Beck had fastened his eyes on Zeke as he entered the door and as the judge started to proceed he raised his rifle and shot point blank at Zeke who was unarmed. Zeke saw the action coming and threw himself to one side. The shot hit Judge Alberty, killing him instantly. Now, all was absolute confusion. Shots were being fired from every side and men were falling and dying. Zeke was up instantly and grabbed a .45 from one of his guards who was busy using a rifle.

Now Zeke's deadly aim began to take effect. Within seconds it was over and the little courthouse was a slaughter pen. Twelve men lay dead or dying on the floor. Zeke vaulted a log bench, his deadly gun waving like a copperhead,

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The Proctors bought supplies at this old general store.

and was on the way to freedom.

Later he was to say he received a few scratches where bullets grazed him, but that was all. Major Owens, who rode with Kesterson, was dead. John Beck, a brother of the dead woman, was lying dead in a great pool of blood near the only door to the building. Beside him, their blood mingling on the floor, lay Johnson Proctor, Zeke's brother, also dead. Judge Alberty lay beside his chair. His blood was dripping off the little platform built for the court into a slowly widening pool on the plank floor. Eight more men were dead or dying.

Blind Aaron Beck, brother of the dead John Beck, stood in terrible, dark silence, not knowing who was killed, or where to turn. People ran and pushed and shoved to clear the courtroom. Outside, women screamed and children clung to their skirts and cried with terror. Indian police were by now mounting their ponies to give chase to the men who had started all this and the few of the group left alive were racing away into the thick bottoms of the rough country. By this time Zeke was on his pony and out of sight, lost in the fastness of the hills he knew so well. Kesterson had also disappeared.

The homestead of one Eli Whitmire was directly across the road from the appalling site of blood and death.

After a few minutes of silence the sad task of caring for the dead was attended to by some of the remaining men, including my grandfather. One by one they carried the 12 dead men and laid them in a straight row on the wide porch of Eli Whitmire's home. Sheets were brought from the house and the dead were covered. New-made widows and orphans cried over the still forms of some of the slain men. Riders took off in all directions carrying the dread message of death to the families of others.

Zeke Proctor was on the lam now. He was hiding out in the Territory well knowing he was in real trouble. All during May and June he was not seen in his old haunts, but some said he slipped in to his home occasionally to see about his pregnant wife, as quite frequently a fresh venison or pair of turkeys or other wild game was seen hanging from a limb on a tree in the Proctor yard.

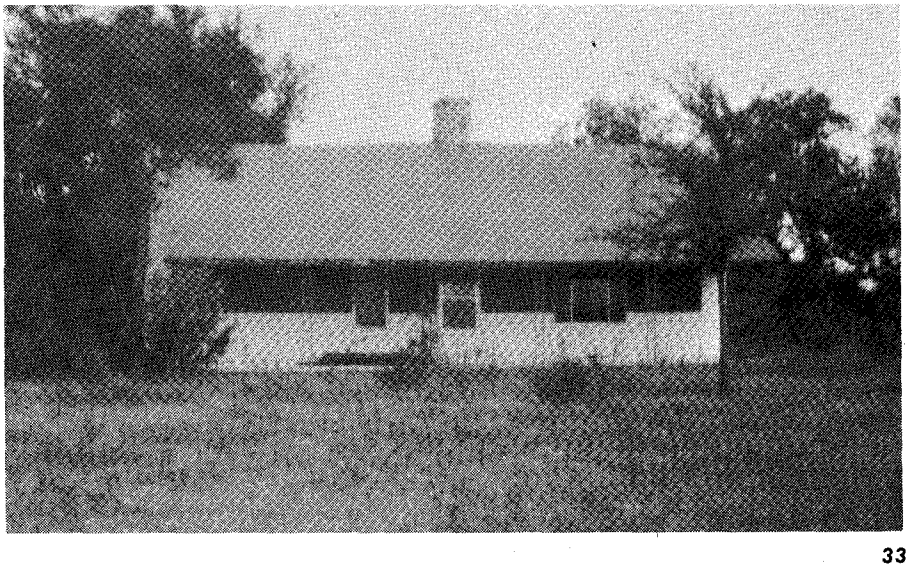
In July, Zeke became the father of triplets, two girls and a boy. They were given the names of Linnie, Minnie and Willie. In September Zeke's wife died. It is certain that Zeke had connections through which he could keep track of everything that went on; and when it was time for the burial of his wife the Federal marshals were watching, expecting to be able to take Zeke into custody at this sad time, but they were badly mistaken.

Believing they could take him without much trouble, there were only two of Judge Parker's men there for the funeral. Just before time for the services, Zeke appeared. Guarded by a large group of Cherokees, all armed to the teeth and surrounding him, Zeke walked straight through the crowd, passed within arm's length of the marshals, still wearing his pearl-handled .45 and carrying his rifle. He went right inside to pay his last respects to his wife, while the silent Cherokees stood guard about the little cabin. No words were spoken to the marshals. No threats were made. After a while Zeke emerged from the little log home, following behind the coffin of his wife, and went along to the cemetery. The two U.S. Marshals knew when they were well off. They rode away. Zeke was still a free man.

He had stopped coming to Grandfather's blacksmith shop in Siloam Springs to have his pony shod; and Grandfather said he was greatly relieved that he had, for by now, most people were afraid of him. Grandfather always said if Zeke was sober he wouldn't hurt a fly, but when drunk he was a cold-blooded, fearless,

(Continued on page 49)

Author's Photos



Zeke Proctor's old log house has been modernized.

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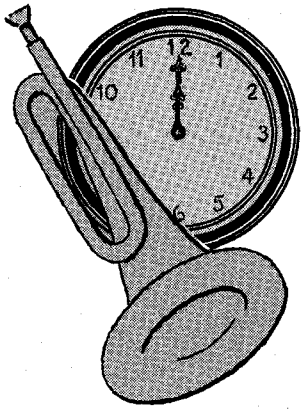

THE MIDNIGHT CALL TO ARMS

The poor soldier blew his nose and was horrified to realize it had lifted away from his face between finger and thumb

by W. J. Carney

There is nothing that will cause more excitement in a frontier post than to hear, in the dead of night, the bugler blowing Boots and Saddles. To hear the same call in the daytime might mean many things; drill, exercise for the horses or mounted inspection to give an officer an opportunity to show off his troop to some favored visitor.

But to hear it after Taps, especially when the garrison is quiet, means only one thing, and that is—Indians.

It was the winter of 1866-67 at Fort Sedgwick, Colorado Territory. The night was bitter cold, so cold that the men on guard had to be changed every hour instead of every two hours. The sentry out near the big haystacks had just called the hour of half-past twelve, and as the last words, "All's well," were said, the clear notes of the bugle could be heard from the Adjutant's office, blowing Boots and Saddles.

There was but one troop of cavalry at the fort and three companies of infantry. This one troop had to do the scouting and

Frederic Remington

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escort duty for one hundred miles in all directions. It was commanded by Captain John Fox, with Lieutenant Keene second in command. It was said that Troop M, Second United States Cavalry, with old Johnnie Fox at its head, could whip a thousand hostile Indians. Be that as it may, it was called on pretty often to perform hard services.

Thirty-seven men—all that were able to do duty—were soon in the saddle, with three days' rations and 100 rounds of cartridges. We crossed the Platte River on the ice and headed for Pine Bluff, on what proved to be one of the most terrible expeditions that I ever experienced in my fourteen years on the frontier.

The officer in command was the only one who knew the object of the expedition, but before morning we learned that the government wood-choppers at work sixty miles northwest of the fort were besieged by Indians and had not been able to leave their cabins to get wood or water for ten days. A wood-chopper who had made his escape from their camp on the tenth night of the siege reported his companions as in desperate need of help. We kept moving all night, and just at daybreak had made Forty-two-Mile Ranch, or Pole Creek Crossing, on the Laramie road. The troop was commanded by Lieutenant Keene, for some reason never explained, and the men were not allowed to leave the ranks during the few moments we stopped at this ranch, although many of us were already more or less frostbitten. I am sure there were not ten men in the outfit who could load and fire their guns at this time, their hands were so numb with the cold.

About two miles out from the ranch we turned short to the right, and not a thousand yards away we saw a band of about a hundred Indians with their war-paint on; they had stopped to prepare arrows. We gave them a complete surprise, charged their camp, and fired a few wild shots which ought to have shown our Lieutenant how few of the men were able to fight. The Indians sprang to their ponies and were away in a flash, with our troop hot on their trail.

We kept within rifle range of them for three miles or so, firing a few scattering shots as we ran, but only two took effect. I thought every moment that the Indians must find out our helpless condition. If they had turned on us, we would have been killed like sheep in the shambles. I know that if my life had depended on it at that time, I could not have held my carbine except by letting it rest in the hollow of my arms. As for pulling the trigger, that would have been utterly impossible.

It was 10 to 33 degrees below zero, and a blizzard raged more than half the time.

We lost sight of the Indians in a ravine and halted for a short time. The helpless condition of the men was made known to Lieutenant Keene but, nevertheless, he kept on, and all that day we wandered about in the snow-drifts.

Our only chance of keeping alive was by dropping off of our horses every now and then and running. When we were unable to keep up we held on to the stirrup, and the horses dragged us along. When we were all tired out, we would mount again; and so it went on all day long.

We had now been *twenty-one hours* without a fire or a drink, even of cold water. Never shall I forget with what feelings of despair I watched the night approaching. The air appeared blue, and there was a fine mist that froze to man and horse until the whole troop looked like white spectres. I know, in talking among ourselves, that not many expected to live until morning, unless we got to shelter and a fire. At times we would become so scattered among the drifts that the bugler would be instructed to sound a halt.

Poor fellow, it was a strange noise he made with his cold lips—and by the way, he lost one of his feet on the trip, it being so badly frozen that amputation was necessary.

At such times, those of us who had the most life would ride around, picking up others who were stuck in the snow-drifts and had given up the struggle. When we got together, we would plunge along again.

About midnight we came upon a trail, and it gave us some hope of getting out of our terrible sufferings. Imagine our despair when, on closer inspection, we found it to be our own trail, and that we had been going around in a circle!

The snow and mist, or sleet, was now so dense that one could hardly see the man in advance of him; the wind was a perfect roar; the poor horses were becoming weaker and weaker, and there was great danger that they would give out.

Along about daybreak we came to a wood-chopper's cabin. Our Lieutenant went in, and remained about ten minutes. We expected to stay and get warmed up, and have some hot coffee, but the Lieutenant, hearing of a camp farther up, where there was more wood cut and plenty of water, started out again. Never was there a greater mistake, for the blizzard came on so severe that we were completely lost, and wandered about on that desolate ridge for two days and a night before we got out, making *three days* and *three nights* in the saddle, with the thermometer from ten to thirty-three degrees below zero, and a blizzard raging more than half the time.

About midnight of the third, or last, night the horses played out, so we were compelled to halt where we were. The snow was so deep that we formed a line two deep, and made a continual right about wheel until the snow was trampled down. Many of the men were unable to dismount, and had to be lifted out of their saddles. There we remained until morning, stamping our feet to keep from freezing to death.

Some of the men were foolish enough to pull off their boots, and their frozen feet became so swollen that they could not get their boots on again and had to tear up their blankets for wrappings to do their feet up in. The spot where we passed that terrible night is where the Union Pacific Railroad depot now stands in the town of Sidney, Nebraska.

When daylight came we knew we must be in the valley through which ran Lodge Pole Creek. Strange as it may seem, the Lieutenant planned to cut across the plain to the Platte River, a distance of thirty miles at least, and then, by following down the river, to strike Fort Sedgwick. He planned this knowing the possibilities of again being lost.

We found out, when it was light enough to see, that two men were missing. One was Private Frank B. Flanders, who dropped out during the second night. He was picked up three days afterward by the wood train. It seemed nothing short of a miracle that he was alive. He was put into a wagon with snow piled around his legs to keep them frozen until he arrived at a place where he could get medical attendance. He had been five days without food or drink, save what snow he ate.

Snow, by the way, was all any of us had while we were lost. Flanders had both legs cut off a little above the ankle; in another month he underwent a second operation, and had both legs cut off a little below the knees.

Now, we all knew that by following down the creek it would not be many hours until we came to a ranch where we could get refreshments and a fire. It will be asked: was not the Lieutenant undergoing the same hardships as the men, or did he ask them to suffer more than he did?

Well, there was one pack-horse with the outfit, and his load was made up entirely of the Lieutenant's belongings, which included plenty of blankets, so that he could be warm anywhere he lay down.

He also had enough hard pitch-pine to cook a pot of coffee whenever he wished, and he had an extra horse, and a servant to attend to his wants.

We all talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that in our pitiable plight it meant death to follow the Lieutenant, and there was a committee of three appointed to go to him and state our case.

I was one of the three and, not at all to my liking, I became spokesman. He treated us with contempt, and threatened to have us all court-martialed. I told him I would rather be shot for mutiny than die like a dog in a snow-drift.

(Continued on page 62)

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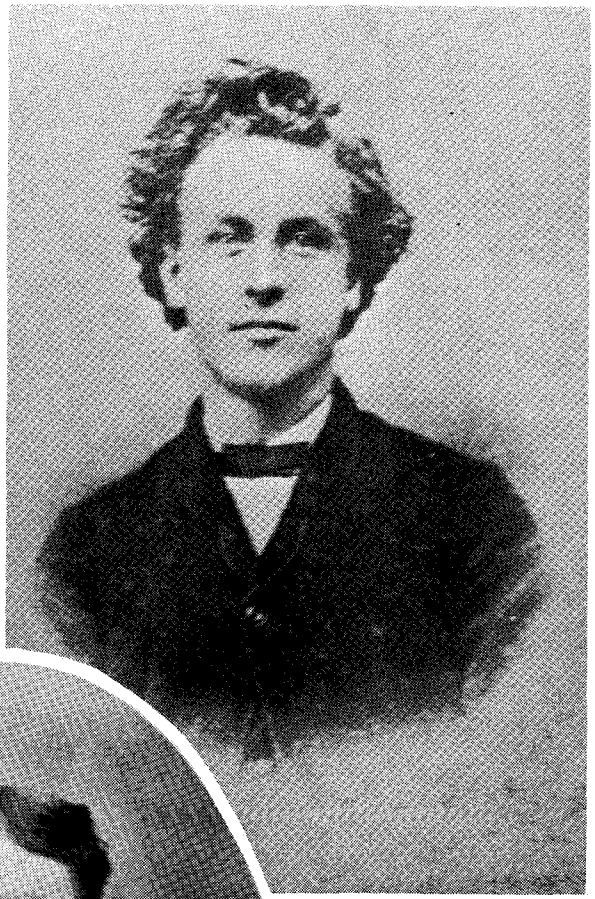
5,000 MILES TO

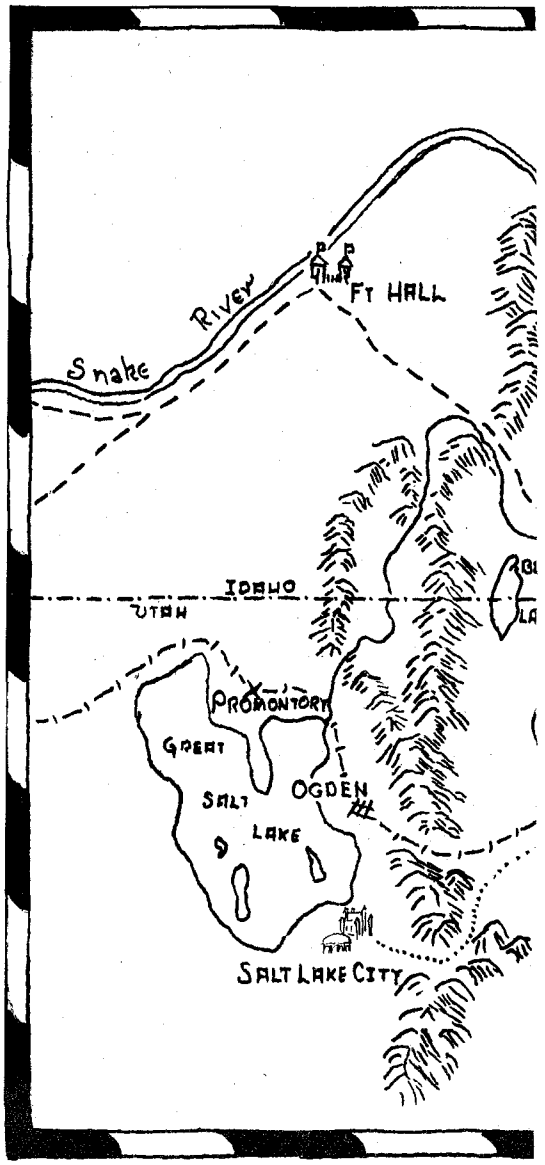
The immigrants faced a long ocean voyage, a train trip across half the continent and finally the last wagon haul into the Salt Lake Valley

Author's Photos



Andrew Simmonds.

Rosina Simmonds.



by A. J. Simmonds

On May 10, 1869, a golden spike secured the last rail to the last tie of the transcontinental railroad on a peninsula in Great Salt Lake called Promontory Point, Utah. In the general excitement which followed the juncture of the California chartered Central Pacific and the federally chartered Union Pacific there was no lamenting over the passing of one of the most colorful eras in American history, the overland wagon train.

The last train differed from most of the others. It was made up of English and Scandinavian converts to the Mormon Church who had been brought to America and on to Utah by a church sponsored organization, the Perpetual Emigration Company. Early in its history the Mormon Church started extensive missionary activities in Europe, particularly in Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries. It was church policy to bring these converts to Utah. Several times a year European

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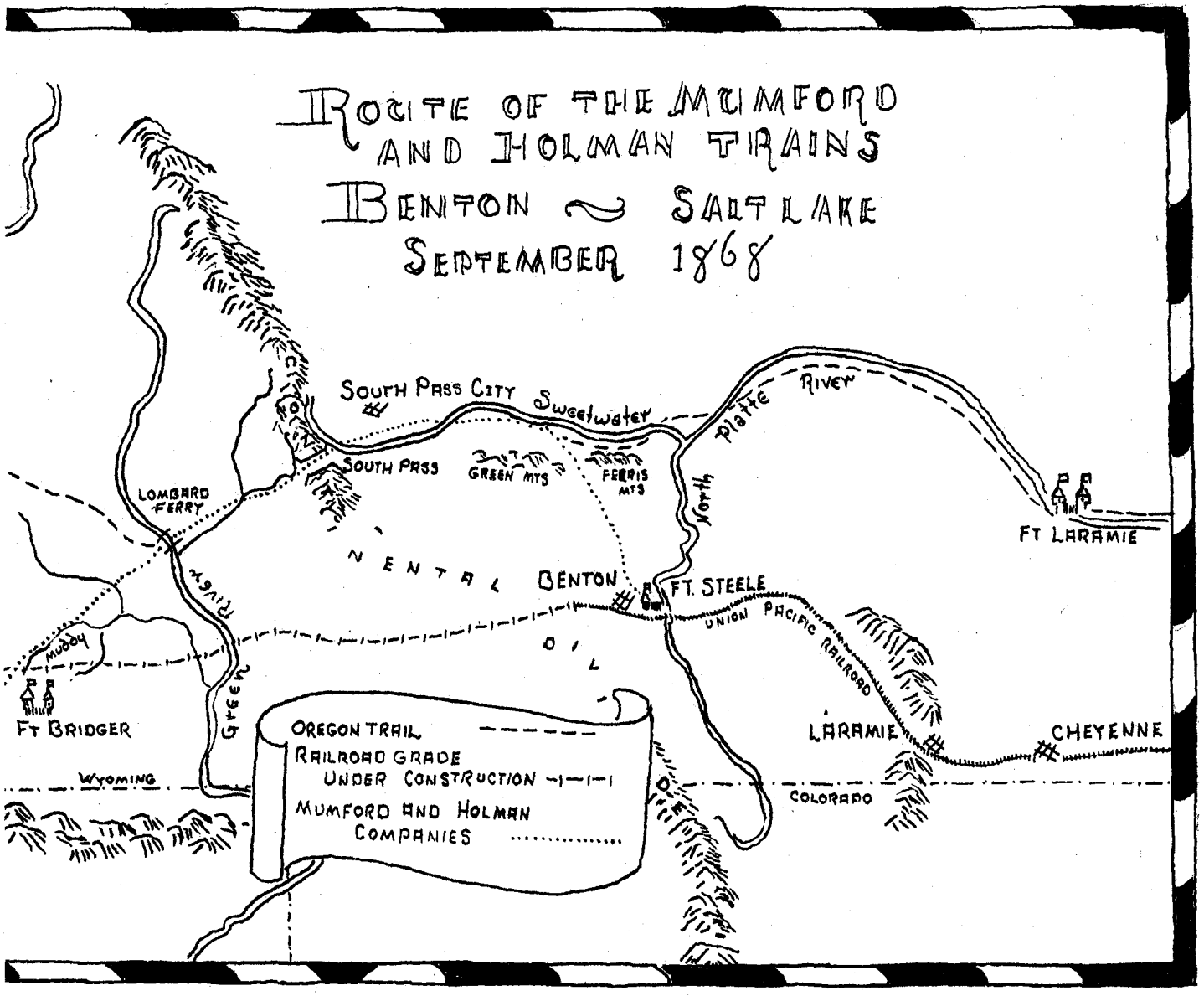
THE PROMISED LAND



converts were brought together at Liverpool, England, to board chartered ships, cross the Atlantic, and travel west as far as possible on the railroads. The Utah church would organize wagon trains at Salt Lake City and then send them east to bring the "Saints" (as Mormons referred to each other) to the Great Basin, the new Zion. On every inch of the route, the emigrants were carefully shepherded by co-religionists from Utah. It was one of these companies which brought to a close the era of the overland covered wagons.

On Saturday, June 13, 1868, 630 Scandinavian converts boarded the steamship *Hansia* at Copenhagen, Denmark, and sailed for England. Landing at Hull on England's east coast, the group continued overland by rail to Liverpool where they were met by about 250 English "Saints" who were to sail with them.

In Liverpool Harbor the ship that was to take the company to America was laying at anchor, the American packet *Emerald Isle*. The ship was a sailing vessel of 1736 tons with a length of 215 feet and a beam of 41 feet, and was described by her owners, the W. & J.T. Tapscott Line of Liverpool as a "half-clipper in model and a packet-clipper in rig." She had been built especially for the trans-Atlantic emigrant trade, and on June 19, 1868, she was put to that use when the emigrants boarded her and were pulled out into the river by a tug.

The next day, after a prayer meeting on the deck, the sails were hoisted and the *Emerald Isle* nosed out into the Irish Sea. The *Millenial Star,* the official Mormon newspaper in England, noted that, "Everyone was in good spirits and was thankful to the God of Israel for deliverence from Babylon!"

On shipboard the company was settled in very close quarters. The converts were divided into 13 wards (parishes), each under its own leaders who managed the converts' spiritual affairs. Schools were also started with the British teaching the Scandinavians to read and write the English language.

The trip was long and hard, 52 days at sea! When only a few days out, the ship's engineer took apart the condenser, a machine which separated the salt from the sea water and thus rendered it fit to drink, if not to please the finicky palate. He

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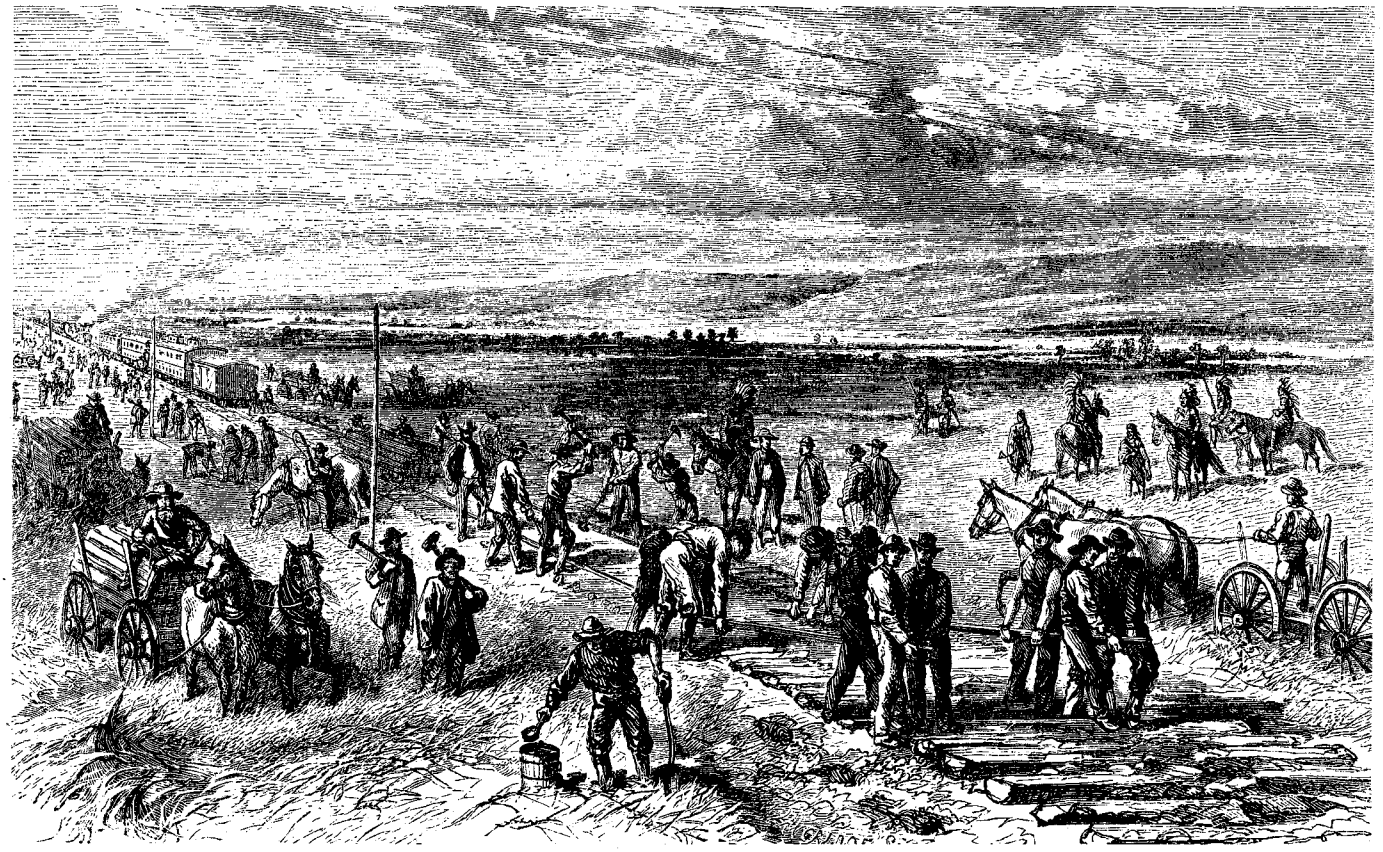

Building the Union Pacific Railroad in Nebraska. Author's Photo

was unable to put it together again and for the rest of the voyage every soul had no choice but to drink water from the ship's hold which had been used as ballast.

Thirty-eight died crossing and another seventy-five were quarantined at Castle Garden Hospital when they docked at New York. To purify the water, it was brewed in tea and had to be rationed, for the supply of tea in a Mormon company (who were normally supposed to abstain from it altogether) was very limited.

On August 11, the ship docked at New York. Customs matters took four days, but on August 15, the immigrants, now about 850 due to deaths and quarantine, boarded a chartered train for the West. On August 20 they arrived at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Though eastern railways ran to Council Bluffs and the Union Pacific had its eastern terminus at Omaha, Nebraska, just across the Missouri, there was no bridge between the two towns. The company camped in the open air that night and the next morning took a ferry steamer across the river. At Omaha they boarded a Union Pacific train for the "End O' Tracks".

The building of the transcontinental railroad had begun in the early 1860's, the Central Pacific building east from Sacramento and the Union Pacific west from Omaha. By August 1868 the Western terminus of the U.P. was about 60 miles west of Laramie, Wyoming. There where the tracks crossed the North Platte River near the cavalry outpost of Fort Steele, the "camp town" had been set up and named Benton. The town followed the railway workers west. They lived there going out to work each morning. Twenty-odd saloons and dance halls held the other members of the community who made their livings from the construction gangs. When the tracks had pushed out 50 or 60 miles west, the town was loaded on trains and moved on. With it moved the 2,000 gamblers, saloon keepers, and "girls." By nightfall they would be ready for business in the new location. The same town re-erected all the way from Omaha to Ogden gave the railroad a chance to name this "Hell on Wheels" Julesburg, Cheyenne, Laramie, and on August 25, 1868, Benton.

The immigrants arrived in the afternoon of that day after a four-day ride from Omaha. At the Benton station they were met by 90 wagons sent out by the Mormon Church to carry them to Utah. But on that August afternoon the wagons had a more pressing mission, to get the new converts out of "free-living" Benton before they could unlimber a bit from their long journey among the easy pleasures of the End O' Tracks. The church officials must have breathed more easily that night when the company had settled down in camp on the banks of the Platte, a safe seven miles from Benton. So hurried had been the departure that all the baggage was left in town. The next day teams went back for it, and the company set about making preparations for the wagon trip to the Salt Lake Valley.

While doing some much needed laundering in the Platte River, a group of women were surprised to look up and see several Indians watching them. Grabbing what clothes they could carry, and letting the others remain on the bushes where they were drying, the women ran back up the bank screaming "Indians!" in Danish, Welsh, Swedish and English. The immigrants, charged with tales heard in Europe about the atrocities of the red men, were restrained with some difficulty. The Indians, as it developed, were returning to their winter grounds in northern Wyoming after signing the Fort Bridger Treaty of July 1868 which gave them "permanent" ownership of the lands north of the Platte.

The wagons sent out from Utah belonged to two companies. Captain Mumford brought a train of 28 wagons drawn by mules, and Captain J.G. Holman had 62 wagons pulled by yokes of oxen. The lumbering wagons and their drivers were donated by farmers living in the Mormon villages of the Great Basin. They rendezvoused at Salt Lake City and then set out for the East to meet the trains and bring the converts to Utah. Each wagon train was rigidly controlled by a captain. In addition there was a chaplain, a secretary, and an outrider for every four wagons whose duty it was to guard against surprise Indian attacks and kill game for fresh meat. Each wagon was provisioned by the Emigration Agent at the

(Continued on page 58)

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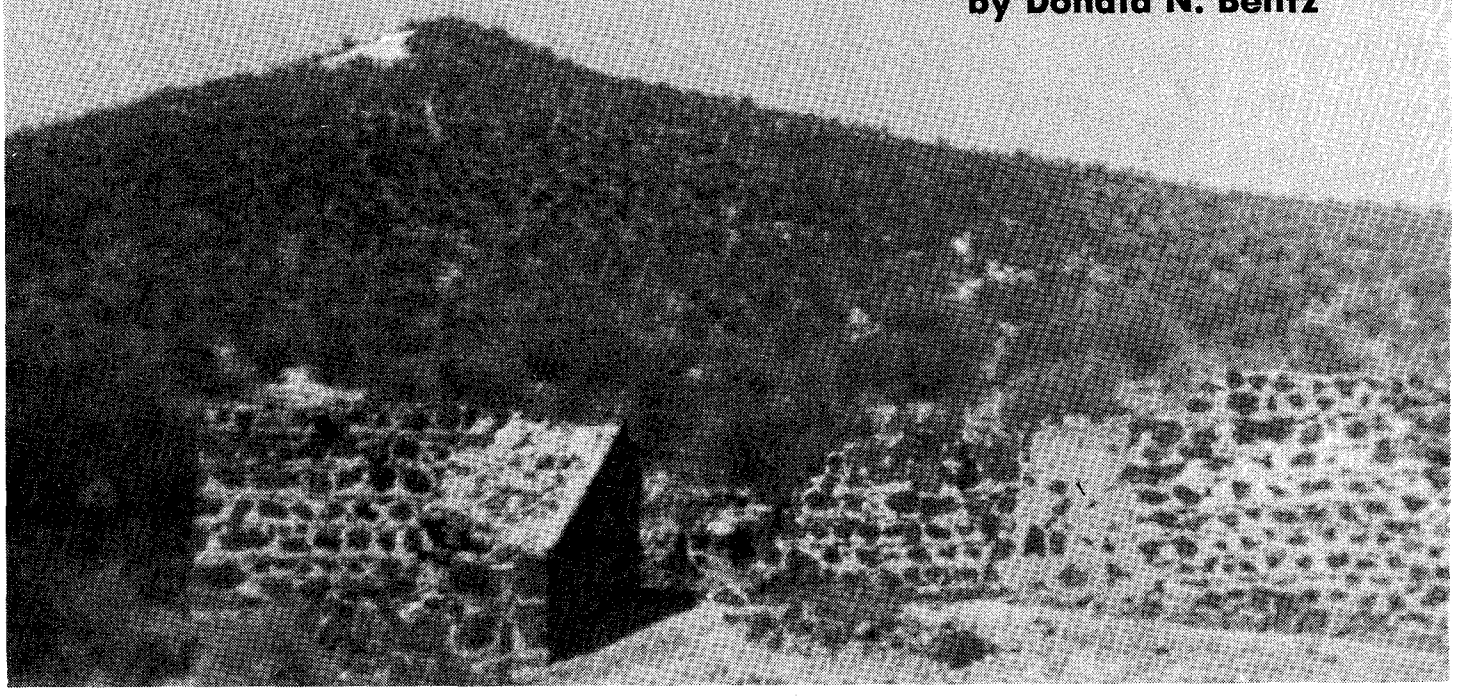
TUCSON'S FIRST MERCHANT

by Donald N. Bentz



Author's Photo

Ruins of Warner's Mill, built in 1874-75, Tucson, Arizona.

Pioneer, prospector and builder, Solomon Warner had to leave the country when the Civil War broke out, but he returned to become one of Arizona's leading citizens

I am now eighty (80) years old, badly crippled from wounds inflicted by Apache Indians, and poor, and respectfully ask the early attention of the Government to my just claims."

So spoke Solomon Warner on the 21st day of July, 1890, before William J. Osborn, Notary Public, Tucson, Pima County, Arizona, in his $10,283.62 claim against the United States Government.

This Arizona pioneer was born on February 8, 1811, near what is now known as the town of Warnersville, Schoharie County, New York. He was of German descent and the town of his birth was named after his ancestors. Solomon Warner claimed that he was the grandson of Nicholas Warner, a Revolutionary War veteran who died in Schoharie County in 1837 at the age of 96.

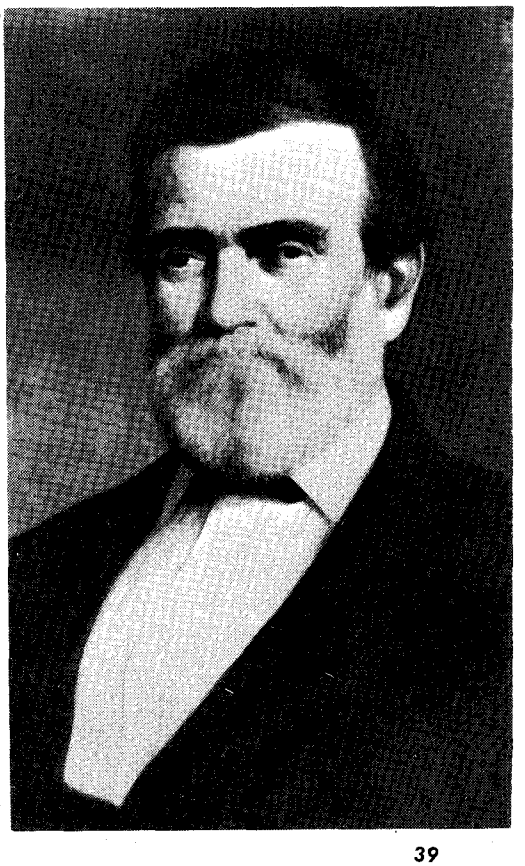
In that same year, when he was 26 years old, Solomon Warner left New York and made journeys up and down the Mississippi River, working on river boats. At the time of the California gold rush he was one of the early Forty-niners. For a time he lived near Sonora, Tuolumne County.

In 1851 he sailed to the Isthmus of Panama, worked in Nicaragua, and returned to San Francisco in the spring of 1853. He finally located at Crescent City where he lived for a year, returned to San Francisco for another year, and then moved to San Diego. Here Warner met Major McKinstrey, a quartermaster in the United States Army, who persuaded him to travel to Yuma, Arizona, there to follow his trade of masonry. Warner, arriving on January 13, 1855, laid foundation walls for buildings at Fort Yuma.

In July, 1855, outdoor work on the Fort Yuma buildings ceased because of the extremely hot weather. It was at this time Warner became associated with Hooper and Hinton, who were the owners of the Settlers' Store at the fort. These men had some trade from Sonora, Mexico. They opened a store on the Arizona side of the river serving Sonora citizens and emigrants. Hooper stayed on the fort side of the river and Hinton had charge of the store on the Arizona side. Steam boating had just begun on the Colorado River and ships were making regular trips from Yuma to the mouth of the river and back to Yuma. Hooper and Hinton were supplying themselves with goods from San Francisco directly by water. Their trade with Sonora was rapidly increasing, so they decided to build a larger store and warehouse on the Arizona side of the river. Solomon

(Continued on page 60)

Solomon Warner, 1811-1899.



Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

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PIONEERS IN THE PANHANDLE

Dugout homes, broomcorn and box suppers were all a part of life on the frontier for these young people

Oklahoma Historical Society

This photo shows the evolution of living conditions in the panhandle:

Author's Photo

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the dugout (l.), the soddy (c.) and the new frame house.

by Isola B. Hover

as told to Leola Lehman

Free land for homesteading." That was the word from the Oklahoma Panhandle. It sounded good to my husband, Frank, and me. For two years we had lived on leased land in the Creek Nation, Indian Territory, and we were eager to own our own home. We had two children, Frankie who was two and baby Fred, one year old.

Frank went out and filed on a claim. Then he came back for the boys and me. It was the first of March, 1903, when we left Okemah, then in the Creek Nation, and started to Nabisco, Beaver County. We shipped most of our bedding and linens but took everything else in our covered wagon. Among other things we took three folding cots and two straight chairs.

At first we drove alone, but at Cantonment another wagon stopped to camp with us beside the road. The people were a young couple who were on their way to Nabisco also. Their claim was two miles east of ours. Their name was West and they made the rest of the trip with us. The Wests had worked on a ranch in Indian Territory and saved enough money to buy horses and a wagon and a little to get started on. They were nice people.

We stopped at wagon yards to spend the night when we could and the rest of the time camped beside the road. The wagon yards always had a fireplace where we could cook. Frank slept in the bunk house and the two boys and I slept on the cot we kept open in the back of the wagon for the boys to take naps on during the day. We could lift the chairs out and sit on them evenings or when we stopped at noon to cook on a campfire.

When we drove through towns we stopped and bought groceries, mostly canned goods, bacon and bread. We always built a campfire and made coffee and then heated the other food. We stopped at farm houses along the way for eggs and milk.

There were no bridges, so we had to ford rivers and creeks but since it was during the winter the water was low and we did not have any trouble. After a time we drove out of timbered country and when we stopped to cook there was no wood to burn. Frank and Mr. West brought cow chips to us to use.

"I won't handle the dirty things," Mrs. West said.

I refused also, and so for the first few days the men had to build the fires and come put more chips on when needed. After that Mrs. West and I both threw handsful of them on the fire without a second thought.

We were in real prairie country then where there were no houses, only half-dugouts. It was interesting to see. Some of the dugout windows had lace curtains and others were bare. All of them had a pile of cow chips almost as high as a house nearby. When we had our own supply we soon learned that after a rain we could dig into the stack a little way and find dry chips to burn.

When Frank and I reached Nabisco we had fifteen cents and enough groceries to last about three days. We also had a bushel of black-eyed peas but they were for seed.

Frank sold his Winchester to buy lumber to make our dugout. It was small but Frank built it with a high peaked roof and put a little window in the peak so light could come through. Some dugouts had no windows. Our steps had a little building at the top, so we did not have a slanting door to push up each time we went outside.

There was a little grocery store about a block from the corner of our claim and when the owner needed supplies he hired Frank to haul them from Tyrone. With what he earned in that way and by doing some plowing for people who did not have a team we managed very well.

Frank broke out 30 acres of our land and planted a garden and broomcorn. Then

Members of the Hover family after they moved into Guymon.

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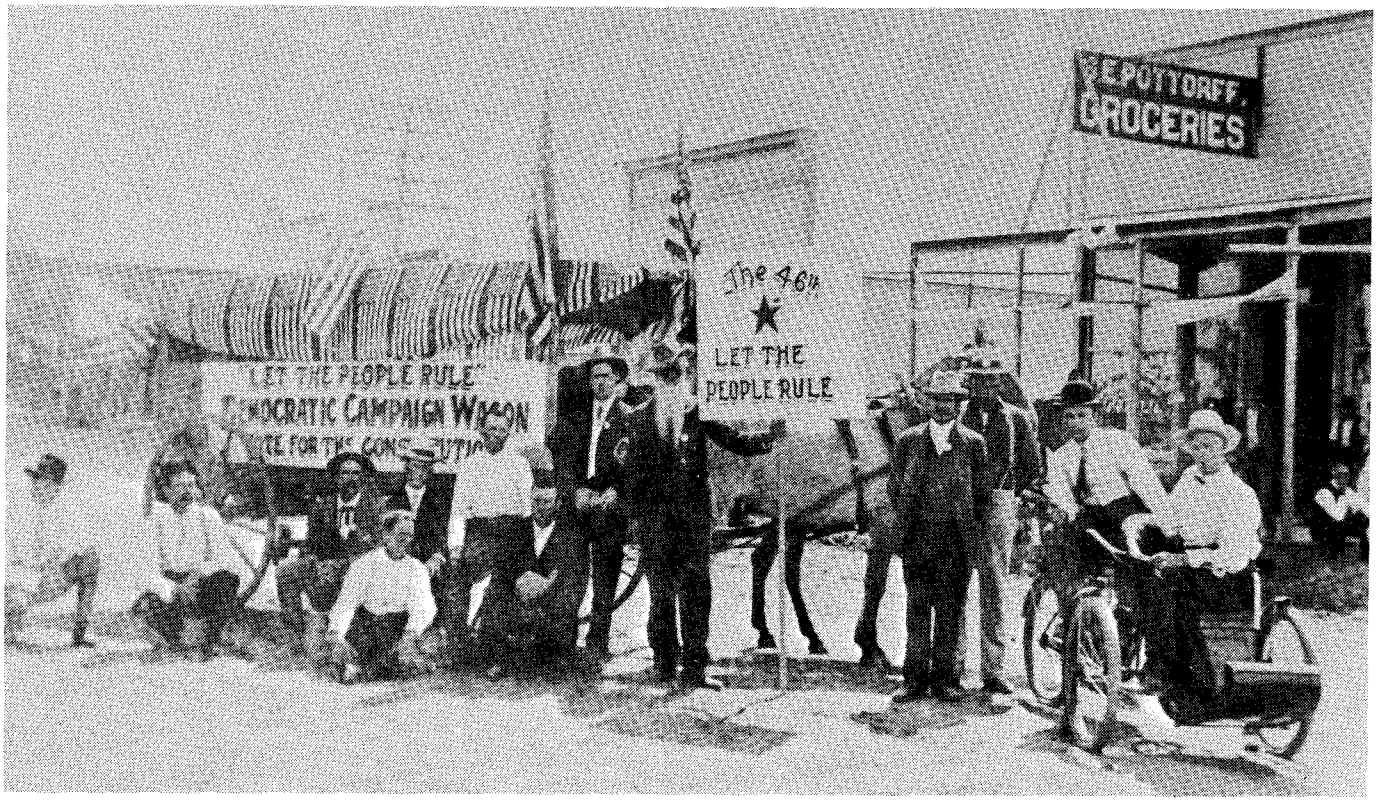

Panhandle settlers were interested in making Oklahoma a state; and groups like this campaigned throughout the countryside.

he went to Kansas for harvest. Most of the men around there went up to work in the harvest those first few years. Some of the women went with their husbands and cooked for the harvest hands. Some went home to visit their families and others stayed on their claims. When some homesteaders came back they found their roofs had been stolen while they were away. That was the only part of their homes that cost money, so it was a hurting loss.

A young couple moved in on a claim a couple of miles from us. They spent a of their money on a team and other things they needed, and when the young man built their dugout he did not have enough left to buy lumber and tar paper to make a roof. He stretched the canvas from their covered wagon on the top of the dugout. Then he went to Kansas to harvest. His wife had to stay there in that lightly covered dugout alone all summer.

"I used to lie there at night and think about what would happen if the cattle stampeded. They would have run right over our dugout and filled it, with me at the bottom" she told me later.

Our dugout was small but safe. I folded two of the cots each morning and leaned them against the side of the room. The other I left up to sit on and for the boys to take naps. We used the packing box we had shipped the bedding in for a table and storage space. I covered it with oilcloth. We had the two chairs and a monkey stove with stovepipe oven. That was our furniture.

I knew how to bake lightbread and at times made it to sell to people living around there. Most of them ate pancakes three times a day.

We had a little platform swung from the ceiling of the dugout by wires. Medicine, clothes, bedding and water were kept there. Water was a precious commodity. When we first moved in the closest water was two miles away. A well had been drilled at a place just half a mile away by the time Frank went to harvest. I used the boys' little wagon to haul water. Four one gallon syrup buckets and Fred just fitted in it. Frank was large enough to walk that far. Frank brought a windmill back with him from Kansas and that settled our water problem. When people went visiting they always took a bucket of water along.

We had a good rain while Frank was up in Kansas that first year and the crops

(Continued on page 54)

Author's Photos

Fleas were an ever present annoyance in the dugout and sod homes, but this photo shows that the settlers had a good sense of humor.

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ROUND-UP • • TIME • •

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. How long did it take a good cowboy to cut a steer from a herd? Are the rodeo cowboys faster today? D.R.S. Austin, Texas.

A. Speed was not the criterion for such work in the range days. The good cowboy never choused up the herd, but worked the animals away from the herd into the individual ranch cuts as quietly as possible. In a Miles City, Montana Territory, contest in early days each cowboy entrant cut ten head of big steers from a gathered herd. The best time was 4½ minutes, the slowest, was 5 min 10 sec. However, time was only one factor in the judging. The smoothest cutting, least running and easiest manner in using the cutting horse were all considered. Each steer was put at least 20 feet from the herd. This is good cow work on big, range bred steers. Contest time is, today, much faster, though little cutting work is done, mostly on small, quick calves.

Q. Who was the cowboy who was bound naked, like Mazeppa, to the back of a wild mustang and turned out on the plains? J.Q. Boise, Idaho.

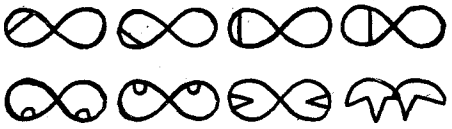
A. The writer thought this story was an old folk tale until he did some research and found the story printed in The Democrat-Leader *(Cheyenne, Wyoming) of July 18, 1884. The young man's name, according to the story, was Henry Burbank. He was an Englishman, in partnership on a small ranch with a man named Thomas Wilson. In Wilson's absence, Burbank was playing around with Wilson's pretty wife, was discovered and given this treatment by Wilson and other cowboys. The incident is believed to have happened in the Nebraska Panhandle, near present Mitchell, Nebraska, not far from the old headquarters of the Ogalalla Land & Cattle Company. The mustang was said to have traveled nearly 200 miles in seven days to the Boussaud Ranch, where Burbank was taken off, unconscious. He recovered from the experience.*

Q. I see so many wild stories on TV about Dodge City that I would like to get some factual books or papers about that town in the years between 1872 and 1900. What would you recommend? T.C. Boston, Mass.

A. The Cowboy Capital, *by Robt. M. Wright;* The Rath Trail, *by Ida Ellen Rath;* Early Ford County, *by I.E. Rath;* Annals of Kansas, *Vols. 1 & 2;* Why The West Was Wild, *by Miller and Snell;* Lost Trails of The Cimarron, *by H.E. Chrisman. Contact Nyle H. Miller, Secretary, Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas, for the publishers' addresses and other Dodge materials.*

Q. Can you illustrate for me the various earmarks that are, and were, used to mark cattle in addition to the brands burned on their hides? H.I.N. Henderson, N.C.

A. Shown below are, left to right: An Overslope, *an* Underslope, *A* Crop, *a* Grub, Under-bits, Overbits, Swallowforks *and* Jinglebobs. *These cuts are made on either or both ears in various combinations. A "Dewlap" is an incision made in the loose hide of the brisket, letting a piece of skin hang down. "Wattles" are incisions made and the skin so wadded up as to make a lump under the hide, usually on the neck.*



Q. Is a buffalo tongue a different color from a cow tongue? Which tastes the best? K.S.L. Portland, Maine.

A. The cow tongue is white, the buffalo tongue is black. Most who have sampled both say the buffalo tongue is tastiest.

Q. Who was the Western character called "Billy The Bear"? F.X.C. Hot Springs, Ark.

A. Billy's real name was L.J.F. Iaeger (sometimes spelled Yeager). He earned this name playing the part of a comic bear in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Billy was a cowboy and a plainsman. Once, lost on a roundup and found crazed in the Nebraska sandhills, Billy had to be tied down in a wagon until he regained his senses, according to John Bratt. Billy lost his feet and fingers in a blizzard. Later, he learned to use a typewriter at Chadron, Nebraska, and was clerk of the District Court. He also acted as Secretary-Treasurer of "The Old Time Cowboys Association of Nebraska." Someone should write a life story of Billy.

Q. Was there actually a "white stallion" of the plains as several authors have mentioned? S.L.O. Seattle, Wash.

A. No doubt there have been such, for the story was related as early as 1844 (Josiah Gregg, Commerce of the Prairies*). Frank Dobie also tells of the "white stallion" tales in his work,* The Mustangs. *Most of the wild horses were bays, sorrels, and blacks. There were no pintos, or "paint" horses, contrary to the popular notion that the Indians caught their paint horses from wild bands of mustangs. By the 1870's and 1880's, according to mustangers, the animals were bred down to regular colors of browns, bays, sorrels, a few buckskins and claybanks and greys. The mustangs were descended from the Spanish horse stock, a blend of North African Barb, Arabian, Norse and other breeding.*

Q. I am a Michigan man, 24 years of age, a factory employee, but want to go west and work on a ranch. What is the best way to get in touch with an employer? C.E.C. Detroit, Mich.

A. Want ads in any Denver, Cheyenne, or Western papers may help. But be sure you will be satisfied with hard work at wages that may seem low to you. Ranching, working with live stock, is hard labor. But many Westerners feel it is worthwhile because of the fresh air and sunshine, the freedom one cannot find in the confines of a large city and the opportunity to be "one's own man." First, be sure you want this. Then strike out and become a Westerner. Good luck to you!

Q. What was the age of the oldest saddle horse ever recorded? L.S.U. Louisville, Ky.

A. That would be difficult to answer with any degree of accuracy. One animal, Black Kid, *owned by Frank Benton of Burns, Colorado, lived to nearly 40 years.* Black Kid *at the age of 38 would still attempt to shake hands, though rheumatism had crippled him. Superior, another Colorado horse, owned by DuBois Brothers at Denver reached age 32.* Sonfield, *a fine Morgan stud, is alive today at age 30 in Mt. Vernon, Washington. About 40 years for a horse is equal to 105 to 110 years for a man. That's long enough to live, horse or man!*

Q. Were calves ever "force-fed" from their mothers on the range? G.S. Atlanta, Ga.

A. Yes, this is true. When calves are born out-of-season in cold weather and snow they become chilled and cannot get on their feet to suck. Cowboys rope mama, throw her gently, bring the baby over and let it nurse. ●

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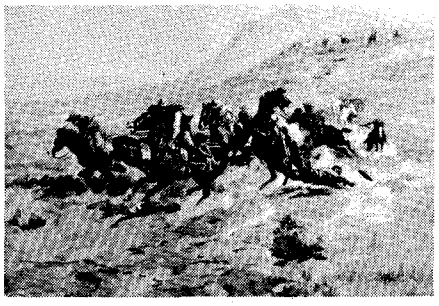

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DR. B.A. OWENS-ADAIR

(Continued from page 19)

the community and the framework put in place quickly.

However, Mr. Hill found one excuse after another for putting off the finishing touches. It fell upon Bethenia's father, John Owens, to put in the door frames, window casings and to lay a floor.

It turned out that Mr. Hill had not paid cash for the 320 acres and when the time came for him to make a payment to the original owner he was totally without funds. The original owner repossessed the property before Bethenia's new house was finished, leaving the young couple without a roof over their heads.

At this time, gold fever hit Yreka, California, and Mr. Hill heard about it. He sold his bride's cows and her wagon and harness to finance the trip. The two moved to Yreka, where Mr. Hill settled Bethenia in a crude one room cabin. It was here that her first child, a boy named George, was born on April 17, 1856.

As had become his habit, Mr. Hill found plenty of excuses for not going to work in the placers. The couple lived from hand to mouth with barely enough food on the table to survive.

Shortly after the birth of her son, Bethenia's parents visited the Hills. Upon seeing their daughter in such dire circumstances her father offered Bethenia an acre of land in Roseburg and materials for a house if she would return with them.

Mr. Hill accompanied his wife and small son back to Roseburg. Then he promptly disposed of the land given to Bethenia by her father and used the funds to go into the brickmaking business, moving Bethenia and George into a tent near the river.

Unable to withstand the rigors of life in the humid, river atmosphere, Bethenia soon developed typhoid. Her parents again rescued her and young George, taking them into their home and nursing Bethenia back to health.

It was at this point that John Owens admitted, openly, that Mr. Hill was no good.

"It's obvious that the man will never amount to anything," Mr. Owens stated. "I want to provide you and George with a home in your own name, Bethenia."

Mr. Owens went one step farther. He called his son-in-law a wastrel to his face. Mr. Hill became angry and beat his small son, George, and struck Bethenia a hard blow.

"I will not be mistreated by any man," Bethenia flung at him. "I am through with you, Mr. Hill. That is final!"

With that, she gathered up her young son and their few belongings and returned to her parents' home. The following day she filed for divorce, an unheard of thing in those days.

"Father wept tears over it," she wrote in the book describing her life. "He said there had never been a divorce in the Owens family. But that did not stop me."

Bethenia found herself a free woman once more at the age of 18. She had a young son to support in an era when a divorcee was looked upon with open hostility and skepticism.

The spunky pioneer woman decided that the only way to improve her circumstances and provide a decent future for herself and her son was to acquire an education. Prior to her marriage to Mr. Hill she had received very little education and could scarcely read or write.

Nevertheless, she entered the Roseburg school, in the primary class, leaving George with her mother, while she pursued her studies. At the end of four months Bethenia had progressed to the fourth reader.

During this period in her life, while she awaited the final decree, her friends and relatives did everything within their power to dissuade Bethenia from going through with the divorce.

"You must not set your opinion against the Holy Bible," one well-meaning friend admonished.

But Bethenia had made up her mind, and in the spring of 1859 her divorce was granted. She received full custody of her small son.

"I have Father's name back now," she told her family and friends, "and I vow never again to discard it."

Too independent to look to her father for support, she took in sewing and did nursing to earn her keep, making many friends in spite of her stubborn determination to live her life as she saw fit, and not according to the contemporary standards of society.

Late in 1860 one of her friends, a Mrs. Munson, of Oysterville, Washington, invited Bethenia to come to Oysterville and attend school there. Bethenia accepted. During the school year she took in washings, bending over the washboard evenings to earn a dollar to a dollar-and-a-half a week. She supplemented these meager earnings by doing housework to provide food for herself and her son and a roof over their heads.

The summer of 1861 saw Bethenia and young George back at the old farm on the Clatsop Plains which still belonged to her father. She organized a summer school in the area, using the first Presbyterian Church erected in Oregon as a classroom for her sixteen students.

She saved $25 from this venture, which she supplemented by picking wild blackberries and selling them for 50¢ a gallon. By fall, she had managed to save enough to enroll herself in school at Astoria.

Much to Bethenia's horror, she found that she was lacking in arithmetic skills, and was placed, at the age of 21, in the primary class. Her son, George, entered

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school that same fall, and the two were classmates!

This proved to be such a blow to Bethenia Owens' pride and independence that she sat up nights studying, and advanced at an astounding rate, managing at the same time to find enough housekeeping, washing and sewing jobs to finance herself and George.

At this point in her life a Captain Farnsworth, who was a Bar Pilot on the Columbia River, heard of her determination and came to Bethenia with a remarkable offer.

"I'll finance you to any school in the United States that you might choose to attend," he told Bethenia. "I'll pay all of your expenses. I've accumulated some money and I can't think of a better way to spend it."

Bethenia, not quite trusting the man, flatly refused the offer, although she admitted, later, that when the going got rough there were a few times when she regretted her hasty decision.

The next few years of her life were spent teaching school throughout western Washington and Oregon. In 1865 she returned to Roseburg at the urging of her family and established herself, with her small savings, in a millinery and dressmaking business. Business boomed for two years.

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And then a rival moved to town, a woman who had studied millinery and was well acquainted with all of the latest tricks-of-the-trade. Bethenia's business fell off abruptly, and she decided that it was time she learned a few tricks of her own.

Leaving her son with her family, she traveled to San Francisco, where she studied millinery for three months.

"I returned to Roseburg mistress of my art," she said, "and I outdid the rival milliner. The money began to accumulate once more and I was able to place George in the University of California at Berkeley, in 1870.

In the meantime Bethenia, who had always been fond of nursing, had continued to look after the sick and ailing of Rosebury whenever she was needed. Now that her millinery and dressmaking businesses were bringing in a good return she began to think seriously of taking up the study of medicine.

Her decision was made while assisting a local doctor by the name of Palmer who was caring for the young child of a friend. It was necessary to use an instrument in the treatment. Dr. Palmer allowed the instrument to slip, lacerating the child. Bethenia, without being asked, reached at once for the instrument, taking it from the hands of the doctor and using it successfully, much to Dr. Palmer's dismay. He turned against Bethenia immediately, for it was unthinkable that any woman should presume to possess the skills of a physician.

The next day Bethenia Owens went to see her own physician and told him what she wanted to do. He loaned her a Gray's Anatomy and she began studying on her own.

Encouraged by Jesse Applegate, who had been one of the leaders of the wagon train which had brought the Owens family west in 1843, Bethenia put her business affairs in order and, leaving young George to work for Mrs. Duniwary of Portland, editor of *The New Northwest,* she caught the California Overland Stage out of Roseburg and headed east.

Although the majority of her friends, and her family were totally horrified at

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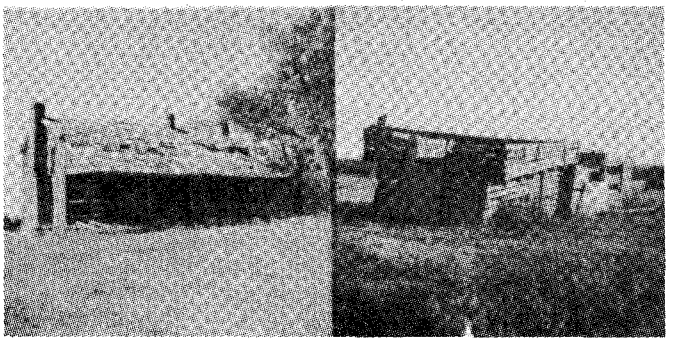
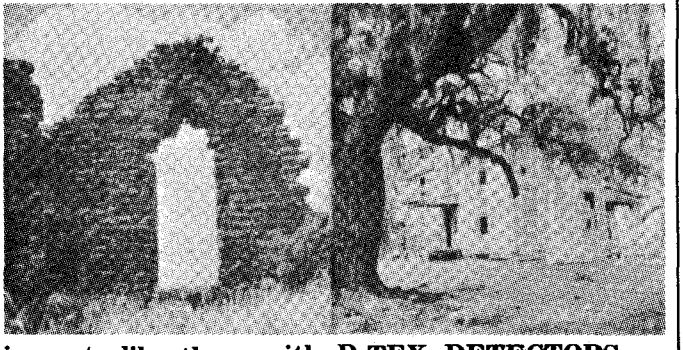

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the idea of any female becoming a doctor, she enrolled in Philadelphia's Eclectic School of Medicine, an institution that taught the skills of healing with the use of electrical batteries.

Prior to this, Bethenia Owens had become engaged in the Woman Suffrage movement, and had spent many hours writing articles for newspapers demanding equal rights for women. To her, this step forward must have presented a challenge beyond her own personal gain.

Never again would she be dependent upon a no-good like Mr. Hill who had recently had the temerity to ask her to come back to him, although he had not contributed a single cent to the support of their son throughout all the years of her struggles. Bethenia Owens no doubt hoped that her own ambitions to overcome the shackles of womanhood would inspire other females to rise up and act on their own behalf.

In Philadelphia she hired a personal tutor and attended lectures and clinics at Blockley Hospital. In due time, she received her degree in Eclectic Medicine.

Shortly after her return to Roseburg, an old man, who was alone in the world, died. The town's six male physicians decided to hold an autopsy, inviting the newest member to their ranks to attend.

A written invitation was dispatched to Dr. Owens' place of business, and she immediately accepted the challenge.

"I knew that they intended, in some way, to dishonor me," she said later. "But I was determined to go, and go I did."

When she arrived at the old shed, where the corpse was laid out on a board supported by two sawhorses, she saw that a crowd of men and older boys had already gathered to witness the performance.

"Do you know that this autopsy is on the man's genital organs?" a Dr. Hoover asked her when she entered the building.

"No," she told him, "but one part of the human body should be as sacred to the physician as another."

Her old enemy, Dr. Palmer, was on hand and objected a once to her presence.

"I will retire if this woman is allowed to remain," he stated.

"I came here by written invitation," Dr. Owens retorted. "I will leave it to a vote, whether I go or stay, but first I would like to ask Dr. Palmer what difference there is between the attendance of a woman at a male autopsy and the attendance of a man at a female autopsy."

Dr. Palmer had no answer for her. The rest of the physicians present voted that Dr. Owens be permitted to stay, and Dr. Palmer was forced to retire amidst the laughs and jeers of the spectators.

One of the doctors opened a medical case and offered it to Dr. Owens, telling her to proceed. Knowing that she was being put to the test, Bethenia selected a scalpel and turned, unflinchingly, to the work at hand.

Excitement grew to fever pitch as Dr. Owens cut into the body.

"A woman fooling around with a man's corpse!" The astounded whispers grew in volume. "Whoever heard of anything so scandalous!"

The news spread like wildfire throughout the town; the women repeating it in shocked tones, and gathering along the streets, awaiting the appearance of this bold female who dared to perform such an unseemly act.

"What kind of a person can she be?" they asked in horrified tones. And, as the excitement and tension grew, "She ought to be run out of town. Tarred and feathered and chased out!"

The men and boys took a different view. Although they were thoroughly disgusted with Dr. Owens' unwomanly act, they felt that she had played a good joke on the local doctors, and, when she left the shed with the task accomplished, a few of them dared to cheer her. The other doctors involved left as quietly as possible.

But the town's females were not about to let the matter stand there. They began nagging the men to take action. They wanted no woman around who dared to go so far.

"All that saved me," Dr. Owens wrote in her memoirs, "was the fact that I had two strong brothers in the crowd. Although they disapproved my actions as strongly as anyone, they would not allow any person to lay violent hands upon me. They'd have shot the first one to try it."

However, it became necessary for Dr. Owens to close her business and leave town very shortly.

"I breathed more freely once I was on the train headed north," she admitted. "It was a relief to the town and to my family to see me go. I'd been a thorn in their flesh for some time."

When she arrived in Portland, Dr. Owens rented office space in a two story brick building on First Street, and fitted up rooms for electrical and medicated baths. Other doctors refused to have anything to do with her, but she carried on courageously and soon established a good practice.

When the money began to come in she entered her son George, now 19 years of age, in the Medical Department of Willamette University.

"I had my heart set on making a physician out of him," she said, perhaps visualizing the no-good Mr. Hill, and wanting to be certain that George didn't follow in his father's footsteps.

At this period in her career one of Dr. Owens' patients begged, upon her death bed, for Dr. Owens to take her eldest daughter and raise her. This Bethenia Owens agreed to do and found herself with a 14-year-old girl, named Mattie

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Belle, to support, in addition to her son, George.

She determined, too, that Mattie Belle should become a physician, and began at once to encourage the girl along those lines.

Dr. Bethenia Owens was not yet satisfied with her accomplishments, however. She longed for more education and a degree from a regular medical school that would give her all of the privileges of a full fledged physician and surgeon.

She made up her mind to have it.

On September 1st, 1878, having established Mattie Belle in the home of a friend and having set George up in the drug business in Goldendale, Washington, she left Portland once more for Philadelphia, where it was her intention to enroll in Jefferson Medical College.

Upon her arrival she was advised by a medical friend that it would be impossible for her to enter Jefferson College, which had never before accepted a woman.

"The board of regents would be shocked, scandalized," her friend, a Professor Gross who was on the staff at Jefferson and a famous surgeon at that time, told her. "Why not go to a woman's college?"

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"I must have a degree second to none," Dr. Owens informed him.

He recommended that she go to the University of Michigan Medical School, where one or two women had been tentatively accepted.

She followed his advice, and soon found herself involved in a strict schedule of lectures, clinics, laboratory work and examinations. To keep herself fit for this rigorous routine, Bethenia arose each morning at 4:00 a.m., did a series of vigorous exercises and plunged herself into an icy bath.

In June, 1880, she received her degree as Doctor of Medicine.

Her son, by that time a doctor in his own right, arrived to take post graduate courses at the university, and Dr. Owens remained there, as resident physician, for six months, following three months spent in a Chicago hospital doing clinical work.

At the end of the six months she and George toured Europe before returning to Portland, where she again established a practice, this time as physician and surgeon. She became well known for her surgical work and carried on with her determination to make a physician of Mattie Belle. (Mattie Belle received her degree in medicine, in 1893, fulfilling her foster mother's dream.

Dr. Bethenia Owens' practice flourished, but she found time, in spite of her busy schedule, to renew old friendships, and Colonel John Adair, whom she had known as a young girl, came back into her life.

They were married on July 24, 1884, and Bethenia became Dr. B.A. Owens-Adair, refusing to relinquish her father's name, as she had promised herself when she divorced Mr. Hill.

"At the time of my marriage to Colonel Adair, my income from medicine was $7,000 a year," she wrote in her memoirs. "My husband induced me to invest in tidelands, at Astoria. This I did against my better judgment."

At the age of 47, Bethenia gave birth to a daughter. The child lived only three days.

Overcome by grief, she joined her husband who, with the aid of 25 Chinese, was attempting to reclaim the tidelands at Astoria. She established a practice there, to be near him.

Never strong, physically, she became stricken by typhus after she had been there for two years, and it was necessary for her to retire to the old family farm on the Clatsop Plains to recuperate.

"That was the greatest mistake of my life," she said later.

Unable to remain idle, Dr. Owens-Adair established a practice there and found herself being called out night and day and working harder than ever before at her profession. She had her own horse and buggy and did her own driving.

"It was nothing for me to drive 30 or 40 miles at a time to visit a patient," she said.

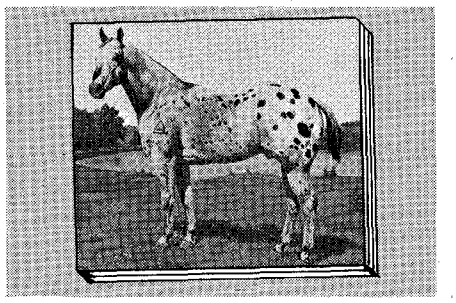
On top of this, she had been "given" another child to raise, this time by a patient who died in childbirth, and had also, upon the death of her son's wife, taken his two small children into her home to rear.

The strain began to tell on her, and she developed a crippling type of rheumatism.

Her son, Dr. George Hill, suggested a change of climate and Bethenia moved her household to North Yakima, Washington, where the air was dry. Her health improved at once and she established a practice there.

In 1899, she traveled east to Chicago to take post graduate courses at Chicago Clinical School and then returned to her practice for three and a half more years of hard work.

In 1905 Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair retired from medicine at the insistence of her family, moving back to the old farm on the Clatsop Plains. She perpetuated the family names there by establishing the farm as the "Sunnymead Addition to Astoria" and naming the three streams



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that crossed it after Colonel Adair, Mattie Belle and her granddaughter, Vera Hill. She named the longest street in the addition Hill Street after her son and another street became Victor Street, named for her grandson, Victor Adair Hill.

The remainder of this courageous pioneer woman's life was devoted to work with the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Controversial to the end, Dr. B.A. Owens-Adair sponsored a work, known as the "Dr. Owens-Adair Human Sterilization Bill of Oregon" for which she became well known, but highly criticized, in her last years.

A woman far ahead of her own time in thought and deed, Dr. B.A. Owens-Adair's life became a living tribute to the cause of Woman Suffrage. ●

MY INDIAN PLUNDER

(Continued from page 18)

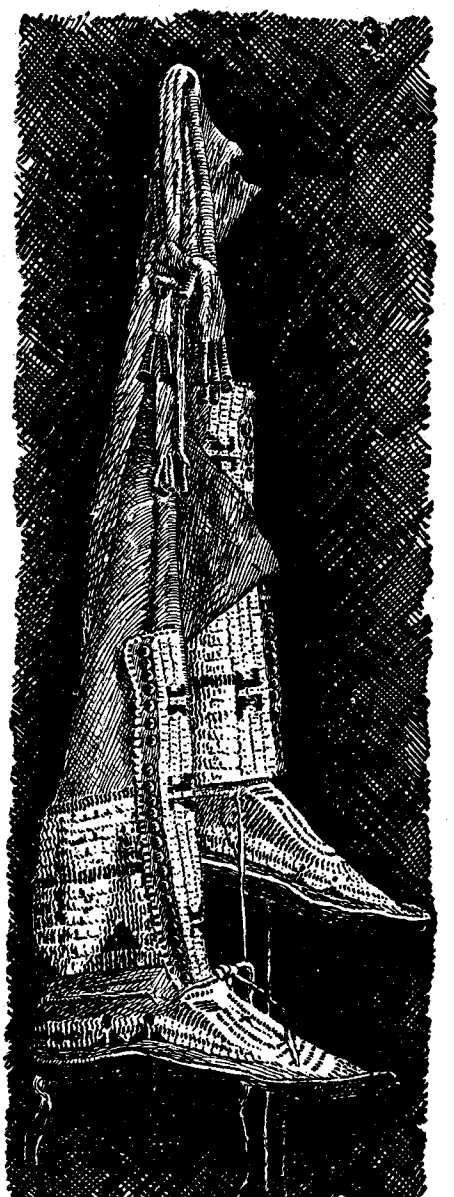
time, upon the four square yards of pretty-pretties that hang upon my wall.

How much of my admiration for these relics of a dead but unburied race comes, I wonder, from my having seen the red men caparisoned in almost the full glory of their freest condition? Is it a dream, or is it true—that vision that floods my brain, in which I see myself in derby hat and awkward New York clothes standing beside a rushing, howling torrent of excited braves on the plains? Is it true that some were naked except for two head-feathers and a breech-clout, and yet were gorgeously clothed in paint? Is it true that some wore war-bonnets that touched the rumps of their ponies and then fell away to the ground and dragged a yard or two yards of their beautiful length upon the bunch-grass? Is it true, or a dream, that other horses were girt with trailing cloths that swept the ground with more magnificent effect than the petticoated panoply of the horse of a cavalier of ancient France? That other bucks wore leather fringe that fell and shook and quivered down their arms and legs and from the bottoms of the coats; that scores of others were clad with a mail of showy beads that cased their bodies, their guns, their whip-handles, their saddle-flaps, their feet? Ah, yes! In sport their furious horses swerve as if to run me down, the rifles crack just above my head, the warriors yell almost against my ear-drums. It is true; I almost step back again, in my mind, under the shock of that rude but thrilling sport.

Would I care so much for my wall-jewelry if I had not sat in council-tents under the same impressive influence that has, unaided by any white man, produced (in the Indian Territory) three systems of government and three conditions of society which no redskin need be ashamed to compare with the order of the white men in the States that border on that Territory?

That head-chief at one council was in mourning, with his hair in disorder, and little else on than his blanket, but the under-chiefs and head-men were grandly clad in beaded bucksin, which would have been admired even in the presence of the showiest military men in any court of Europe. The man who presided at the other council wore a suit that would have sold then—when bead-work was common—for five hundred dollars. It was a suit of white beads—the showiest kind—upon which background was a great sun-medallion, on front and back, framed with those geometrical patterns which a curious student-friend of mine thinks that he has followed uninterruptedly from the great lakes through Central American into Bolivia-Peru, over to the relics of the earliest dwellers in Europe and into ancient Egypt and Assyria.

What a king the old chief looked! What dignity he wore! How deferentially quiet and respectful were all the rude warriors, squatted in the showy circle that began and ended with his person. Among the skins and bundles that were packed at the edge of the big tepee, "to keep the wind away," he reached for the council-pipe. And then he filled it himself, to enhance the effect of the ceremony, perhaps, or to guarantee the purity of the smoking mixture, and handed it to a young under-chief for the performance of the menial task of lighting it. After that, with what a show of etiquette he singled out the chiefs, by turn, according to their rank, handing the pipe, stem foremost, to each. One would still have thought the Indians a reticent, silent people to see them in council, listening, and only occasionally grunting, as the chief harangued them. Yet they are very talkative, childishly fond of hearing themselves and of story-telling when no stranger is by and when they are in camp pursuing the daily routine of life.



Arapaho squaw's boots.

But, would the squaw leggings and dresses interest me so much if I did not remember so many copper-faced girls who wore them? Take that one, for instance, who would not let me look at her finery on the first day I saw her, but who, Indian-like, came forward the next time and threw off her blanket, and stood out patterned like a Persian rug, with beautiful pale blue bead-work figured in pink and white, all upon fringed buckskin, like a character out of a Fenimore Cooper novel.

The first Indian curio I ever owned was a snow-snake that I saw used in some winter sports among the living shadows of the Six Nations in New York State. It is nothing but a long, stiff, smooth stick, bent a little at the head, but when a rut has been hollowed out of soft snow by dragging a log along the ground, and when an Indian has hurled the long, slender stick along this rut, the snow-snake darts forward with a strangely serpent-like movement, rising and falling in an undulating line and throwing up its head precisely as if it were alive. To make it go in this way a long distance requires a knack—as much of a one, I judge, as throwing a boomerang needs.

Still looking at my wall and following the growth of the collection from its beginning, I see two arrows that were given to me by a dear old Catholic missionary. He represents at this moment the un-

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broken continuation of the rude, heroic life of those French and Spanish priests whose footprints on the shores of both oceans are the initial points of the history of American civilization.

I think it was on the same day that I got the arrows from the good priest that I came upon a Blood buck very picturesquely dressed in full savage fashion. He had the regulation separated trousers-legs, a fine fringed and beaded coat, and a showy pair of moccasins. He fancied himself a splendid dude of the plains, but with only two or three silver dollars I despoiled him and humbled him. Doubtless his wife at once noticed the absence of the bead-work that cost her such tremendous toil as the squaws always used to expend upon it.

Upon the wrist-strap of the quirt, or whip, that I bought of him is a bead-worked design which suggests the famous Paisley pattern that originated in Oriental woven goods. It occurs in nothing else that I have, all the other patterns (or nearly all) being formed of straight lines arranged in squares or triangles or bands. The wooden handle of the quirt is evidently made of a short section of a chair-leg; one may see two of the holes in which the rungs once fitted. But all over it, except in the rung-holes, the squaws have hammered big brass tacks, so that, with the beaded strap above it and the plaited whip-lash below, it has become more beautiful, and to me more valuable, than the entire original bedroom suite of which it once formed a part.

The belt and sheath, with its sharp skinning-knife still in it, are also converted goods. They have relapsed from civilization into barbarism, just as men sometimes do; just as that West Point officer has who is sometimes seen down in the Apache country, heading a half-naked band of rovers. They give him more satisfaction by calling him chief and obeying his untrammelled impulses than he ever knew when he was harnessed in suspenders and fettered with collars and cuffs, and enslaved by the conventions and discipline of society and the army. The belt is a discarded cartridge-belt. In all likelihood, some unlucky chap gave up his life before he lost it. The sheath is made of a piece of grain-leather cut from a boot-leg, but it is so cleverly fashioned that few would suspect its lowly origin. It, too, is all plated with brass tack-heads.

My stone-headed war-clubs are very primitive weapons, but are still carried in war, I am told. Parkman, in his "Oregon Trail," tells how a squaw scolded a pack-dog for running after small game when he had a load to carry, and how, at the end of her harangue, she took one of these war-clubs from her tepee and brained the cur for being so worthless. For such uses they were doubtless devised and carried before the white men came with hatchets and guns. But a noted old Montana trader, who knew the Crows and Blackfeet in their prime, calls these clubs by the semi-French name of *coup*-sticks, because, he says, they are used in the ceremony of "counting the *coups*," or battle-strokes, of the warriors.

Before engaging in war or the chase the braves assemble and each fighter boasts of what he has done. For instance, painted and decked in all his finery, he struts before the rest and cries: "I am Bull's Back Fat. When I was fourteen I killed a deer, and at sixteen had slain a grizzly. I am Bull's Back Fat. After I became a warrior I crept beside the trail and shot two of our enemies, the Stonies."

So he goes on, and at the mention of each great deed he raises the bedizened club, at which signal a medicine-man strikes a blow upon a tom-tom. As long as he has deeds to recount the drum credits them to him with its muffled sound.

But my friend says that the boasters are in time carried away by the impression they are creating. They hate to come to the end of their coups. They begin to lie. At the first excess the *coup*-stick is raised, as usual, but the drum fails to sound, and they sit down with an "I have done," else the others jeer at them, for all know what each companion has done in the lists of war and the chase. ●

Reprinted from Scribner's Magazine, November, 1896.

ZEKE PROCTOR, OUTLAW, LAWMAN?

(Continued from page 33)

fighting Indian. Little did Grandfather know that his own little boys were feeding and helping to hide the much wanted outlaw.

Papa, Uncle Jeff and Uncle Henry, who was a preacher for 55 years in the Creek Nations, dying a few years ago at age 90 in Bristow, Oklahoma, had a cave in back of the old homestead, which they loved to play in. One of their favorite games had to do with Indians and U.S. Marshals, little dreaming that Uncle Jeff would one day really be a U.S. Marshal.

Many times Uncle Henry and my father have told me of how they first met the notorious "Bad Injun." The boys had gone to their cave to play outlaws and Indians, and had surprised old Zeke who was sleeping in the cave. The boys had picked up quite a bit of Indian lingo and old Zeke could make himself understood in his gutteral English. Springing up from his bed of leaves, he glowered at the two wide-eyed boys. "You tell on Zeke, he

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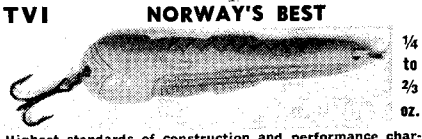

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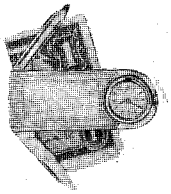

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The Hanging Tree as it stands today at Saline Courthouse.

catch boys and cut right here!"

Drawing a razor-sharp knife, the Indian made a motion of cutting his throat. The boys were speechless with fear, but at last Uncle Henry managed to stammer, "We were just playing Indian and outlaw. We won't tell nobody."

The cagey old Indian studied them for a moment in silence and then said, "Me show you how to make 'em Injun arrow. You bring Zeke grub. Me show you how to make bow and arrow. Me show you how to track 'em deer, track 'em turkey, track 'em panther. Me show you how to walk in forest, make 'em no noise. You bring tobac (tobacco). You no tell Zeke stay here."

"Oh boy!" cried the boys in unison, "we'll bring you tobacco, lots of tobacco, if you will teach us all that! Wow! Real trackers! You wait here. We'll get you something right now."

Jeff was off like a deer while Papa and Uncle Henry sat in the cave and watched the renegade Indian make tracks in the sand with his fingers. "This turkey. This deer. This wolf."

On and on, old Zeke went. He showed them how to tell the difference between a running animal and one that was walking. The larger track is made by the rear feet and they overlap the front feet in a running deer. A tough old turkey gobbler would have a gnarled and knobby imprint, like an old man's hands, while the young, tender, good-to-eat turkey track would show only lightly on the soil or sand.

Jeff brought a twist of tobacco and a chunk of meat swiped from the smokehouse. Zeke quickly half-cooked part of the meat over a small fire in the cave after showing the boys how to make one with scarcely a whiff of smoke.

Gathering up the age-blackened deerskin pouch which served as his suitcase, he told the boys, "Me go. Come back soon. Me hoot like owl—hoo-oot hoo-hoot. Owl no hoot in daytime. You know Zeke come. You bring tobac. You bring grub." And the the most feared Indian in the eastern part of the Territories was gone.

The boys were scared, yet fascinated. They were not scared of Zeke, as they could not visualize Zeke hurting them. They were scared of what their parents would do to them for taking food and tobacco and meeting an outlaw Indian. But the dream of being a real hunter and tracker was far more than enough to outweigh conscience about deceiving their parents.

All during that warm summer of the early '70's, the boys kept their rendezvous with the renegade. Sometimes they would go to the cave to find that Zeke had been there and gone. They would find arrows or perhaps animals carefully carved from bits of wood or bark. Sometimes when Zeke had gone into the little village of Siloam Springs, they found pieces of horehound candy and once a small knife for each of them. Papa says this is where he learned to tell a white lie, for when Grandmother asked where they got these things, they could "truthfully" say, "We found them."

One bitter cold day in December the boys went rabbit hunting, and as usual wound up at the cave. They found old Zeke there, hovering over a small fire and shivering. "Me sick. Me heap much sick," he repeated over and over. "Heap sick! Heap sick!" he kept muttering to himself. He made no effort to talk to the boys. This was unusual, for they had formed a real friendship and not once had old Zeke attempted to teach them wrongdoing. Always he had told them, "You be good boy! You mind Mama and Papa, you no have to hide in cave like Zeke."

The boys did not understand this strange new Zeke who did not talk to them, but only muttered to himself, "Heap sick! Heap sick!" They silently laid a couple of cottontails, which they had killed, at old Zeke's fire and stole out into the cold winter air.

Spring came at last and the bluebirds flitted from bush to bush along the creek near the old cave. Crows caw-cawed along the furrows of rich black loam turned over by the same oxen that had made the long weary journey from Ohio, bringing Grandfather to this strange and lovely new frontier. The boys listened for the "hoo-hoot" of the "daytime owl," but they listened in vain. The outlawed Indian never came to the boys' cave again.

Much later, when Zeke had at last made peace with the law, and was sheriff of Going Snake District, Uncle Jeff told him he was one of the boys that had fed him in the cave, and asked why he had never come back. "No need. No have to hide," Zeke grinned proudly, polishing his sheriff's star.

But before this latter statement would be true there was a long period of hiding out. The marshals were always looking for Zeke and Zeke someway always eluded them.

President Grant asked a full investigation of the Zeke Proctor affair and the killing at the Going Snake Courthouse.

Years drifted swiftly by and the triplets were old enough for school, while Zeke was still hiding out and only getting home occasionally to see about his children.

Mrs. Louisa Goss, who died at the age of 94 in 1962, recalls that she lived near the Proctor home and often played with Zeke's triplets. She recalled the Indian as a kindly man who would, with no word of greeting, walk into her mother's home and without so much as a by-your-leave open cupboard doors and peek into cellars and milk jars and flour bins and the smokehouse. If her mother's supplies were low, Zeke would soon reappear with a fresh killed deer, or some other wild game, or come carrying a sack of corn meal or a ham or bacon from his own smokehouse.

"I loved Uncle Zeke," Mrs. Goss stated flatly. "He was mighty kind and good to me." The tiny dark-eyed Louisa Goss, half Cherokee herself, recalled vividly the day Zeke tangled with the schoolteacher.

"First we, Linnie, Minnie and Willie and me, all went to the Mission school taught by Miss Fannie Qualls. Later they built a log school near us and we all were glad not to have to stay at the Mission school away from home. The little school and my home and some of the Proctor allotment lies now at the bottom of Lake Francis." (A great lake built by the U.S. Government in its flood control project.)

"On the very first day of school Willie got in trouble, but so did the teacher. Teacher was a young white man who believed in using the rod to keep order. He had already cut a great bunch of switches

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to keep order when we assembled for our first day of school. Indians never whipped their children," Grandma Goss, as we called her, went on. "Willie had never been whipped in his whole life. He was a real good boy. Uncle Zeke had sure raised his kids right, but Willie must have done some little thing and the new teacher gave him a whipping with one of those big sticks before the day was out. Willie ran home with his back all covered with welts. Pretty soon Zeke appeared in the little schoolhouse with a quirt in his hands. 'You whip 'em boy, me whip 'em you now,' he told the teacher and proceeded to literally cut the hide from all over him. The teacher was a groveling bloody mess when Uncle Zeke finished with him, and turning told the girls to gather their books and slates and come on home."

He sent them back to the Mission school, "where big men and women don't beat small children."

Teacher did not show up for school next day, or the next, and everyone decided he'd skipped out because of the licking given him by Zeke, but a short time later his body, or what was left of it, was found not far from the little school, back in a deep plum thicket. Now the U.S. Marshals were once more riding thick and fast hunting Zeke for the suspected murder of the teacher. Zeke claimed he'd never seen the teacher again after he ran from the schoolhouse, and it was the opinion of a lot of folks that he was telling the truth. Others affirmed just as vehemently that Zeke had killed the teacher. At any rate, there was no question as to the wild hogs that roamed the hills getting to the body because the flesh was literally stripped from the skeleton of the luckless teacher. A lot of local folks thought the teacher had run out and hidden in the thicket and gone to sleep with the blood all over him from the licking and the wild razor-hogs had attacked and killed him before he could get away.

This story of the schoolteacher was told me many, many times by my uncle and Papa, many years before Mrs. Goss repeated it to me.

Zeke's granddaughter, Lizzie Waldron, who still lives at Proctor and with whom I recently visited while working on this story, stoutly denies ever having heard of any such account but agrees with me almost wholly as to the Beck Mill killing and the Walking Snake District Courthouse massacre.

Sitting on Lizzie Waldron's porch with us as I talked with her about her grandfather was a neighbor lady, who laughingly recalled that her husband, who had been just a big old boy at the time of the courthouse shooting affair, had attended the trial and was sporting his first pair of cowboy boots, of which he was inordinately proud—"Wouldn't let a speck of dust stay on 'em and dog-goned iffen the whole heel of one of 'em didn't git shot plumb clean away!"

Walter Proctor, a soft-spoken, courteous friendly man, is the grandson of old Zeke, with all the shy reserve of the Cherokees. I visited him and he made me most welcome in his home, which is only a stone's throw from the double log house where Zeke spent his declining years. He smiled shyly when asked if it was true that Zeke was buried with his guns on. Excusing himself, he walked into another room of his tastefully furnished home and returned carrying a wide cowhide belt containing many rounds of ammunition for the wicked looking old long barreled ivory handled .45 in a worn holster. "Here is Grandpa's gun," he said quietly.

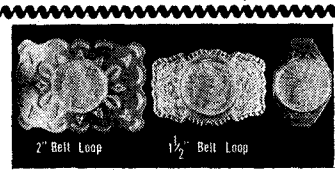
He permitted me to hold the gun and holster in my hands, and I marveled at the dark worn places in the belt with its great double buckle where the old Indian had fastened it around his middle, the gun sitting high on his hip as he rode, hiding from the U.S. Marshals, and later acting as one, while he scoured the hills to bring in others for justice.

Walter Proctor readily consented to have his picture made with the old gun belt strapped to his waist and we noticed that the very same holes that his grandfather had used in the old belt fitted the waist of the grandson perfectly. As Mr. Proctor handled the gun and belt with gentle hands, a piece of the ancient leather gave way, and, to us both I think, one more link with the turbulent past of the Indian Territory, wherein we both were born, was gone.

Walter, too, said he had never heard about Granddad whipping the teacher, and laughingly remarked, "My Pa sure laid it on us boys if we got into meanness. Don't know about the school affair, but I tell you one thing. No one knows all about Granddad. He was quite a man, quite a man."

Driving from Proctor, after talking to Lizzie Waldron and Walter Proctor, both grandchildren of Zeke, to the old Beck Mill on Flint Creek, which still stands, I found Mr. Beck, a grandson of the founder of the mill up on the hundred year old house fixing the ancient roof. He spoke freely of the old feud. The Beck side differs from the Proctor side, as one would expect, in that the Proctor grandchildren maintain stoutly that, "Grandpa was no outlaw." Here is Mr. Beck's version of whether Zeke was an outlaw or not:

"Zeke and Grandpa Beck were the best of friends till the steer trouble came up. Then it was a fight to the finish. Pa knew that Zeke had sold a steer that belonged to him, but Zeke maintained the steer was not Grandpa's but his own. Anyway they fell out and became bitter enemies over that steer. Zeke used to half-live at Grandpa's house, which stood right over there by the old mill where my cow barn is now. The old well is still there. Grandpa used to tell me about the time he went to



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California during the gold rush days and he brought back a "Root Digger Injun" with him. The root digger stayed around the mill here for a while, working for Grandpa. Zeke was staying here, too. The Indian stole Grandpa's gold and ran away. Grandpa started out to trail him, knowing he'd head for California. Zeke went along with Grandpa. It was rough trailing and after a few days Grandpa said it wasn't worth it. He was going to just give it up and get back to the mill and his work. Zeke said, 'Me trail him clean to California. Me find him.' Zeke found him, too. Found him asleep in the woods somewhere west and brought him back with the stolen money. They kept him at the old mill, a prisoner, for a few days, deciding what to do with him, and one morning Aunt Polly Beck said at the breakfast table, after watching the root digger eat like a hog, 'You're fat enough to make good lye soap, which is all you'd be fitten for.' After breakfast Zeke took the old ivory handled .45 and marched the Indian right up there on the side of that steep hill, motioning with his hand toward a nearby steep hill, and he shot the digger and buried him in a real shallow grave up there. When he came back, Aunt Polly asked him where the digger was and Zeke just said, 'Him not make soap fit to wash with.' Now they're the stories I've heard about Zeke all my life. Grandpa said he was a killer and not to be messed with. Grandpa also recalled that he asked Zeke one time if he ever regretted killing a man. Zeke said, 'No, only sorry killed boy for gallon jug whisky. Bad thing. Me sorry.'

"Grandpa and Zeke had been the best of friends since they were knee high to a duck, till the matter of the steer came up. Zeke had spent many a moon here at the house and the mill. They had no secrets from each other till that steer business."

Many crimes were committed and many of them laid at Zeke's door during this time but none of them could be proven. One must remember that the Territory was a wild and lawless country with no help closer than the old court at Fort Smith, and criminals could be long gone before a man could make the long ride horseback through wild unsettled country to go before the Hanging Judge Parker to obtain a warrant and have a U.S. Marshal ride back again to serve the warrant only to find the criminal out of the country. It is no wonder that men carried the law on their hips and often were judge and jury in the fastness of the territory.

In the far reaches of this last of the unsettled places of our country, some 700 miles from old Parker's court near the headwaters of the Cimmaron River, some lonely defiant outlaw had roughly inscribed on a board nailed to a tree, "700 miles to Hell and Parker's Court." Innocent or guilty, men on the dodge feared the old court where one man's word was law; and history seems to show that the word was, if at all possible, *Guilty!* So, Parker's Hell Hole, as the dank dark basement beneath the old court which served as a jail was called, was avoided at all costs. Some brave U.S. Marshals who could have brought their men in alive had it not been for the reputation of the old court lost their lives. One man who killed an officer and was, he always maintained, not guilty of the crime for which the marshall had ridden out to arrest him, remarked, "You're the same as dead anyway if old Parker gets you in his clutches, so killing a marshal ain't gonna' make it no worse on me."

During the years when Zeke was a much-wanted man, he had a habit of slipping over to a little village just across the line into Arkansas, called Cincinnati. This old frontier town is almost a ghost

town now. Only a few old buildings still stand and a few of the old timers who have lived out a lifetime here still recall Zeke coming into town. The settlers, both in Arkansas and the Indian Territory drove into Cincinnati on Saturday in their buggies and wagons and the streets teemed with activities. One old lady recalls that Zeke used to come in town and proceed to fill up on firewater and then get mean. He'd shoot up the place at a drop of a hat. Mothers kept their children off the streets when Zeke was on a tear, often scaring them into behaving themselves by the threat that Zeke Proctor would get them. All this in spite of the fact that Zeke was never known to mistreat a child. Rather he seemed to enjoy them and often bought candy for any youngsters who happened to be around while he was in town.

Zeke was a sort of square-built Cherokee with long hair, and he wore a mustache and beard, which was unusual for an Indian. He also wore that old ivory-handled .45 and carried a rifle wherever he went. It was said that he never turned his back on a door. If he went into a store he turned to face the door while getting his supply of tobacco, food or firewater.

He was shunned by the people of Cincinnati, for it was a well known fact that when full of firewater he'd shoot at a fellow's feet making him dance a jig, stranger or friend it mattered not to Zeke when he was likkered up.

The story has been told and retold of Zeke's hearing a girl play the piano in Cincinnati and liking the music. When she stopped playing he stalked into the girl's living room, carrying a rifle, and with his .45 strapped on his hip, he must have been a fearsome sight to the girl when he commanded her in his gutteral English, "You play!" And play she did, while Zeke listened, then stalked out of the house.

At long last the investigation ordered by President Grant was ended and all charges were dropped against Zeke. His lawyer in all the troublesome years had been the rather famous barrister, Wythe Walker, of Fayetteville, Arkansas. Perhaps through the arrangement made by Walker for Zeke to meet the U.S. Marshals, and hold a peace talk, came the oft told tale that Zeke Proctor was the only man ever to make an individual treaty with the United States Government.

Kesterson, the man Zeke had tried to gun down at Beck's Mill, had disappeared after the massacre at the Going Snake District Court. As far as was known, nobody in that area ever saw Kesterson again.

At any rate, Zeke went home again back to Proctor, a free man, and soon became one of the leading men in the Going Snake District. In 1879 he became a member of the Cherokee National Council. Between 1887 and 1894, he served as a special deputy marshal for old Judge Parker and was known for always bringing in his man. It was often said he was absolutely without fear and would walk up to the worst renegade, talking all the while, and put handcuffs on the man. The knowledge that he was one of the most deadly accurate gunmen with both rifle and .45 no doubt helped in his success of bringing in a wanted man without having a shoot-out. In 1894 the sheriff of Going Snake District was killed and Judge Parker appointed Zeke to fill out his unexpired term.

At this time my Uncle Jeff, who was riding for Parker, asked Zeke how he was so lucky at bringing in his man. Zeke grinned and said, "Me hide too much meself. Me know where look." He had a point there.

Born July 4th, 1830, Zeke died at the age of 77 in 1907, and lies buried in the family burying ground only a few miles from the double log house he had loved so well. Beside him lie five generations of Proctors. ●

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UNITED STATES MARSHAL

(Continued from page 8)

ized. The Marshal operates under the Department of Justice, is executive officer of the court and is appointed by the President of the United States. Some of his duties are to attend court when in session; to serve papers for his court; warrants for arrest; and be in charge of prisoners before, during and after their trials. Later, if sentenced, to deliver them to prison.

Many of the duties are performed by deputies. As a Federal Officer he is only concerned with any crime committed on Government property or against the Government.

His term is usually for four years, the same as the President who appoints him. However, he is often reappointed.

As noted on some of the badges displayed in the U.S. Marshals' office, a Marshal is appointed for certain districts. Some badges are marked, "District of Alaska," "District of New York," "District of Oregon." Generally most of the Western states and territories had more than one Marshal.

Today the official badges of the U.S. Marshals and Deputy U.S. Marshals are furnished and issued by the Department of Justice. These officers do not purchase their own badges nor are they authorized to do this. Many years ago some of the Marshals and their deputies purchased their own badges, but this practice has been eliminated. It might be mentioned too, that U.S. Marshals' Service does not have any provisions for the issuance of honorary U.S. Marshal commissions.

When in the field the Marshal appointed Field Deputies, and a Head or Office Deputy, who assigned the Field Deputies. It was back in the wild and hectic days of our Western frontier when outlaws operated in brazen defiance of the law that the U.S. Marshal and his deputies had their work cut out for them. They set out in relentless pursuits against these outlaw bands to finally bring law and order to our Western territories.

There were times when they were the only law. They were sometimes duly sworn in right on the spot. Their only emoluments were low pay, long hours and the chance to get shot at by some two-bit gunman. So these man had to be dedicated.

Perhaps one of the greatest lawman of all time was Marshal Bill Tilghman who gained the title of "The man who drove the outlaws out of Oklahoma." This officer's exploits have been written up many times. His career as a law enforcer spanned more than 46 years, a record unequalled by any other lawman of the Old West. He held many offices, among them that of U.S. Marshal.

Another fearless U.S. Marshal of the early days of the Territories was Heck Thomas. He was a Marshal under Judge Parker, noted "hanging Judge," out of the Fort Smith district. Judge Parker presided over the largest criminal court in the world and Heck Thomas presented his share, and more, of outlaws who were taken before Parker. Marshal Thomas will always be remembered as a fearless lawman.

One uncommon occurence that took place in the frontier days was the outlaw becoming a lawman. For reasons of their own, some of these lawless individuals, who demonstrated a skill with weapons, suddenly decided to turn the tables and enforce the law.

Frank Canton was such a man. Under a different name he was once known as the "Lone Highwayman." But as Frank Canton he served as a lawman in Oklahoma, Wyoming, and other points west. He left a distinguished record behind later as U.S. Deputy Marshal in Alaska. From outlaw to lawman he became a frontier legend.

The other extreme was, regrettably, the lawman who turned outlaw. The Dalton Brothers were a good example of this turnabout. Frank Dalton was a U.S. Marshal who gave his life in the line of duty and was a credit to the service. His brothers, Bob and Grat, were his deputies when he was killed in a gunfight with horse thieves. Later Bob was commissioned a Deputy U.S. Marshal for the Federal Courts at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Wichita, Kansas. But this did not last long as the Daltons cut a wide swath in the Southwest with their train and bank holdups. The Coffeyville bank holdup wrote the finis to their turnabout.

Fortunately, not many lawmen did an about-face. What changed some of them? The same thing that tempts men today: money. The monetary consideration received by U.S. Deputy Marshals of early frontier days was two dollars for each arrest, six cents a mile when on the trail of a criminal, all expenses to be paid by the deputy. He then sent the bill to Washington in the hope of reimbursement and considered himself lucky if he finally got half of what was due him. It was not exactly a way to quick riches!

Another outstanding law enforcement officer who gained most of his experience and reputation in Dodge City was Bat Masterson. Well known for his nerve and skill in gun artistry, Masterson served as sheriff of Ford County, Kansas, policeman in Dodge City, and various other positions. It was not until 20 years after he made reputation on the frontier that he became a U.S. Deputy Marshal. Bat was a sports writer in New York when this title was conferred upon him. It was made possible by President Theodore Roosevelt, who was partial to anyone who made a reputation in the West. The result was that Bat Masterson served in this capacity under the U.S. Marshal for the Southern District of New York.

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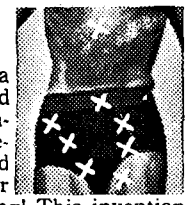

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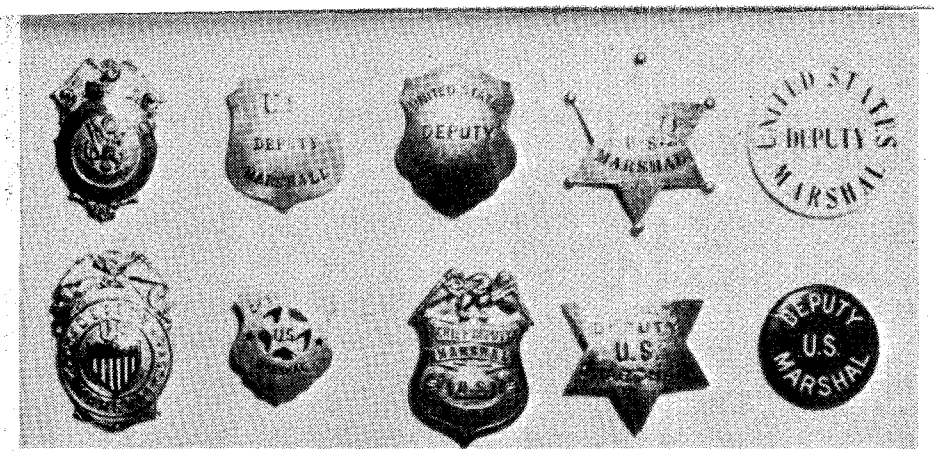

Collection of marshals' badges in Washington, D.C.

The National Archives and Records Department Service confirm this appointment. Masterson held the rank from 1905 to 1909. Just how active he was in this capacity is unknown.

Wyatt Earp is perhaps the most controversial figure of the Old West. Among the many questionable deeds and titles concerning his career is the claim that he was once a Deputy U.S. Marshal. The National Archives have no record or information available to show that Wyatt ever held such a commission.

As well as can be ascertained from letters by Crawley P. Dake, the U.S. Marshal for Arizona in the 1880's, he named Wyatt Earp and his brothers and several others for a large posse as deputies of the U.S. Marshal's office verbally. This could be possible because such commissions were bestowed in the field at that time. So, however brief, Wyatt Earp could have been a U.S. Deputy Marshall at least once in his long and controversial career.

The colorful stories of the U.S. Marshals and their deputies provide an excellent record of law enforcement in the Old West and the settlement of the frontier.

The United States Marshal badge is symbolic of these great legends. ●

PIONEERS IN THE PANHANDLE

(Continued from page 42)

were ready for harvest when he returned. We had managed to save most of the black-eyed peas for planting and they made a big crop. The boys and I took the little wagon to the field and picked them when they were ready for harvest. That wagon was very handy. When Frank was breaking out land the boys and I went along ahead of him and picked up cow chips. We could not afford to lose the fuel that first year. After that we burned cane which made a hot, quick burning fire like pine wood and broomcorn seed. These seeds burned quickly and made a hot fire but formed a gas and I had to put a stick in at the bottom of the stove and punch upward. This allowed the gas to reach the flame and burn, otherwise it puffed and blew like it might explode any minute.

Broomcorn seed was always treacherous to burn. Men would set a stack of them on fire and they would burn a while and then the fire would apparently go out. A week later when the wind blew the top off they would start to blaze again. So many prairie fires were started in this way that men stopped burning their seed stacks.

One day I saw a prairie fire. It went in the direction of Tom Hake's claim. We knew that Tom was away and soon I saw men in wagons coming from all directions. They stopped, pulled their plows from their wagons, hitched their horses to them and went to work. They plowed a wide firebreak around Tom's house that saved the place. That was a dry country and windy. Fires got out of control in no time at all.

We had some animals around there that were pests. There were the prairie dogs. Unlike gophers and moles who lived alone, the prairie dogs lived in towns, and these towns were scattered all about the countryside. Men on horseback avoided these towns, for if a horse stepped in one of the holes he stood a good chance of breaking a leg or being crippled.

Coyotes were bad around there when we first moved out to Beaver. A neighbor of mine, Mrs. Stark, had a big mellon patch and coyotes were coming in at night and eating them. I visited her one day and she said that someone had told her that if she would go through her mellon vines and scratch on each mellon with her fingernail the coyotes would not bother them any more.

We went out and scratched every mellon she had and the coyotes did not eat another one. They stayed away from human scent. When a cow ate loco weed and went loco so bad she was down the owner had to kill her immediately because coyotes would start to eat her while she was still alive.

Men hunted coyotes on horseback. They would start out just before daylight, then when it got light I could see them riding so far away that they looked about the size of dogs. In a few years the coyotes were thinned out. Frank had a big bulldog that he took with him on these hunts because he would clench with a coyote when he had one cornered. Bloodhounds were used to run them down but they would only hit the coyotes with their shoulders and not close in. The bulldog would close in and then the hounds would join in the fight. Lots of men were hurt when their horses fell or threw them in some way on these hunts. Frank broke a leg once when his horse tried to run through a fence after a coyote. Frank pulled the horse's head sharply to one side and the horse fell, throwing him into the sharp edge of a fence post.

There was a herd of antelope in the panhandle but when people settled the sandhills and needed food they hunted them all out.

That was a friendly country. All of us were young and none of us had very much so there was no envy to cause hard feelings. We had box suppers and ice cream socials to raise money for community needs. We raised enough money to build our first public school, a dugout. The territorial government paid the teacher. One night it rained and the next morning when the teacher and children went to school they found it a foot deep in water. A groundhog had tunneled through the wall and let the water in.

We had the same problem in our dugout homes. After a rain we had to look before stepping out of bed or we might find ourselves ankle deep in water. I remembered how hard smokehouse floors were in my old home from the salt that fell on them, so I sprinkled salt on our floor. Soon it was so hard that when I swept only a little dust came off.

The second year we were there Frank built a large half-dugout. That was luxury after the small dugout. I hung curtains and made three clothes rooms by hanging flour sacks. I nailed apple boxes to the walls for kitchen supplies. The packed soil was so hard the nails held like they were driven into wood. We lined the walls with gunny sacks and then covered it with newspapers. This was cleaner and the light was better than with dirt walls. We still had unexpected wildlife visits, however. One morning I had bathed Fred and had Frankie on my lap washing him. He saw something move back of the sack and paper covering on the wall. He became excited.

"There's a prairie dog, Mama. Let's kill him!"

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I did not pay any attention at first but he kept on until I picked up a coal shovel I kept to put fuel in the stove and punched against the gunny sack. A big snake fell out on the floor. That frightened me. I could not risk letting it get loose in the room with the children, so I scooped it up in the shovel.

"Open the stove door, Frankie," I said.

He opened the door and I threw the snake in.

There were always small emergencies coming up. Horses would walk up on dugout roofs and fall through. Pigs kept in a hole in the ground pen had to be rescued when a heavy rain fell. Children and adults received home remedies at times of accidents. Everyone was ready to help in every way possible. We considered everybody within 20 miles as neighbors. People I had seldom met away from home would stop and stay overnight on their way home from town. Our dugout was small, so there was not room for everybody to sleep. I made beds for the women inside and the men slept in the granary. People I had never met would stop for coffee. We were glad to have them.

The grocery store was a center of life. Everyone who took newspapers or magazines left them at the store after reading them. Others would borrow them and bring them back until they literally fell to pieces. When anything blew away in the strong wind it was always taken to the store and left. Sooner or later the owner came by to pick it up.

All of the ranch people I met were fine people and friendly. They did not seem to resent our settling their range land. Theirs were the only houses out there at that time and they had wells. They always made us feel perfectly welcome to get water when we needed it. They attended church in the school dugout and were well acquainted with everybody. Their range went fast, though, and in a few years they moved away to new range country.

The Farmers' Union was organized around 1904 or 1905 and they wanted Frank to manage the mill so we moved to Guymon in a few years. ●

"I MET BUTCH CASSIDY"

(Continued from page 11)

placed to rest beside Chief Kanosh. There was no discrimination of race or color there in death.

But it was not all work and hardships in Kanosh. People had their church and their social life. They loved to dance and from the children to the grandparents went to dances together. These dances served not only recreation but often they were used to help others. The houses were heated with wood and the wood had to be hauled and split. Able bodied men could do this, of course, but each fall a wood dance was held. This wood was hauled for the widows and the ill. Men were given a dance ticket for each cord of wood hauled. The boys were given a ticket for each cord split into stove lengths. The women cooked the supper and all had a merry time. At other dances baskets of lunch were raffled off for charity.

My father Lemuel Dorrity and my mother Maria Hunter were born in Kanosh. Their parents had the first two stores there.

When I was small my parents moved to the ranch in Three Creek each summer. It was wild country at that time and Mountain Lions were plentiful. One day Grandmother Dorrity was driving from Kanosh to the ranch in a buckboard. She had my sister Hazel with her. When the horses snorted and started to run she looked up the mountain to see two big lions leaping down toward the road. She gave the horses their heads and used the whip, but fast as they went the lions were gaining. And then a quilt fell out of the buckboard. When she looked back the lions had stopped and were tearing the quilt to shreds.

At another time we watched through a spyglass as a lion was chasing a bunch of horses almost a mile away. The glass brought the scene close and we watched the lion leap on a horse and ride him until the horse fell and then go about tearing the animal to pieces.

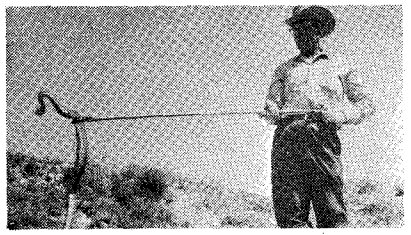
I was about four years of age when Father brought a lion cub home. He had found it when rounding up the cattle. It was like a small pup then, but would have nothing to do with anyone but my mother. It was her that fed it and petted it and held it on her lap. As he become older he would lay beside mother's chair and snarl at anyone that came near.

Father wanted to dispose of him. He was afraid if the lion ever bit one of us and tasted blood he would be just a mad beast again.

I remember they quarreled hotly about it and then when the lion was half grown, as large as a good-sized dog, Mother became ill. When the doctor came to the ranch the lion jumped on her bed and snarled at any of us that came near. Father had to throw a rope on its neck and drag it outside snarling and snapping at him. He tied it to a wagon wheel in the yard. The next morning it had twisted the rope tight and choked to death.

Mother had always said she was sure that Father had made sure it did choke but could never prove it.

It was nice on the ranch and I loved it. I loved the spring house where the milk



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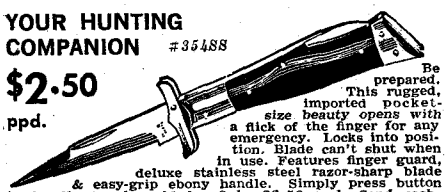

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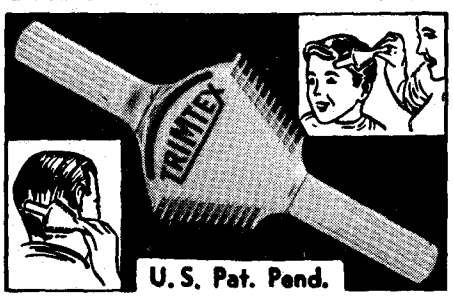

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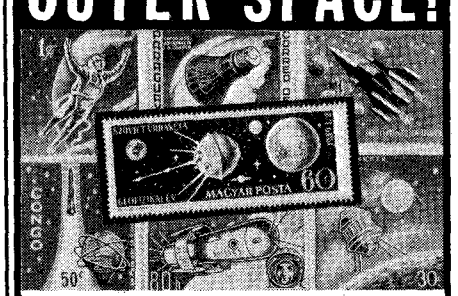

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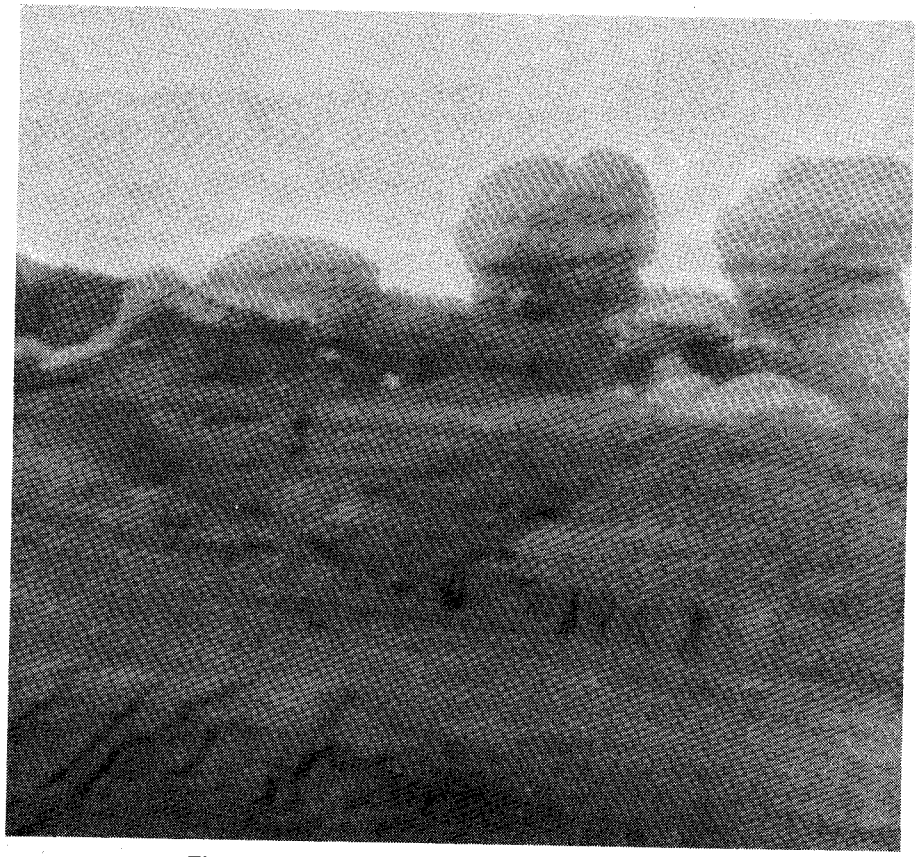

Three heads guard the opening into Robbers' Roost.

was kept on rows of shelves until the cream rose, a golden lid to be skimmed off and let sour and then put into the barrel-like churn and I was often allowed to stomp the wood dasher up and down in the churn until there were great chunks of golden butter floating in the buttermilk. It was lovely with hot yeast bread fresh from the oven, for the women made their own bread then.

Aunt Martha kept the start of yeast for all of us so when we wanted bread we would take her a cup of sugar or some fresh vegetables to pay for the start and then put it into potato water to rise.

I was six years of age when the gold strike came in Kimberly. Uncle Sam and Uncle Marion Dorrity and Father left the ranch for the mines. They built a store, a rooming house, a livery stable and a hotel. Mother ran the hotel and Father managed the livery stable and the stagecoach that hauled the mail and the gold to the railroad at the Cove.

He also hauled passengers and it is that way that I met Butch Cassidy.

Cassidy and his men had been robbing stages and trains right and left and then fleeing back into the badlands. These badlands are a national monument now but then they lay like a map below Lookout Point in Bryce's canyon. They are still wild unassailable places. Men like Cassidy and his gang hid out there.

The mines and mill in Kimberly were doing good and Father often had a bullion shipment in an iron box about one foot wide by two feet long, with a big padlock on it. Mother worried more about it than Father did. But even he never knew until the box was loaded when it was to go.

It was one day in early fall about noon when Uncle Sam came over to the hotel and told mother to keep us kids indoors.

"Cassidy's men just rode in, and there is bound to be trouble."

Mother was scared to death as was the rest of the help. Kimberly is just a one-street town and the saloon was almost directly across the street from our hotel. My brother Bill and I thought it most exciting and wanted to stay in the street. Only a week before we had gone to the creek that ran about a hundred feet below the back of the saloon to find a man, or rather boy about eighteen, face downward in the creek dead, a bullet in his back. It had been awful exciting to talk about and now here was the noted Cassidy. But we were marched in the house and told to keep away from the window fronting on the street.

Of course we didn't.

Mother was frantic before Father came in with the stage. She had found out that Cassidy was not with his men. She was sure he had held Father up and killed him. As the boarders came in for dinner or supper, the long table where they ate buzzed with stories of Butch Cassidy.

And then we saw the stage come in and stop at the livery and Father and another man came over to the house. I can see the man today. Quite plump but not bad looking with his brownish colored store clothes, and the leather satchel in his hands.

Father in his Irish way just said: "Folks meet the mail inspector." Mail inspector, big joke. But knowing Father we should have been prepared. Soon the talk went back to Butch Cassidy and each had to tell something that they knew of his exploits.

Mother told the "inspector," "If there are any gold shipments, you had better see that they are safe while he is here."

"I'll do that," the "inspector" said.

After supper he went across the street to the saloon and then he came out with the Cassidy gang. They had brought a horse for him and now when he mounted it Mother was frantic and called to Father.

"They are taking the mail inspector. Stop them!"

Fathers laughed fit to kill. Then he said, "The mail inspector you had here for supper is no other than Butch Cassidy."

"But you said he was a mail inspector," she cried.

"That he is," he said, "just ask Uncle Sam."

Mother was mad then.

"Then why did you bring him here?" she wanted to know.

"He got off the train in the cove. His men were waiting here," he said.

Father told her then that people said that when Butch Cassidy broke bread with a man he would never rob him.

"Just a bit of security," Father said.

In about two months he had a chance to prove that to be true.

Someone forgot to lock the bullion box, and the bumping of the coach caused the lid to fly open and one of the little gold ingots (small bricks) which the mill sent out had dropped out. Father did not know it until a horseman rode up and stopped the stage. Dad thought it was a sure enough holdup when he recognized one of Cassidy's men. But he handed Father the brick.

"This is yours, I think," he said and then added, "I found it up the road." Father thanked him, and as the rider turned away he called, "That's compliments from Butch Cassidy."

Father would have been in real trouble if he had lost that ingot.

I go back to Utah at times and each time the places seem smaller and closer together. But I still dream of those old days. There was no radio, no television, no picture show, no record players or cars or airplanes or the million other things that compose life today. But there was something else, something that is lacking in this modern age. The comraderie, the friendships, the closeness of the communities, the dependency of man for man. The people my age remember that and in a way yearn for it, but when my generation is gone it will be forgotten, buried in history; just statistics. ●

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THE AVENGING ANGEL OF LAPLAND

(Continued from page 29)

human monsters, performing inhuman acts.

Clayton rode the hills, blind to the beauties he had once set such store by. He could not forget the horrors he saw. Young girls, no older than his own sisters, had been turned into mutilated maniacs. There was an old woman who would never speak again. Her tongue was burned out because she refused to give up a jar of molasses.

He had ridden off to war a clear-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy. He became a gaunt, hollow-eyed man, thanks to sleepless nights and the constant revulsion of his belly. When night came there was the possibility that his own family would become the victims of every bushbuzzard atrocity imaginable.

He felt some better after a few days at home with Olivia and the kids. Not resting, but drilling them in an escape plan. Olivia Williams was a displaced Alabama belle who had been working at the Dodd Hotel in Mountain Home, Arkansas. The luscious but spunky girl caught a soldier's eye. He hid under the stairs and reached out to hug her when she started to her room. Olivia packed a powerful wallop.

"I didn't know you'd be so damned toucheous," the soldier whimpered.

When the twice widowed Major Mooney had heard of Olivia's plight, he gallantly offered the hospitality of Mooney Manor and his name in marriage. She had accepted.

Clayton's plan for the protection of their home was simple. His little brothers, Greenwood and Calhoun, would take turns on the housetop. At the first alarm Olivia and the others were to take to the woods, closely followed by the lookout.

A few days later Clayton was riding just north of George's Creek Settlement when he became aware of an odor, the surprisingly sweet but overbearing scent of decaying flesh. He had learned to associate that stench with a sickly shade of green, the color of puke.

The scent of death was no stranger to him. He often came upon a horse left where it fell or a cow slaughtered by the bushbuzzards. Doggedly he followed the scent. Maybe it was a human left unburied.

When his horse balked, he tied his handkerchief over his face and continued through the woods to a clearing. The trees ringing the cabin were black with their burden of buzzards, and a dozen or more bolder ones patrolled the front yard craning their necks toward the cabin door. Reluctantly, they drew their lumpy red heads into ruffled feathers and thoughtfully watched him pass.

The cabin had plainly borne the brunt of a bushbuzzard attack. But it was not the broken dishes, the sheds of cloth, the spilled grain that attracted his attention. In hypnotized horror his eyes traveled from the white face and soot-circled eyes of a woman crooning a wordless, tuneless song to the bed. Twin boys about ten years old lay there. Their blond hair was curled around bloated, green-fly covered faces.

Blindly Clayton staggered into the woods and fell across a log. He puked until he was sure his very guts were on the ground.

"So help me God," he vowed bitterly, "I'll get every last one of 'em, iffen I have to crawl to hell and back to do it."

In a few days Clayton got his first taste of sweet revenge. Generally the Northern Army had no more use for the bushbuzzards than the Southerns. But in October of '64 renegades from General Curtis's men joined a band of bushbuzzards for one last foray before holing up for the winter.

Jack Frost's coat of many colors lent an air of gaiety to the hills, hiding the bone weariness of Lapland. The raiders swept the land, snatching carefully hoarded corn, barley and wheat and the comforts of woolen clothing, quilts and feather beds.

Clayton was in the Bruce Creek Hills when he spotted them. One glance revealed their success. Sixteen wagons and two ox carts carried the loot. As soon as he was sure the renegades and bushbuzzards were going to bypass Mooney Manor he lit out for Yellville and got some men together.

The lack of resistance had deceived the raiders into carelessness. After dark Mooney's men circled the camp and attacked. The battle lasted 30 minutes. The renegade soldiers fled at the first shot, to the delight of the bushbuzzards. They thought all the loot would be theirs.

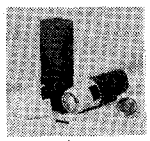
But they were all killed. Clayton personally took charge of the burial detail. That night he slept like a baby, thanks to the therapy of shoveling dirt into a bushbuzzard's face.

Two weeks later the bushbuzzards retaliated with an attack on Mooney's Manor. Olivia and the children escaped to the woods, but Calhoun refused to budge from the rooftop even when they set the house on fire. The seat of his pants got pretty hot before the raiders rode away. Calhoun even managed to save a few pieces of furniture before the flames engulfed the house. (My sister still uses the marble-top dresser he saved).

Calhoun knew every raider by name. He told his father, "They all owe you money, Pa."

Major Mooney had him write down their names, but Clayton needed no list. "Don't you fret, Leavie," he comforted his step-mother, "I'll get yore things back iffen I have to crawl to hell and back to do it."

When the war ended Clayton gathered



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an army of 50 veterans from both the North and the South. The first name on their list was old Morg, the captain of the outlaw band. Mooney's men tracked him for three days before sighting him on the river bluff at Cartney, Arkansas. 50 guns spoke as one. The most feared and hated man to ever live in the Lapland crumpled and died at the base of the beautiful palisade.

"Only time I ever laughed when a man lay a-dying. Come to think of it, Old Morg couldn't rightly be called a man," Uncle Clayton opined.

Old Morg's sister was remorseful or she succumbed to the famous Mooney charm. Anyway she guided Major Mooney to the outlaws' hideout and a goodly portion of their loot, including Olivia's wool fascinator and a large medal that had been awarded to her father, Captain Barnett Williams of the famed Floyd's Rifles.

For two weeks Mooney's men toured Lapland as heroes, basking in adulation and praise. "More'n one pretty little gal called men an angel for returning her earbobs or hair do-dads," Uncle Clayton laughed. "And I wasn't past collecting a kiss or two for my reward." Mooney's men divided the goods that was unclaimed.

When Clayton turned from the pleasant interlude he found his army had their bellyful of killing. Even the Major had lost his zest for war. He helped Clayton kill the three men who had taken over his steamboat landing at Batestown. Then he turned to the joys of raising his third family.

Clayton sought no release from his vow. He continued alone, shooting down any bushbuzzard where found. On the streets of Yellville, in a churchyard, on some mountainous trail, or at their home.

"I never let a man's family looking on stop my pistol. I figured his wife and younguns had a right to know what a dirty low down varmint their Pa was."

Word of the avenging angel spread like wildfire. Bushbuzzards left Lapland for a cooling off period, but their fate was still there waiting when they returned. In 1868 Clayton took time out to marry Amelia Williams, Olivia's younger sister.

In 1872 Clayton got religion. Elder Gosset, an itinerant frontier preacher, was holding an open air revival at Gassville, Arkansas. Crowds flocked to hear the hell-fire and damnation sermons. Clayton was attracted by the singing. By then only one man who had taken part in the burning of Mooney Manor was living, and he claimed to have a call to preach.

The congregation was about half way through "Amazing Grace" when a loudly dressed hulk of a man pushed Clayton off the bench and took his seat. It was the man who had been in on the burning, now calling himself a preacher.

With tears streaming down his face, Clayton finished the song in the dust of the aisle. Timidly he marched out of the bush arbor. "Amen, Glory to God," the jackleg preacher shouted after him.

The last amen had barely faded when the jackleg preacher came face to face with the avenging angel of Lapland.

"You got away with burning Pa's house, and I let you shove me offen the bench, but you shouted amen when I left the Lord's service, and by God, that's going a mite too fer." They say the jackleg preacher couldn't wait for Doc Ridley to tend his broken jaw. He had an overwhelming desire to leave Lapland.

The next ten years Clayton was content to be a good husband and father. He joined the church and his rendition of "O Come Angel Band," accompanied by Olivia on the organ, was a favorite at every funeral around. Major Mooney died in 1884, leaving Clayton responsible for both households. Then Olivia's barn burned, destroying four work horses, two cows, ten sacks of grain and a loft full of hay. Clayton heard the jackleg preacher was back in the country.

He strapped on two pistols and started out, followed by Olivia. Within 15 minutes he met the jackleg preacher and two companions. Clayton halted several paces up the road and asked the jackleg preacher if he burned the barn.

"You damned right I did," he roared. "And I'm going to burn the old ———'s house just as soon as I put a bullet through your bloody guts."

All four fired at once. Clayton's bullets cut down the jackleg preacher and one companion. The third had the drop on him, but Olivia galloped up and charged into him. His bullet ripped through her skirt and buried itself in the saddle.

"I pumped three bullets in him afore I could stop," your Granny Leavie said.

It had taken 20 years, but Clayton Mooney kept his vow. "And Hallelujah, Praise the Lord, I won't have to crawl to hell and back to do it," the old man shouted. ●

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5,000 MILES TO PROMISED LAND

(Continued from page 38)

End O Tracks with an allotment of flour, bacon, sugar, rice, beans, dried fruit, tea, vinegar, soap and salt.

On Sunday evening, August 30, the wagons were loaded and each immigrant assigned a place, ten to twelve per wagon. A long letter of instructions from Brigham Young was read to the group. The English immigrants were assigned to Capt. Mumford's train of mule drawn wagons, and the Scandinavians to Capt. Holman's ox train. Everyone except the guards (more on watch for errant workers from Benton than for Indians) turned in early.

The next morning three loud blasts from a steer-horn bugle aroused the group. A hasty breakfast, last minute packing, and yoking and harnessing the teams were followed by another call from the horn; and the entire group gathered around Bishop Jenson who had shepherded them across the ocean. He stood on a wagon box and offered morning prayer. Comparing the group before him to the Children of Israel in the wilderness, he asked God's blessing on them, to bring them safely to the Mormon Zion in the mountain valleys of Utah.

Then, to the loud "Gees" and "Haws" of the ox drivers, the crack of whips and the snap of reins, the wagons started off toward the Rockies and a new life for their 800 passengers.

The trains headed in a northwesterly direction rather than due west across the shorter, but almost waterless, sands of Wyoming's Red Desert, where there were 1,000 men working on the Union Pacific who weren't exactly sympathetic to them. The course they followed just skirted the eastern margin of the desert. It was, dry, dusty, and jolting on bodies already sore from a cramped ocean voyage and a railroad ride across half a continent. The first day's journey of ten miles must have seemed agonizingly short as far as distance was concerned.

In the evening of September 5, after four days on the trail, the first deaths occurred, a 75-year-old Englishman and a Swedish baby. They were buried beside the trail the next morning. Since the route the wagons were taking was not a regularly traveled road which the Indians usually avoided, the graves were left unmarked lest the red men dig them up.

On the seventh day they reached Muddy Gap, a pass between the Green and the Ferris Mountains near the present com-

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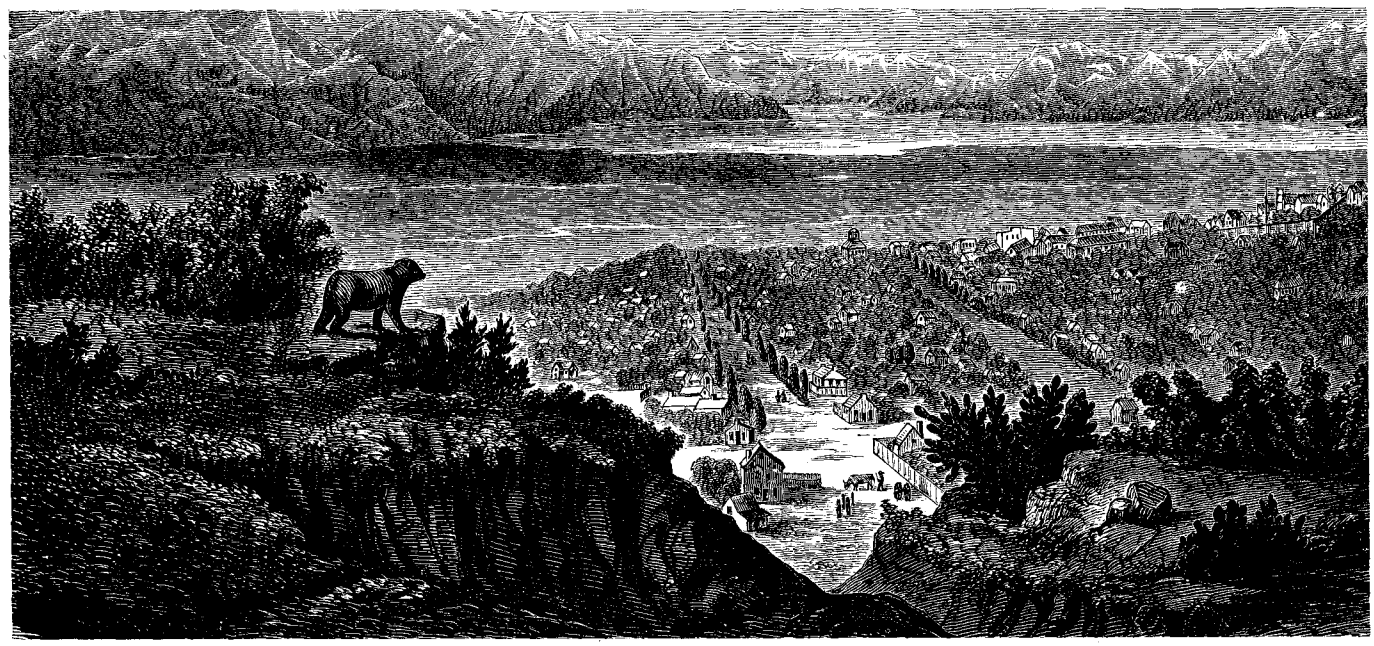

Great Salt Lake City, Utah, 1867.

munity of Three Forks, Wyoming. By this time the Europeans had become accustomed to rough trail travel. They had stopped complaining about the journey and started to complain about the allotted provisions. The chaplain of the Holman Company noted in his diary, "Some of the Saints murmured because of the provisions which consisted of bread and meat at every meal."

Evenings now became something more than a time to drag weary muscles to bed. Square dances, singing and exchange of stories enlivened the nights before crackling fires under a sky growing chill with the approach of fall. The wagons were placed in several large circles, the tongue of one resting on the rear axle of the one ahead of it. The animals were corraled in these circles after being allowed to graze for several hours. The immigrants and drivers slept in tents pitched around the circles while armed guards stood watch around the encampment.

Prayers were offered both morning and evening by the chaplains of the two companies. Though the trains were traveling under the auspices of the Mormon Church, Sunday was spent on the trail like any other day. The prime concern was to get the companies to Utah and the immigrants settled before winter set it.

On September 8 they reached the Sweetwater River and the famed Oregon Trail. Along the side of the Trail was another reminder that an era had passed, for there, stretching to both the eastern and western horizons, were the lines of the transcontinental telegraph. Other traffic also became more numerous, wagons, horses and stagecoaches bound for the mines around South Pass City.

The next day the two companies crossed to the north bank of the Sweetwater. On the night of the tenth they camped on Rock Creek near the old Burnt Ranch stage station. From there a messenger was sent into South Pass City with telegrams to be wired to Brigham Young at Salt Lake.

On September 11, in the face of a biting wind, the wagons rolled across the Continental Divide through the South Pass. The wind and rain continued for several days while the companies traveled along Big Sandy Creek. On the fourteenth they pulled into the little settlement around the Lombard Ferry on Green River. The immigrants crossed over on a ferry boat while the wagons were driven across through the water, low because of the lateness of the season. A few fresh provisions were purchased at Lombard Ferry. The next day both companies remained in camp. Most of the immigrants, especially the Danes, were suffering with mountain fever; and since the hardest part of the journey was yet to come, they rested.

On the 16th both trains were back on the road, still traveling close together. Rain made the traveling slow; and, with half the company ill with fever, it was more difficult than ever. That night there was another death and another grave along the trail.

The next night the oxen belonging to the Holman company strayed. Since speed was of the utmost importance, it was decided that the mule train should go ahead, but to take most of the luggage belonging to the Holman train to lighten their load and enable them to travel faster when the oxen were found. A little after daybreak the Mumford train pulled out, and the men of the other group went out searching for the missing beasts. They were located about noon, and the Holman train started up the Muddy.

It was on the Muddy that the trail again met the railroad grade, alive with work crews racing to get the tracks across the Wasatch Mountains and into the Salt Lake Valley before snowfall. There was

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no need for the two wagon trains to detour around these workmen as they had done when they left Benton a month earlier. The men grading this part of the railroad were Mormons from the Utah settlements sent out by Brigham Young. They were working under the direction of their own bishops. Since the church was anxious to have the railroad completed, single men in the two companies were encouraged to stop and work on the grade. Many accepted the offer of employment. The trip had been expensive, and they were entering on a new life in a new land with very little money. It is perhaps fitting that those who traveled in the last wagon trains should have helped build the transcontinental railroad which made such wagon trains as theirs unnecessary.

On the night of the eighteenth the oxen again strayed. The Mumford company was now a full day ahead. The rate of travel slowed as the terrain became rougher. From about 12 miles a day, the ox teams slowed to six or seven. On the twenty-first the Holman company started down Echo Canyon. That night they camped in the fields outside of Coalville, a Mormon settlement. Salt Lake was close but they were going slowly. The evening of the twenty-second found them at Silver Creek; the twenty-third at Kimball Junction. The next day they crossed the summit of the mountains and started down Parley's Canyon, only 15 miles from Salt Lake and all down hill.

At three o'clock that afternoon the Mumford company drove down the dusty streets to Brigham Young's office. A few hours later the Holman train came out of the canyon. It was too late to go on into the city that night. Camp was made near the site of the "This Is The Place" monument.

In the twilight the dark blue of the distant lake and the soft glow of the lamp lights in the city could be seen from the camp. Evening masked out the harshness of the desert and the rude beginnings of life in it. It looked like the Zion which they had expected, the new Promised Land.

Twenty-four hours later the citizens of Salt Lake City sat down to read the *Deseret Evening News.* Among the items of that issue of September 25, 1868, was one announcing the trains's arrival:

"This morning Capt. J.G. Holman's ox train of 62 wagons got in, bringing a little over 600 passengers. He had with his train the immigrants that crossed the Atlantic in the *Emerald Isle,* a number of whom had to go into the hospital on reaching New York, and among whom there had been much sickness on the sea voyage. Several were sick when they left the cars at Benton, but the mortality on the trip from that point was not high, considering the circumstances...He (Captain Holman) left Benton with his train on Sept. 1, and consequently made the trip in about 24 days, although there were several detentions on the way. This is the last immigrant train of the season."

The immigrants in the two companies had faced a sea voyage of 1,000 miles, a train trip across half the continent, and the last wagon haul into the Salt Lake Valley. From there the immigrants spread out to begin new lives in the communities springing up in the mountain valleys.

But that was all in the future on those days in late September, 1868, when the last wagon trains arrived. The next May the railroad was finished and transcontinental travel was shortenend to eight days. Wagon trips continued, of course, long after the driving of the Golden Spike, but they were largely individual treks to new homes near the rails. The days of the great, organized trains had, for the most part, passed into history when Captain Holman's ox train lumbered into Salt Lake City on September 25, 1868. ●

TUCSON'S FIRST MERCHANT

(Continued from page 39)

Warner, the mason, helped to build these structures.

It was about this time that the Gadsden Purchase boundary line was being established. Warner bought a stock of goods from George F. Hooper and Company, loaded his merchandise on 13 mules, and set out for Tucson, He reached there on February 29, 1856.

Tucson was his destination. He said, "Tucson was the only place where any white people lived, with the exception of San Xavier eight or nine miles south of Tucson. A few Mexicans lived with the Papago Indians there."

It is estimated that some 400 Mexicans and between 30 and 40 Americans resided in Tucson in 1856.

Solomon Warner opened the first "American" store in Tucson on March 10, 1856.

Warner's General Store was located just outside the west gate of the walled "city" of Tucson. His store was the first one owned by an American which was stocked almost entirely with American goods. Judge Mark Aldrich, later mayor of Tucson, was the first American to open a general store in that city. He did so before Warner arrived. And there were a few other Mexican-owned shops, but all these stores featured goods brought in from Sonora. Aldrich soon became a partner of Warner and on November 10, 1856, they advertised in the *Arizonian* that they had on sale "the finest stock of general merchandise ever offered for sale in this vicinity. The stock comprises a general assortment of dry goods, groceries, clothing, blankets, hardware, tobacco, hats, boots and shoes."

Warner-Ortiz burial plot in Holy Hope Cemetery, Tucson.

Warner prospered in Tucson, and took a part in almost every useful enterprise in that city, including the establishment of a blacksmith shop. Approximately every three months he made trips to Yuma for more goods for his store. On these trips he usually carried a double-barreled muzzle loader, circa 1850. This was a scatter gun particularly useful in close-up Indian fighting.

Warner also traded heavily with the army posts in the area, especially Fort Buchanan, but soon his five prosperous years were all washed away with the coming of the Civil War.

The Yankees abandoned their army posts.

Captain Sherod Hunter led his Texas Confederate Cavalry into Tucson in February, 1862. Solomon Warner, a

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Union sympathizer, was given the choice of either joining Hunter's cavalry or leaving town. Tucson's first merchant of American goods decided to leave for Santa Cruz, Sonora, Mexico, some 120 miles to the southeast. The Confederates confiscated his stock.

Warner prospered even more in Santa Cruz than he had in Tucson. In Mexico he owned a large ranch and many head of cattle. He was a freighter, started a flour mill, and ran a small store. He married a prosperous Sonora widow with a beautiful 16-year-old daughter named Eulalia.

Shortly after the Civil War ended, "Don Solomon", as he was called by the Mexicans, returned to Tucson. He rebuilt his store, stocked it with goods, and was in business once again, and doing very well. History had lost track of what happened to his Mexican wife—she did not accompany him to Tucson.

On January 28, 1870, Solomon Warner was seriously wounded by the Apaches while traveling in a wagon train from Santa Cruz to Tucson. The first report of the incident recorded Warner as being killed, along with his companion, a Dr. Wakefield, who died when the two were attacked near Fort Crittenden. Warner had three bullets pass through his right arm, breaking it near the shoulder. An arrow penetrated his left wrist joint. Two weeks after he was wounded he was taken to Tucson under a detachment of Mexican cavalry who had been assisting United States military units in the United States in the war on the Apaches. The Mexican detachment included his son-in-law, who had married Eulalia.

Warner was in bed for some three months, recovering from his wounds. Although he lived, this man with his large frame and great strength, and long, gray, bushy beard, was rendered a partial cripple for the rest of his life. His right hand and arm never recovered their full usefulness.

In 1871 Warner adopted 14-year-old Francisco Luges, whose name was changed to John Solomon Warner by Act of the Arizona Legislature on February 14, 1871.

In 1874-1875 Solomon Warner built a large, stone, water-driven flour mill at the foot of what was then called Sentinel Peak, also securing the right of way for a water ditch across Mission Gardens from Bishop John B. Salpointe.

The *Arizona Citizen* reported on January 8, 1876:

"Solomon Warner's Mission Flouring Mill is a success beyond expectations. He turned the first water on the wheel October 20 and up to January 1, he took in 179,000 pounds of wheat, and after that about 20,000 pounds. Everything moves smoothly and the work of the mill is wholly satisfactory to proprietor and patrons. In its possession, Mr. Warner enjoys deserved happiness and prosperity.

Another article in the same newspaper, on December 30, 1876, stated:

"Solomon Warner and friends' ball at the Mission Mills, last Saturday night, was, as we predicted, a very pleasant affair. The Messrs. Warner extended a hearty Christmas greeting to a large gathering of friends and Mr. Creamer did the honors of the evening with his customary gallantry. After dancing at the mill, the party adjourned to Mr. Warner's house where a nice feast was spread, and which received full justice at their hands. What with it, balls and picnics and parties, the Mission Mills occupies a bright place in the estimation of many of the young people in these parts.

In 1878 Warner traveled to California to get new machinery for the mill, which he had decided to convert to steam. But success slipped through his fingers, due to much competition, and he was compelled to sell out.

On March 19, 1883, a daughter was born to the wife of Warner's adopted son. The girl lived only nine months. Her grandfather, "Don Solomon", felt so badly about this turn of events that he erected a tomb on the slope of Sentinel Peak, where he could see it from his flour mill at the foot of the mountain. The ruins of the tomb are no longer to be seen, and it is believed the grandfather had the remains transferred to a cemetery when he sold his mill.

Warner's General Store also had much competition from many new merchants. The railroad, too, meant more competition for him in that it brought in produce and merchandise much more cheaply than he could freight it in.

Age crept up on Solomon Warner. Old wounds, and his years of hard work, made him much less able to compete in the business world.

In 1890 he made his claim against the United States Government for Indian depredations, property destroyed and wounds received.

At the age of 84, on February 26, 1895, he renewed this claim. As far as is known, he never received one cent from the Government.

For the last ten years or so of his life he was absorbed with the idea that he could construct a perpetual motion machine. He failed to produce such a machine, but he never did give up on this scheme. He would neglect to sleep and eat for days at a time, always working on his invention. Like so many old pioneers of Arizona, he died in straitened circumstances after a painful and lingering illness from cancer of the throat, on Tuesday morning, November 14, 1899.

"Don Solomon" is buried in the Holy Hope Cemetery in Tucson. His adopted son, who died on August 22, 1928, lies buried beside him.

Part of the legend on Warner's gravestone carries these words: "Pioneers Since March 21, 1856." ●

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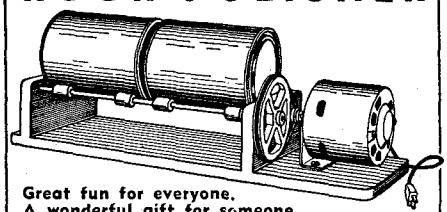

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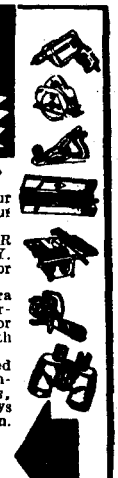

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HENRY STARR AND THE ROUGH ONES

(Continued from page 15)

bullies the whole town did not like. It seems these fellows had been dating the two girls and didn't want anybody else to interfere.

Sunday morning when the train pulled out of Zanesville, hid away in one of my stock cars was one of the young girls George Wallace had talked to. She wanted to go along and learn how to be an expert rider and champion cowgirl. Now the funny part of this is, in a few years Pauline (that was the girl's name) did become the world's champion cowgirl trick rider and bucking horse rider.

Jim Nesbitt, one of the world's greatest cowboy clowns, whom I got in Iowa, and put his first make-up on at Kirksville, Missouri at one of my rodeos, got stuck on Pauline and made the rodeos with her.

Nesbitt was a real bulldogger. He was a big man, liked by all. He was capable and always had money.

Later on, Nesbitt and Pauline married and became the Number 1 team of the rodeo world for years to come.

Just one other thing about Nesbitt. One day at one of my rodeos in Missouri, a cowboy by the name of Milt Moe had a difference with him. They went to the hotel to get in Milt Moe's room, locked the door, threw the key over the transom and started their fight. When Curly Roberts and I unlocked the door with the key they threw in the hall, Nesbitt and Moe were both as bloody as stuck hogs.

They shook hands and were good pals thereafter. This was the way of cowboys those days.

Now, not to get ahead of myself, and go back to the carnivals, here's a few things that happened sometimes when a "Hey Rube!" was heard.

We were playing the ball park right on

Pauline doing shoulder stand.

the river at Marion, Ohio, with the Ziedman and Pollie Carnival. A few of the boys and I were letting down the sides of the wagon front when someone yelled, "Stop that man, Wild West!" I had a claw hammer in my hand and jumped down, ran to the fellow who had his knife open. It and his hand were bloody. I stopped him with the hammer. He had just cut a concession man up badly. It all started when the blond wife, who ran a cat rack (ball game), had promised the fellow a date Saturday night. This was not the only fellow lined up waiting for a date. She promised them all a date in order to get them to throw at her cats. We took the fellow to the head of the midway. The townies all pitched in to help the man and the "Hey Rube" started. All the carnival workers were ready. Each had a stake, hammer, or something and it was not long before the midway was full of sore heads, lots of them laying on the ground.

The town's bad actors always stayed out late at night. This was one night they were sorry to be out. I was hit in the back of my head with an iron pipe in the hands of a "townie" who was really mad. I was told that as fast as I knocked a man down, one of the "carnies" went through his pockets. I did not see this so cannot say it was true. The fight worked its way out of the ball park and to the river. It is said that somebody knocked one of the fellows in the river.

Willie Ziedman was standing in the door of the office wagon looking worried and saying, "We are giving them hell, but it'll cost us lots of money!"

The law came and cleared out the carnival grounds.

We loaded up and got out of town. When the show closed that season I booked a rodeo for the Bahia Temple at Miami, Florida and for the Oasis Temple at Charlotte, North Carolina. I shipped to Orlando, Florida, with all our stock for the winter and to play other early Florida dates.

Miami was just a small city. We showed in Luna Park. I had all my stock, Jack W. King and Jim Eskew's stock. It was a good show.

We shipped to Charlotte, North Carolina, and I produced a big rodeo for the Oasis Temple. Then to Key West, Florida, and loaded on a boat for Havana, Cuba, where we produced a real Wild West Show.

We showed in Havana right on the grounds where the capitol building now stands. John Creathers remained in Cuba for seven years, then joined Colonel Jim Eskew's Rodeo.

I shipped from Cuba to New Orleans and to South West City, Missouri, to Bud Leonard's Rodeo. This was the fall of 1923. That winter we had quarters at Bay Minette, Alabama, the county seat of Baldwin County, the second largest county in the nation. It was second only to Brewster County, Texas. ●

THE MIDNIGHT CALL TO ARMS

(Continued from page 35)

We got orders to move, and the poor fellows who were unable to mount we helped to their horses. The creek was to be the test of our discipline. If the Lieutenant crossed it and kept on south, it certainly meant death to many of us. If he turned to the left and went down the creek, it meant that in a few hours we should be under shelter.

Of course, it is a soldier's duty to obey orders, and there was not a man of us who would have flinched at any duty, no matter what the suffering, if there had been any sense or reason in it; but to go any farther seemed nothing short of madness—we faced certain oblivion.

We crossed the creek and started south, and how our hopes sunk! We traveled about an hour, and I don't think there were ten words spoken. Then we all began to talk and shout, and the men were straggled all over the prairie. The storm was coming on again, and I think the Lieutenant got a little "rattled," for we saw him strike out at a trot with five men in an entirely different direction from the one we had been following.

I had been all through this valley, and hunted for miles on each side of it while doing escort duty for the surveyors of the Union Pacific Railroad; so I took it upon myself to guide the party that was left to a place called Loueye's Ranch, where we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon in a blinding blizzard. We were dumbfounded to find that the Lieutenant and his party were there ahead of us.

We drew up in line in front of the ranch and as the men began to dismount most of them fell to the ground with the left foot stuck in the stirrup. Colonel Kellogg, with his wife and their escorts, were staying at the ranch over night; he was on his way to Fort Phil Kearny. The Colonel and his beautiful wife helped to get the men into the ranch, and took care of them throughout the long night.

It was not until then that the awful condition of the men became fully known, for as the heat got to the parts frozen they became terribly swollen.

The next day four six-mule government wagons and two mule ambulances came

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from Fort Sedgwick and all possible speed was to be made to get the frozen men to the fort where they could have medical attendance. The cold weather had not abated to any great extent, and it required sharp work to keep those of the men who were frozen the worst from going to sleep in the wagons.

Out of the thirty-seven men who had left the fort four days before, there were twenty-eight empty saddles; and one horse and a man were unaccounted for. The men who were able to ride led the saddled horses. I noted the angry face of Captain Fox as he saw the remnants of his company go by. He addressed a few remarks to Lieutenant Keene. I did not hear what he said, as enlisted men are not supposed to hear an officer when he reprimands another; but I don't think what he said would look nice in print. Nor do I believe the Captain said anything that would prompt the Lieutenant to prefer mutiny charges.

There were nine of those frozen men who lost parts of their bodies, some a foot, others a hand; one, a German, went to blow his nose a week or so later, and when he got through he held the fleshy part between his fingers and thumb. One man lost both legs; another lost three fingers; one an ear and the heel of his right foot, and many were discharged for disability.

It was a long time before we could recruit enough men to bring our cavalry troop up to full strength. ●

Reprinted from McClure's Magazine, June, 1899.

THIS IS ROLLING CLOUD

(Continued from page 23)

Sun-Girl had been known as the Cattle Queen to the Indians. She had brought a herd with her from her home in the South. Even though some of her animals had drowned while crossing the Mississippi, and others had died on the long trek to the Indian Territory, she still had a sizable herd from which to raise more cattle. Chief Isparhecher, a Muscogee (Creek) Indian and member of the Creek National Council and Judge of the Supreme Court of the Nation, had been a friend to Rolling Cloud's grandmother and grandfather.

It was Chief Isparhecher, who advised Sun-Girl to let him make out a document that would show Rolling Cloud was her heir. She had often told him of her desire to leave all her holdings to her beloved grandchild, so that he could study and become a great Medicine Man and that he could acquire the white man's book learning.

She was a legal land owner, for in 1895 the government surveyors were sent to the Indian Territory and Creek Nation to sectionize the land. When the surveying was completed in 1897, the work of turning over to each Creek Indian and Creek Freedman 160 acres of land was begun. Even the children were allotted 160 acres of land. The Freedman were Negroes who had been slaves in the South, who had escaped from their white masters and taken refuge with the friendly Indian tribes and traveled with them on the long trip up from the South.

Each name was entered on a census card and a number assigned to every individual. All Indians were also given Americanized or English names and listed as such. After the incorporation of the Indian Territory and Oklahoma Territory into the State of Oklahoma (Choctaw word meaning the Home of the Red Man) some of the restrictions were removed from the Indian and he was allowed to sell part of his land. Some of the land became very valuable upon the discovery of oil; but the greater part of the land belonging to the Creeks was rough, rocky land, not suitable for farming.

The land that Rolling Cloud's grandmother and grandfather had settled on was good land, so they built a ranch house on the middle section which later became theirs legally when 160 acres was allotted to all Indians.

The land, the animals, the house, all of it was supposed to go to Rolling Cloud; and the boy trusted his uncle to look after the property until he would become of legal age to claim it. High Warrior assured him that he would keep the cow hands on the place and would hire a foreman to manage it. So the youth packed his clothes and items he needed and prepared to go to live in Uncle Robert Stewart's cabin.

When the news spread through the Creek Nation that the Cattle Queen, Sun-Girl, was dead, William Bruner, Rolling Cloud's father, heard the news and hastened to Little Town and to the boy's ranch home, arriving there just as Rolling Cloud was getting into the wagon to go on to his uncle's place.

The youth had seen his father only a few times in his life. Rolling Cloud had no love for him, and he was filled with fear that he would have to go with his father.

"I have come to claim my son," Black Bear (William Bruner) told Robert Stewart. "I shall live here with him until he is old enough to take possession of his property. Under tribal law, I may do so."

The boy saw the frown that came upon his uncle's face and knew that he was angry.

"You have no claim on the boy!" High

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Warrior exclaimed. "All these years you have neglected him and would not be here now if it were not for the ranch and cattle left to Rolling Cloud! It is the tribal law that you be allowed to look after the boy's interest, but I shall take Rolling Cloud home with me. That was my sister's wish. I will see that you take care of this place for the boy, and you will be accountable to me!"

High Warrior climbed into the wagon beside the Indian lad, and they rode away. Rolling Cloud did not look back at his father.

Robert Stewart died when the boy was eight years old. Again Rolling Cloud knew sorrow and fear. Sorrow at the loss of the man who had been like a father to him and fear that William Bruner, his own father, would demand that he come and live with him. Robert Stewart's family assured him that he could remain there; but his Aunt Luci came to the funeral and told him that now he must come and live with her, that his uncle had wished it to be so.

Young Rolling Cloud packed his things again, and sad at heart, went to live with his aunt. He was sent to school and encouraged to continue his study of the Indian medicines. Aunt Luci had decided that Rolling Cloud would also have to study the laws of the white man so he could help the members of the tribe who were not educated or unable to obtain an education. She wanted him to be able to keep the white man from cheating Indians out of their land, as the palefaces were trying to do and as they had done in the South. To this end Rolling Cloud attended an Indian school until the Government closed them down, saying that Indians would have to attend the public schools.

The boy, taught to be obedient, tried to please Aunt Luci, but knew that he would go on and become a Medicine Man, like his grandmother wanted him to be. He was sent to the Wetumka Mission School until the Government took over all the schools. In summer he worked on the neighboring ranches, and farmed with his half-brother for two years. He never went back to his grandmother's ranch to see his father; for word got to him that Black Bear had sold the place, and all of the animals, and he had no inheritance except that which the Government had allotted him, the 160 acres. When he became 21 years old he would be able to do something with this acreage.

As Rolling Cloud grew to manhood, he wanted to keep alive the Indian dances and rituals of his tribe, for he saw the insidious creeping in of the white man's habits and the adoption of these habits by many of the tribes. He knew that some of the white man's ideas were good, and the clothing, which the whole tribe had adopted, was comfortable to wear. The cabins they lived in were not the nice houses his ancestors had lived in down south, Rolling Cloud knew, but they were comfortable.

Rolling Cloud began to teach the young Indian children the dances and songs; songs that his grandmother had taught him. Songs of his people that went with learning about the herbs and roots; the medicines and how to sing as he mixed the herbs and roots. He talked the white man's language to them, knowing full well they would have a great need of it. He interpreted the language for the old men and women, and members of his tribe looked upon him as a very wise young man. They came to him for counsel.

He attended the Bacone College in Muscogee, Oklahoma, and the Haskell Indian Institute in Kansas. This was his education. Having reached manhood by this time, and wanting to see what was beyond the Oklahoma Hills, he went out to California. He was such a colorful figure that he was soon offered parts in motion pictures. For years he was associated with the major picture studios in Hollywood, and worked with the then top-flight actors like Ken Maynard, Buck Jones, Johnny Mack Brown and others. He continued on in his work until he retired.

Today, Rolling Cloud (Charles Bruner) is still a most colorful Indian, Chief to his friends. He is an authority on Indian lore, arts and crafts; is a popular lecturer and interpreter. He is counselor and interpreter for his tribe; is advisor to the young. He keeps the legends alive and the rituals, dances and songs of the tribe fresh in their minds.

He manufactures authentic Indian costumes and war bonnets for several Indian dancers. He personally instructs the Indian dancers of his own area in California; sees to it that their costumes are authentic.

Today, Rolling Cloud is a fine figure of a man, an honor to his tribe. He still retains the medical knowledge he learned as a boy, but according to the white man's law he is not able to make use of it.

This is "Chief" Rolling Cloud. ●

THE TEMPERAMENTAL EXPLORER

(Continued from page 28)

An incident happened to us which demonstrates their utter want of feeling for the interests of others. While at one of our camps a party of Indians returned from a journey to the interior which they had made on snow-shoes. I noticed that their chief, Klenta Koosh, was not with them on their return, and I asked of one of the Indians, "Kusu Klenta Koosh" (("Where is Klenta Koosh")? "Klake sekoo, klake setteen" ("I don't know. I have not seen him"). Then he explained that he had not seen the chief for three days.

While crossing the mountains they were caught in a dense fog; the party kept together for a time by calling constantly to one another, but finally the voice of the chief grew fainter and fainter, and then could no longer be heard. In the same breath with this explanation the Indian asked me, "Have the salmon started to run up our river?" I ignored his question, and asked again, "But where is Klenta Koosh?" As if disgusted at my interest in such a trivial matter, the man asnwered quite snappishly, "I don't know; either he has been killed by a bear or drowned crossing one of the swollen streams."

During our stay at the Indian village of Klokwan our horses remained in splendid condition. The natives themselves were too scared at the strange animals to annoy them. Their dogs at first made a noisy attack, but a few kicks from the horses warned them that it was more comfortable to howl at a distance.

Toward the end of May the summer warmth had rid the valleys of their winter snow; so we saddled up and moved on toward the interior. Our road from Klokwan lay along the course of the Kleeheenee, which heads away from a glacier and, flowing from the westward, enters the Chilkat River just above the village.

In crossing the parent river, now swollen by its tribute from melting snows into a deep, swift stream, we towed each of our horses across with a canoe, with which we also carried our supplies as far as navigation permitted. We then harnessed up again and, riding on the pack-saddles, proceeded on our way along the stony valley of the Kleeheenee, which we had to swim several times on horseback, where the precipitous bluffs on one bank stopped our advance and compelled us to cross.

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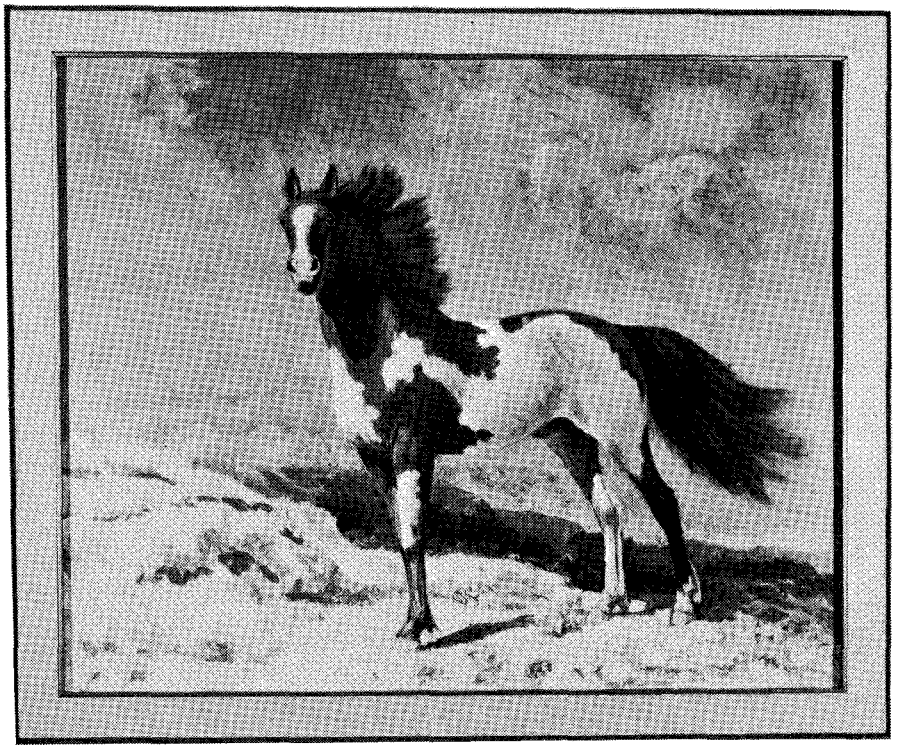

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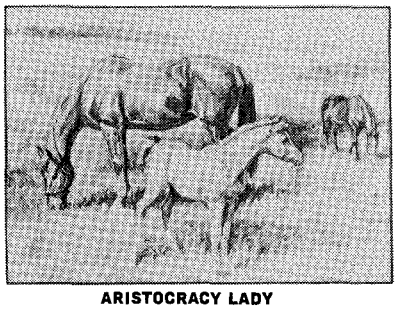

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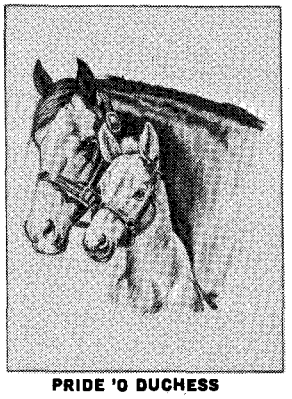

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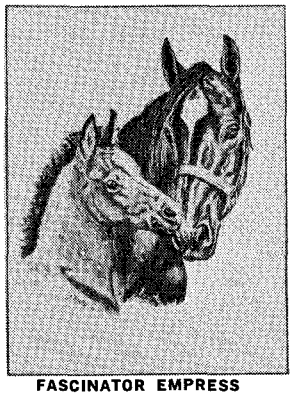

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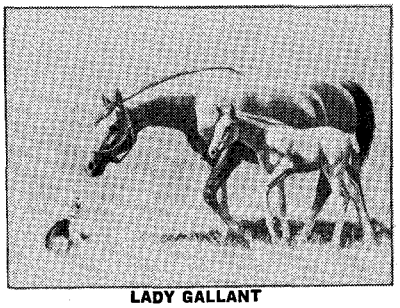

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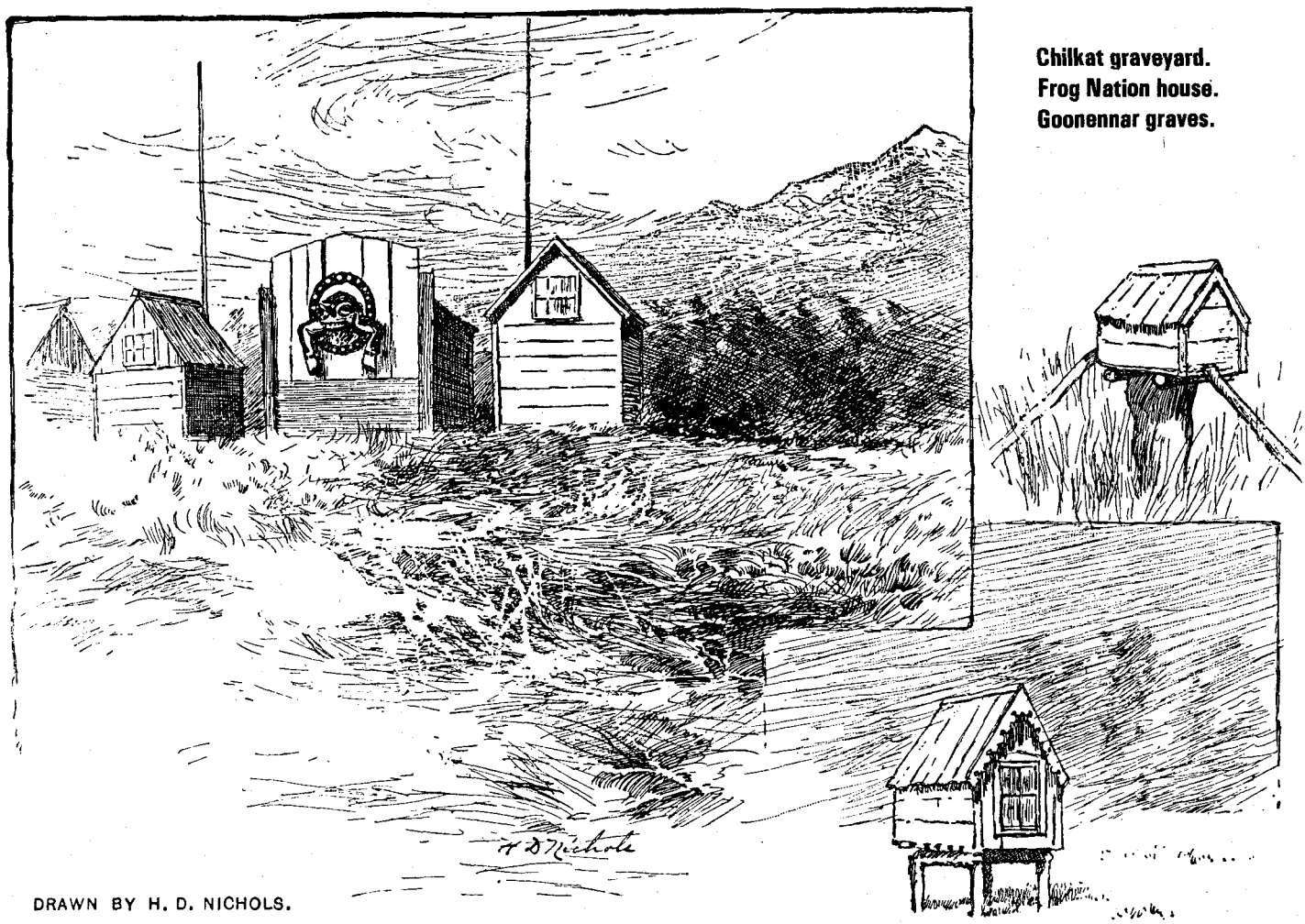

Chilkat graveyard.
Frog Nation house.
Goonennar graves.

DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

At one place I had a bad fall. The horse I was riding sank into a small bed of quicksand and, struggling to free himself, reared and fell backward. Fortunately I was thrown off a sufficient distance to be safe from his plunging and kicking, and finally Dalton and I helped him out.

This stream, though at places not more than 100 yards in width, is a treacherous torrent. Only last year a man lost his life while attempting to descend it on a raft. After proceeding twenty miles from our last camp, another halt became necessary. The valleys were free from snow, but the mountain slopes seemed loath to discard their winter mantling.

We were compelled to pitch our tent again, and to wait till summer gained full power. At this camp both we and our horses were tormented most unmercifully by mosquitos and a hideous assortment of teasing insects. A liberal daubing of bacon fat and pitch around the eyes and ears of our animals kept those sensitive parts free from the pests, and when my head grew so bumpy I could not get my hat on I applied the remedy to my own anatomy with a good deal of success.

When not feeding, our horses would leave the sheltered places and seek the open stone flats to avail themselves of whatever breeze was blowing; they would then stand in couples so that each had the benefit of the other's tail as a swish. We had three horses, and one little mare who was the pet of the band; she would often stand behind two horses, and thus enjoy a monopoly of the fly-brushes.

Our Indian guide was most anxious to ride on horseback, and an opportunity presented itself to indulge him while we were shifting camp a few miles. We had loaded our horses very lightly and were riding on the packs, and while thus occupied our Indian suffered a sudden change in his usually uninteresting and phlegmatic course of life.

He was riding the little mare. Close to our camp there was a broad, deep ditch, with steep banks on each side. We had always walked our horses down one side and up the other. The Indian had no reason to suppose that the mare would depart from that custom; but he had no time for any meditation on the subject, for upon arriving at the brink the little mare sprang over the ditch. The copper-colored rider was pitched into the air. He sat dazed until returning reason convinced him that it was too serious a mishap to be a dream.

Fearing that we might have a lot of soft snow to cross on the summit, we constructed sets of four snow-shoes for our horses. We trimmed some stout young spruce saplings, then lashed these into hoops fourteen inches in diameter, and filled them in with plaited rope, each, when finished, resembling the exaggerated head of a lawn-tennis racket. The horse's hoof was placed in a pad in the center of the shoe, and a series of loops drawn up and laced round the fetlock kept it in place.

When first experimenting with these, a horse would snort and tremble upon lifting his feet. Then he would make the most vigorous efforts to shake them off. Standing on his hind-legs, he would savagely paw the air, then quickly tumble on to his fore-legs and kick frantically.

We gave them daily instruction in this novel accomplishment till each horse was an expert; but our precaution proved unnecessary, for all the snow we crossed during the season was packed hard.

At last we set forth in earnest. Gradually we had been following the receding snow, and had now reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains, forming the divide or coast-range. The dreaded wall of towering heights which had kept the land so long unknown was ahead of us. Thus far our march had been over stony valleys along the Chilkat and the Kleeheenee rivers. We now left the rivers and struck northward.

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On the lower slopes of the mountains we had to cut a trail through forests of spruce and hemlock. The steep hillsides of the higher levels we found covered with a dense growth of brittle shrub and coarse grass, and, on the extreme heights, snow-fields and moss-covered rock.

We had made several reconnoitering trips to select the best ways, and we reached the summit, 4750 feet elevation, by slow and careful ascent, without any serious mishap. On the extreme heights of the divide a giant table-land extends for several miles in all directions.

The air was cold, the view cheerless, all lower lands were out of sight, and a distant circle of snowy peaks penciled out the horizon with glistening ruggedness. Everywhere on the high levels we crossed over immense patches of snow, in most places packed so hard that our horses' iron shoes made but little impression. Occasionally, however, the crisp surface would break through, and lowered us and our animals into deep, soft snow.

While leading the little mare across one gulch, the hardened crust collapsed, and I and my horse tumbled out of sight into an icy stream coursing through its snowy tunnel beneath.

By this time my mare had become quite philosophical in her acceptance of such incidents; she remained quiet, and looked at me as if inquiring what I meant to do under the circumstances. So I clambered out and, giving her plenty of rope, urged and coaxed her to follow. The opposite bank of the gulch being only a few yards distant, by energetic plunging she broke her way through and climbed out.

Everywhere the surface of the land had been deeply scarred by glacial violence into hollows and deep, dark canyons. It needed the greatest caution to descend and climb the treacherous cuttings, banked on each side by ragged, rocky walls, rising steep and threatening from the dank depths beneath, choked with boulders, and hemming in an angry torrent.

Sometimes the approach was down a steep face of slippery granite, and the horses would slide several feet before getting foothold; in other places loosened rocks would give way. But our plucky little animals would struggle and spring into safety and obtain respite from the threatened accident. Many of the cuttings grooved out are shallow, with low grass banks sloping gracefully to the beds of tiny streamlets beneath.

From the Kleeheenee River to the summit and over the divide our course had been almost due north. When once beyond the coast-range, which took up two days' hard traveling, we gradually descended to a lower level, and struck away to the westward into a great valley, reaching as far as the eye could see, and walled on each side by a lofty line of mountains, thickly wooded to the snow-line.

Avalanche and torrent had hewn the hillsides into deep ravines, and moving ice-fields had forced a way through the rocky wall. In the valleys beneath a rapid stream coursed along to the west, gaining volume on the way as tributaries from lakes and of melting snow flowed into it through the mountain gorges.

As the lower levels were choked with timber-lands, we struck to the left, and found a better way along the crests of the foot-hills; we crossed immense areas of glacial deposit—boulder, pebble, and sand—floundered to the saddle-blankets in spongy quagmire, and tramped through pasture-lands clothed in the richest grasses. Several times our horses sank deep into the treacherous bog, which threatened to engulf them, but by taking off their heavy packs, unsaddling them, and aiding their own efforts by lifting and hauling, we were always able to get them out into safety again.

After encountering any such mishap, we made it a rule to prospect for another way, so as to avoid the bad places on any future journey. Even on the heights we found lakes and marsh-lands, which

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(My Signature)

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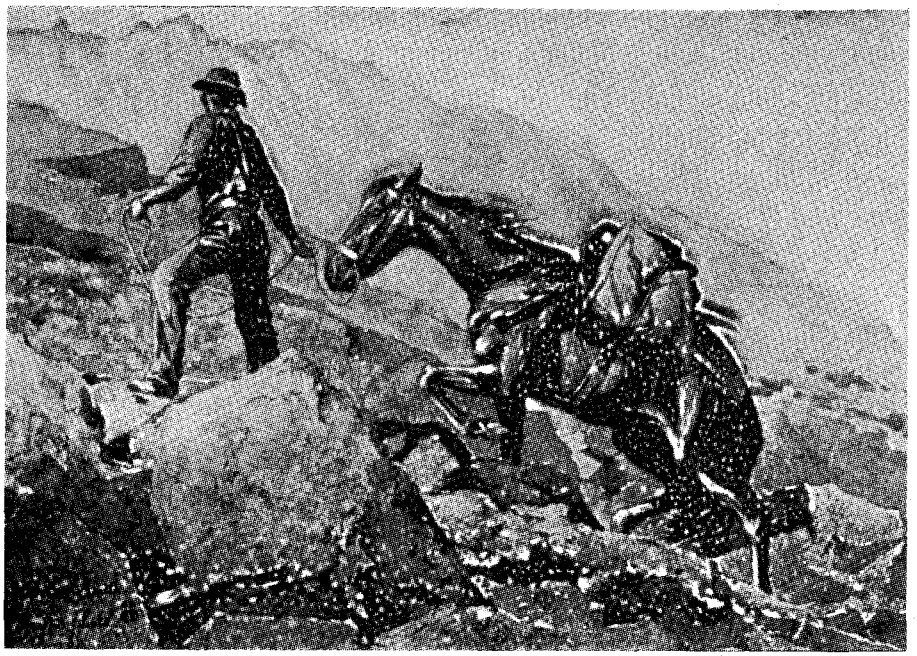

A rough bit of climbing.

owed their origin to waters from melting snow imprisoned in hollows without an outlet.

After two more days of hard traveling we reached a wooded bluff overlooking an Indian village. Descending to the banks of a river the course of which we had been following, we fired a couple of rifle-shots, which is the Indian signal of approach. Soon a crowd appeared on the opposite bank and shoved their dugouts into the stream; we unsaddled our horses and swam them across the river, and the Indians carried our belongings over in their canoes. We loaded up again, and a few minutes' walk took us to the Indian village of Neska-a-ta-heen.

Dalton and I had met these people during the journey of the previous summer; we then approached this settlement from the north on our way down the Alseck River to the Pacific Ocean.

The road over which we had now traveled was the direct way from the coast. No glaciers or insurmountable difficulties obstruct this route. Our arrival at this point with the pioneer band of horses is a most important event in Alaskan history, destined in the near future to receive due recognition.

We had been accompanied thus far by three coast Indians, one as interpreter, and two as guides, hired at two dollars a day and their board. This precaution is absolutely necessary in pioneer travel; those who follow in an explorer's footsteps can dispense with it. These men took us over the most difficult trails, endeavoring by all means in their power to make our experiment a *failure*. In fact, they had accompanied us in order to have the opportunity of disheartening us in their own interest. We carried their blankets, and everything they had, on our horses, so that they had to keep up with our pace. However, being paid by the day, they tried to delay us; but it was to our advantage to make long marches.

On our arrival one of these men, Shauk, an Indian doctor of the Chilkat tribe, began at once to intrigue with the interior Indians, persuading them to arrest our passage through their country, as we had come to steal their land. We discharged this fellow at very short notice; then the other two, who did not relish our hard traveling, decided to leave us and to return to the coast. Had we been dependent upon these creatures we should have been most seriously inconvenienced, but our horse-transport kept us safe against their unreliability.

One of the guides, old Indiank, had a novel excuse for leaving us. He said his relatives on the coast did not wish him to travel into the interior any more; he was getting old, and they feared that some day he would drop down dead on the trail. They promised him that, if he would remain with them, they would supply him with all the dried salmon he needed, and agreed, when he died, to put a little fence around his final resting place. He gave us to understand that it would indeed be sad should he die away from home and forfeit that little fence.

Our arrival at Neska-ta-heen created excitement among the natives; our horses, of course, were of far more interest than ourselves. They had never seen such animals before and, for the want of a better name, called them "harklane ketl" (big dogs).

This village looked as we had left it twelve months before; there was the same stifling atmosphere, and the natives themselves were wearing the same unwashed garments stiffened with fat and dirt. They received us good-naturedly, and the old chief Warsaine portioned off a corner of his hut for us and our supplies, and the chief's wife consented to be photographed.

One young fellow had learned from a Chilkat Indian a few English words. As we reached the place at midday, we were naturally astonished to be loudly hailed by "Good night!" This youth used the expression "too late" with varied meaning; it described a tear in a shirt or a death. I was commenting on the pest of mosquitos, and he remarked, "E-koogwink kon sissa hit takartoo late," meaning, "A little fire in the tent and the mosquitos will be too late."

Our poor horses suffered severely from the mosquitos; such crowds of these pests surrounded them that at times it was difficult at a little distance to make out the definite outline of the animals. Any future travelers should supply their horses with thick canvas cloaks, covering securely the bodies and heads, and leaving only the eyes, nose and mouth exposed. The continual pestering which the poor brutes suffer keeps them in poor condition; they cannot feed or lie down in comfort. We kept them hobbled all the season when not at work; a necessary precaution, for if seriously startled or frenzied by torment from insects, they might stampede a hundred miles before being overtaken.

The village of Neska-ta-heen is the principal settlement of the Goonennar Indians, the tribe inhabiting that part of Alaska bordered on the north and east by the Yukon, on the south by the coast-range, and on the west by the Copper River. They speak a language somewhat resembling the sing-song tongue of the Chinese, and entirely different from that of the coast natives, which is composed of harsh, raspy sounds, obtained by trying to cork up the throat with the roots of the tongue.

Throughout their conversation peculiar clicking sounds are heard, resembling the sudden rending of a new piece of calico. They are peacably inclined, but are always weak-minded enough to be influenced and controlled by the Chilkat Indians, whom they instinctively acknowledge as their superiors.

They are a strangely cold-natured people. They have no ways or words of greeting. A friend from a far-distant land arrives, and without any exchange of salutation with the villagers, whom he has not seen for many months, he divests himself of his pack and arms, draws his blanket round his shoulders, and squats before the fire till his host acknowledges his presence by offering him a pot of fish and game and a big horn spoon.

When stimulated and refreshed by this appetizing dish, he will gradually and deliberately unburden himself of news, dilating fully upon hunting and trapping, but passing over deaths and accidents with but slight reference; for the price which an Indian obtains for his

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black-bear or fox-skin is of more concern than his mother's death.

The gastronomic taste of these people has an extended range. I have seen an Indian harpoon a salmon, bite a mouthful from just above the nose, then fling it back into the stream. Strange to say, the fish swims off as though the loss of that part of its anatomy were no inconvenience.

I remember at one time visiting a little rocky island which had been taken possession of by a flock of gulls, and we gathered a lot of eggs. It was a little late in the season, however, and only a few were really fresh. An old Indian we had with us at the time watched us with disdainful gaze as we selected the good and discarded the bad. Then, as if to rebuke our fastidiousness and lack of economy, he broke half a dozen in his pan; good, bad, and indifferent were then all mixed up in an omelet to his liking. It is a crude palate that enjoys the delicious wild strawberry served in rancid fat, yet to the Indian this fruit is insipid unless thus dressed.

Antiquated fish-heads are a favorite dish; they are kept in wooden troughs for several weeks before they are thought to be fit for eating. This dish is produced only upon some important occasion warranting a banquet. When eating meat they toast it in big long strips, then stuff as much as possible into their mouths, and cut off each bite close to the lips with their knives.

No people in the world are more addicted to the use of tobacco; they are incessantly indulging in the narcotic in some form or other. They smoke, chew, and plaster their teeth and gums with a paste made of dampened snuff and ashes; they even sleep with tobacco in their mouths. Men and women are equally devoted to the weed, and a child seven or eight years old will never lose a chance of enjoying a few whiffs from its father's pipe.

In the disposal of their dead there is an element of precaution highly commendable. The departed one is laid on a pile of dried logs that have been smeared with grease; a fire is then started, and the few charred remains gathered up, tied in a small bundle, and stowed away in one of the neat, brightly painted little houses at the back of the village.

On the coast each family has its own grave; in the interior they are not so particular. It is seldom that one finds people, even among the most savage, who do not have some respect for their dead.

The dog plays a big part in Indian life. In summer he accompanies his master on the trail, and is harnessed with two little pack-bags in which is stored away about twenty-five pounds weight, generally of shot, so that in crossing the stream no damage can be done. In the winter they draw the sleighs. These poor animals are very badly treated at all times. When an Indian child is out of temper he attacks a dog, pinches him, screws his ears round, or beats him with a stick.

Only during a few months in the summer do the dogs get enough to eat. When the salmon are running they live on raw fish, but during the remainder of the year they have to be contented with scraps of skin and bone. When in good condition they are fine-looking animals, with a wolfish head and body, and a coat resembling that of a collie.

As a rule want of food and hard treatment keep them very lean. They are equipped with strange digestive organs; at one time one of them ate at one meal three courses, which deprived us of our only piece of soap, the remains of a towel, and a goodly slice of Dalton's hat. On another occasion the leathers of our oars, thickly studded with copper tacks, were torn off and eaten by a dog.

While at Neska-ta-heen I witnessed the

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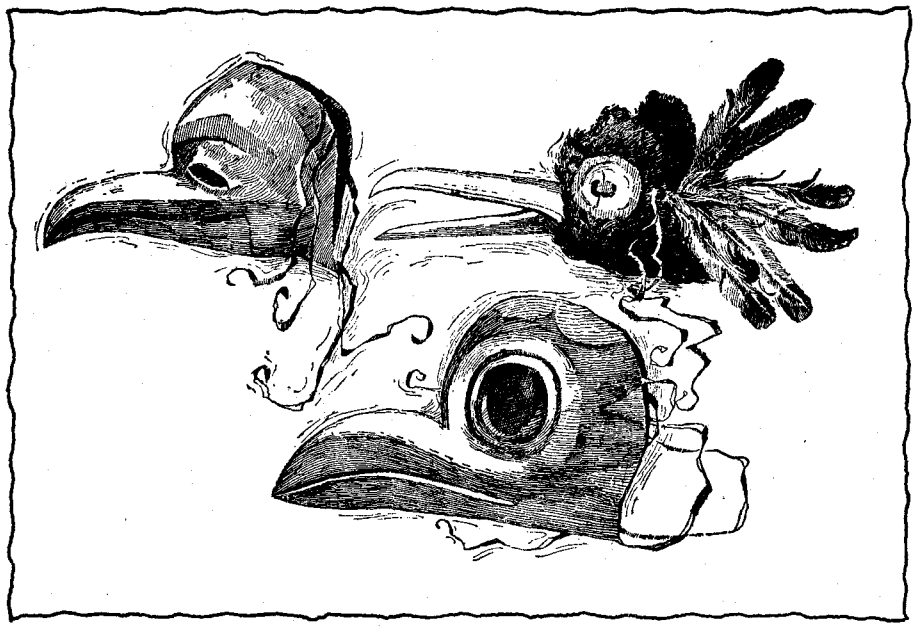


Wooden dancing masks, Crow Nation.

ceremony of the medicine-man expelling from a sick woman the evil spirit which was attacking her. He was dressed in beaded buckskins liberally fringed, and wore a blanket around his shoulders; a few little charms hung about his neck, and he held a wooden rattle. The patient was lying on a robe of sheepskins in the center of the hut, and a crowd of natives were sitting at the sides. All were smoking, and a big fire was blazing, creating an atmosphere more to be dreaded than the evil spirit.

The medicine-man approached the woman and uttered incantations, at first slowly and deliberately; but his speech and actions became more and more excited as he danced and hopped about, imitating birds and animals. He looked truly dramatic as he leaned over the woman and, clutching fiercely with one hand at some unseen object, pointed tremblingly with the other to the aperture in the roof, as if grabbing the evil spirit and suggesting a means of exit.

At intervals he would sing, accompanied by the beating of a drum and the voices of his audience. His first song referred to a raven, and while he sang he spread his blanket across his shoulders and hopped about and "cawed" in a way very suggestive of that bird. The chorus of this song ran thus:

Ann joo chay na tay na koo na hee;
Ah ah ah, yeay; yeah, ah ah ah;

the meaning of which is that he has hunted throughout the village and has found no one practising witchcraft.

His actions and incantations increased in violence till they became a veritable frenzy, and he fell groaning to the earth. This finale suggested that he had succeeded in ridding the sick woman's body of the evil one—and the audience went away.

The medicine man plays a big part in the life of the natives, and on account of his power he is the most dangerous influence with which a white traveler has to contend. The credulous natives have confidence in his power. They will give him skins and furs, which they have been gathering for months during the winter, in return for some paltry charm to protect them against the ills which beset mankind.

A fever or a swelling will disappear if he only blows on the sufferer, and an ugly gash from a bear's claw will heal at once under the same treatment. It is a form of faith-cure. They believe their medicine-man obtains control over birds and animals, extracts their cunning, and allies this with his own ability, thus forming a powerful combination which they credit with a potent supernatural power.

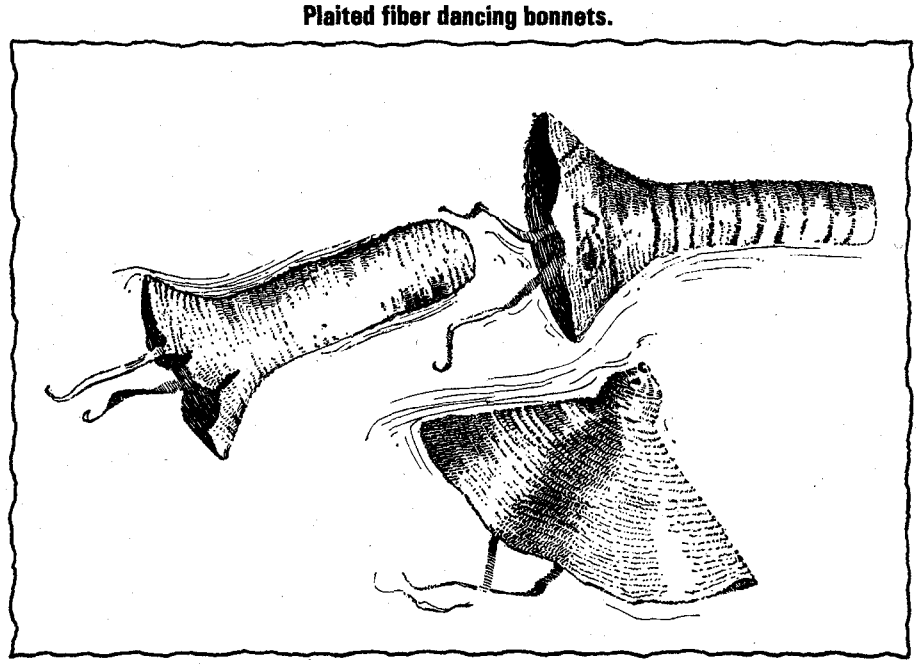
Neska-ta-heen is a most important rendezvous. During the winter the natives of the interior roam over all the land in small parties, hunting and trapping, but return here with their spoils of black and brown bear, black, cross, gray, white, and red fox, wolverine, land-otter, mink, lynx, beaver, etc., and exchange them for blankets, guns, powder, and tobacco, which the Chilkat Indians bring to them from the coast. The latter have always enjoyed a monopoly of this trade, and the natives of the interior have been prevented by them from going to the coast.

From this point valleys of comparatively open country stretch away to the four quarters of the compass; to the east lies the way we had just traveled over; the valley of the Alseck River runs south to the Pacific Ocean; to the west there is a way to the back of Mt. St. Elias, and lakes Dassar-Dee-Ash and I-She-Ik lie to the north. Future research must tell what treasures lie concealed in these unknown regions.

From the coast to Neska-ta-heen we had taken the Indian trail as a basis, following it when good, and, as far as possible, avoiding its bad features. After that experience, we concluded that we could take a fully loaded pack-train from the sea to this village in seven days. Our successful experiment wrests from the Chilkat Indians the control of the road to the interior; the bolted gate hitherto guarded by them to the exclusion of enterprise and progress, has swung back at the approach of the packhorse.

We tried our hardest to get guides at Neska-ta-heen to pilot us to the far interior, but they would not seriously entertain our proposal, though we offered most generous remuneration. They dared not go to the White River, which we wished

Plaited fiber dancing bonnets.



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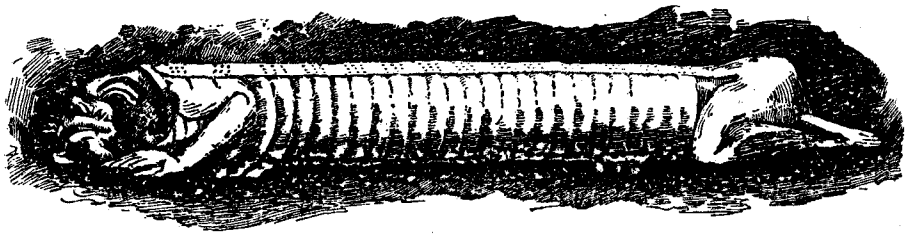

Banquet dish, 14 feet long, 14 inches wide, 15 inches deep.

to reach, the Indians of that region being always on the war-path. In former days the latter had made raids on this settlement and killed off the natives; in fact the present small population of about a hundred at Neska-ta-heen was attributed to fights with the Yookay Donner people dwelling on the banks of the White River.

They pictured to us a frightful list of hideous obstacles to overcome—hostile natives, bottomless swamps, canyons, glaciers, and swollen torrents. Should we continue our course, we might possibly reach this far-away land and then be killed by the hostile Indians, and it was so far that we could not get back over the divide to the coast before winter set in, and we and our horses would perish. They begged us to change our plans and to make a journey through some safer part of the land, and to avail ourselves of their considerate guidance at two dollars a day and board.

I was able to extract a lot of crude topographical information from these natives; the novelty of pencil and paper and judicious little donations of tobacco threw them off their guard. By this means I gained a knowledge of their trails that proved of the utmost value to us in our advance. I cross-questioned them most fully, and learned of unmistakable landmarks and bearings; and when the natives refused to accompany us as guides, their scribblings of valleys, hills, and lakes availed to keep us on our course to the far interior of Alaska. ●

Part II, the conclusion, will follow in June, THE WEST.

THE MAIL POUCH

(Continued from page 6)

rainy morning in April just as the bank opened for business. The president of the bank was E. Wiley Payne. The cashier's name was Geppert. A clerk was also there.

The robbers entered the bank and told everybody to throw up their hands. Payne told the others not to do it. He went to his overcoat for his gun and was shot through the shoulder. The bank president lived three days and then died. Geppert was killed right there. The clerk was not injured.

The robbers made their escape into the hills along the Medicine River, but a posse caught them there. They were taken to Medicine Lodge and put in jail. Payne, though fatally wounded, had told the authorities not to let the holdup men escape. They were handcuffed and shackled together and were to be hung the night after they were captured.

But by the time they were taken from the jail they had managed to get their cuffs and shackles off. As soon as the jail door was opened they made their escape. Wheeler was in the lead, and a shot almost set his vest on fire. He was not badly injured. A cowboy roped him and brought him back. The posse caught the other three, too. This was after dark.

The four outlaws were taken down on the Medicine River and hanged.

The president of the bank, Payne, had given Wheeler a Winchester with gold plates on the sides shortly before Wheeler shot him.

E. Wiley Payne was my mother's first husband. He was a big cattle man and also had interests in Barber County, Kansas. My father, A. Wayne McKinney, married my mother in 1886.

The names of the men who captured the robbers were Roll Clark, Tom Doran, Alex McKinney, A. Wayne McKinney and six more men whose names I have forgotten.

Henry Brown was at one time a member of Billy the Kid's gang at Old Lincoln, New Mexico. Payne was a congressman and had been called to Washington, D.C. but he received word in Kansas City that Congress would not meet; so he returned to Medicine Lodge. It was learned later that the robbery was to take place while Payne was gone to Washington.

I read *The West* and other magazines. I know a lot about the Old West and always enjoy the magazines.

I remain with best wishes.

T.W. McKinney
124 Carlito Rd. N.W.
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AUTHENTIC STORIES

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about the people who inhabited our Western United States. Keep printing good, authentic stories. Also print the pros and cons on various subjects such as you did in "Who Was Jacques LaRamee?"

I have enjoyed the articles on various pioneer women and would like to see more; not necessarily the heroic type, but the women who made homes for their husbands and children from nothing. Your articles on early American medicines and old time cooking methods are very interesting,

Sincerely,
Robin G. Whitman
P.O. Box 595
Pendleton, Oregon

We believe you'll like to read "Women of the West" in our companion magazine Golden West, *May, 1966 issue.*

THE NEW AND THE OLD

Dear Sir:

Many of my friends, as well as myself, enjoy reading the wonderful stories in your magazine *The West.* We live in the very heart of the Old West and the New West. Approximately 30 miles from where we live there are the ghost towns of South Pass City and Atlantic City that hold many memories for old-timers.

South Pass still has its boot hill. The Bureau of Land Management has been fencing it and many other wonderful old landmarks, trying to protect them for future generations.

Many of the graves have been moved to other cemeteries. Some of the soldiers' remains have been exhumed and reburied in the National Cemetery at Fort McPherson, Nebraska. There are still many graves of people who were killed by Indians or gunmen. Dates show that several who were slow on the draw were buried in 1869.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Otis E. Jones
Box 473
Lander, Wyoming

CUSTER CONTROVERSY

Dear Editor:

I am curious to know why, within the last three issues of *The West,* you have published two letters in The Mail Pouch quite unfavorable to General George Custer. I think both writers have done very little research. One letter was by a Mrs. DcDuffle and another by Mrs. Cassidy.

These two go to great lengths to inform your readers that General Custer was nothing but a coward. They imply they have inside information.

Owning a library of over 300 Custer items—many going right back into the 19th century—I would like to know how these two women got their information.

Mrs. Cassidy quotes her husband's grandfather, a Sioux who joined in the battle, as saying, "No one knew who killed him (Custer), as they were unable to single him out because he had cut his hair."

To this I say that *all* recognized Custer authorities state that none of the Indians at the Little Bighorn knew who they were fighting. If anything, they thought it was Crook back from the Rosebud. Most of the responsible Indians interviewed throughout the years say the same thing. (Even so, I have in my library the sworn statements of some 15 Indians who claim the honor of killing Custer, including one of his own Crow scouts.)

But Custer's last battle aside, I have yet to come across an authoritative statement that calls the general a coward.

Among the historians who definitely show no love for the man, not one doubts his bravery. If anything, they claim that his courage was what led him to his death.

And, of course, the more friendly historians all say the same thing. Even the greatest friend the American Indian ever had, General Richard Henry Pratt, the founder of the Carlisle Indian School, mentions in his memoirs that Custer was "a brilliant and fearless soldier."

I refer the people who question Custer's courage to the U.S. Records of the Civil War, where—if nothing else—it was his courage that brought him the rank of youngest general in the Union Army. He had several horses shot from beneath him in the line of battle. He was once suspended from duty because of a too obvious display of rash courage.

Regarding the killing of women and children on the Washita, it was a case of shoot or be shot. Capt. Benteen, Custer's bitterest critic and enemy, was forced to shoot a youngster who had fired point blank at him several times. Women, children and warriors were all defending their homes; and a bullet from a 10-year-old is just as effective as one from an Indian chief. I might add that Custer was under orders by our government to make this attack. He did not do it on his own, as some imply.

I also occasionally come across a story that defames the general's name by saying he had taken a young Indian mistress, Mo-nah-se-tah, and had a son by her. Not one of the historians I have encountered have ever mentioned such an escapade.

When dealing with history and historical personalities one must deal in facts, not hearsay.

Sincerely,
Col. Romain Wilhelmsen
142 E. Brookfield Dr.
East Lansing, Mich.

Thanks a lot for a most interesting letter, Col. Wilhelmsen. You are obviously an authority on the subject. However, we must remember that when dealing with historical personalities there is bound to be a difference of opinion where such a controversial figure as General Custer is concerned. ●

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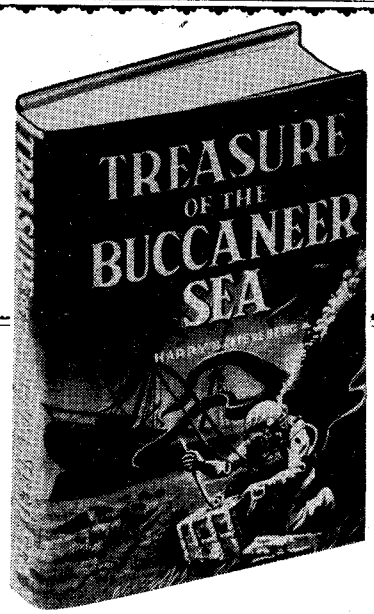

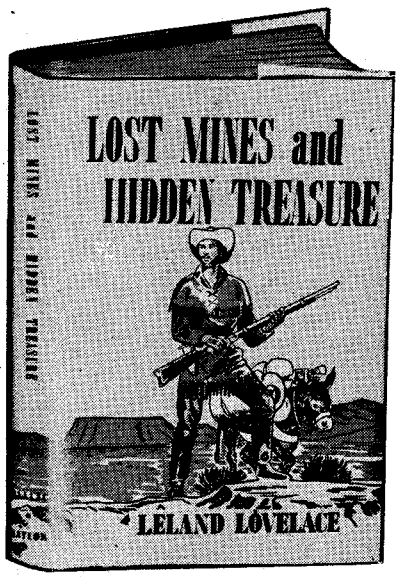

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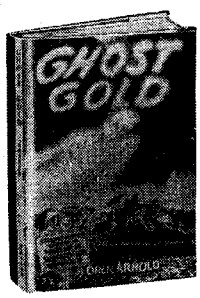

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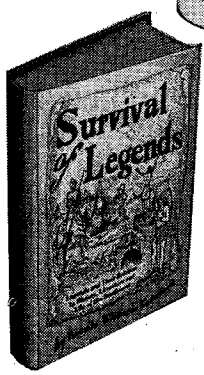

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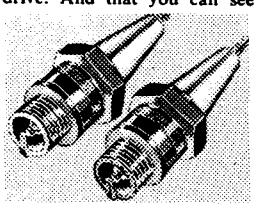

for yourself. Put a new set of spark plugs in your car and then look at them at 100 miles, at a thousand miles, at 5,000 miles. Every time you look you will see more filth and carbon and more of the precious electrode burning away.

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Now, read very carefully what I'm going to suggest . . . *that you stop using spark plugs!* That's right — get rid of them — forever. But . . . if you get rid of your spark plugs, what will ignite the gasoline and make the motor run?

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A spark plug jumps a spark across an air gap, limiting the size. A fire injector fires on the surface of a conductor. You get a heavy, powerful flame that will not blow out at pressures far greater than those created by the highest compression engine!

On ordinary spark plugs the air gap is always getting bigger, wasting power and gas. Plugs are constantly accumulating filth and carbon because of inefficient ignition. A fire injector has no air gap and no electrode to burn away. It never needs cleaning or setting; it actually becomes more efficient with use. It will actually outlast any car, delivering maximum efficiency without servicing or replacement.

With ordinary spark plugs you should be using premium gas, which costs from 4 to 8 cents more than regular gas. With fire injectors regular gas will give you up to 8 more miles per gallon, up to 31 more horsepower — plus easier starting in all weather.

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PROVE IT TO YOURSELF!

If you have automatic transmission, make a note of how fast your car crawls forward when it is in the drive position, with the motor idling. If you have a sports car, a racing car or a boat, make a note of the RPMs as indicated on

the tachometer when the engine is idling. If you have regular transmission, put your car in low gear on a level road and notice its speed with the motor idling. Next, take a spark plug wrench (you can procure one of these tools anywhere) and remove your spark plugs. Just screw the injectors right into the spark plug openings. Then — no matter what kind of gas you have been using — fill your tank with the *poorest regular gas* you can buy. That's all you have to do to see the most amazing results you can imagine!

CHECK YOUR RESULTS CAREFULLY

If you have automatic transmission — now put your car in drive and let your engine idle. If your car stood still with spark plugs, *it will move forward at from 4 to 6 miles per hour;* that means that the amount of gas that just kept your engine turning over will now carry you up to 6 miles at no cost to you!

If you have a racing car, sports car or a boat, your RPMs will *increase up to 200 more at idling — up to 300 more at higher speeds.* If you have regular transmission, in low gear and with your motor idling *your car will move forward 4 to 6 miles per hour faster.* In other words, no matter what you drive, here is absolute proof that you can go further, faster and cheaper when you install SA FIRE INJECTORS in your car!

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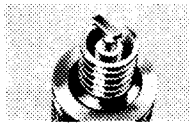
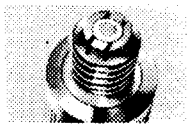
CHECK THESE DIFFERENCES





SPARK PLUG	FIRE INJECTOR
Fires across air gap	NO air gap required
Wire electrode burns away	NO wire electrode
Carbon ruins firing tip	NO tip deterioration
Needs cleaning and setting	NO cleaning or setting ever
Needs periodic replacing	NO replacing
Needs premium gas	NO premium gas needed
Must have exact heat range	NO heat range
Spark blows out under pressure	NO blowing out even at highest compressions

GUARANTEE — INSURANCE — INDEMNITY

Take your set of SA FIRE INJECTORS and install them immediately; then, give your new injection system every test you can think of . . . starting — acceleration — gas mileage — motor pep and smoothness for 10 full days. You must get up to 31 more horsepower — up to 8 more miles per gallon — increased engine RPMs — faster starting, blazing acceleration, freedom from knocks and pings, easier starting in all kinds of weather . . . AND DO ALL OF THESE THINGS ON REGULAR GAS, OR YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

As long as the SA FIRE INJECTORS are in your car you are covered by a PRODUCT LIABILITY INSURANCE POLICY, endorsed by an internationally famous insurance company. A detailed description of this coverage is yours on request.

If any SA FIRE INJECTOR does not continue to deliver maximum performance for the life of your car, we will replace it FREE, or we will replace your ignition system with a set of brand-new standard American plugs. Simply return your SA FIRE INJECTORS with your guarantee.

C. D. Kasher, President,
STERLING ARTCO, INC.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm all through. If you're not too lazy to take 15 minutes to remove a set of plugs and install a set of fire injectors and not too proud to save a lot of money — if you enjoy a car that delivers the maximum in smooth, powerful performance — then choose the method of ordering easiest for you as shown in the coupon and order your SA FIRE INJECTORS right now!

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- ☐ Single SA FIRE INJECTORS (Number .....) at $1.49 each

CAR DATA
YEAR .....
MAKE .....
CYS. .....
MODEL .....

☐ Enclosed is the full price for the SA FIRE INJECTORS I am ordering. You will pay the postage. In addition, I will receive as a special FREE Bonus a famous illustrated 62-page "Economy Driving Handbook." Though I pay in advance, all terms of this offer and Guarantee-Insurance-Indemnity apply, and the Handbook is mine to keep even if I return the Fire Injectors.

NAME ..... Remittance enclosed:
ADDRESS ..... ☐ Check ☐ M.O.
CITY ..... ZONE .... STATE ..... ☐ Cash

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